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# BOYS' LIFE



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FEB. 1968

# BOYS' LIFE

FOR ALL BOYS

February—the month when someone insists that young George Washington chopped down a cherry tree, then confessed, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it." . . . and when someone else says that the incident never happened. Well, it never did happen, and you can say you read that in *Boys' Life*, along with a lot of other interesting items . . . To get a true view of America's first President, Pulitzer Prize-winning author Margaret L. Coit checked the facts and wrote **George Washington: The Making of a Leader.** Sorry, nothing in it about cherry trees—but there's plenty of action and fact-ion . . . Sportswriter Frank Litsky interviewed basketball's master ball-handler, **Marques Haynes, King of the Court Clowns,** putting on paper tips from the top dribbler of all time. If you aren't a better basketball player after taking his tips, shame on you! . . . "Climb every mountain" was the theme song of William Hillcourt as he headed for India and the Himalayas. When he came back, every step he took seemed to be carrying him uphill, but he sat down long enough to write **Scouting in India.** Why climb a Himalayan mountain? "Because it's there." Why visit India? "Because it's a fascinating country." . . . Combining the talents of paint and pen, Marvin Friedman produced a behind-the-cameras look at TV's wild Western, *High Chapparal*, focusing on the stars and technicians who work hard and long during **A Day on Lot 9** . . . In the fiction division, Jean Stafford, one of America's finest tale-tellers, weaves a web of supernatural scariness. Into a ghostly setting stalks **Mountain Jim,** making a teen-age boy's night alone a chilling riddle: Was that terrifying thing a dream or a nightmare come true? . . . Trapped aboard the **Derelict Spaceship** with its half-living crew, a Space Scout must face his worst fear—floating endlessly in the empty void—and conquer it . . . or become a traitor to his best friends—and cause the crew to die. Author Dale Colombo dreamed up this sky-high sci-fi thriller . . . Now, let's meet:



## JEAN STAFFORD

In a letter to *Boys' Life* Miss Stafford wrote: "I was born in California and reared and educated in Colorado. After graduation from the University, I studied at the University of Heidelberg for a year; subsequently I taught at Stephens College and at the University of Iowa. My novels are *Boston Adventure, The Mountain Lion,* and *The Catherine Wheel.* My two collections of short stories are *Children Are Bored on Sunday* and *Bad Characters.* My two books for children are *Elephi, the Cat with a High I.Q.* and *The Lion and the Carpenter.*"

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DESIGNER: BOB CROZIER



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# making the scene:

## MOVIES & TV

CAMELOT (Warner Bros.-Seven Arts). Was King Arthur real? And was there—as the song says—". . . a spot/ For one brief shining moment/ That was known as Camelot?" This big, colorful movie will make you think so. Scholars are inclined to believe that Arthur probably lived about the sixth century A.D., and must have been quite a guy. Legends grew up around him and his idea of a Round Table where every knight was equal and each did only good deeds, so that dozens of great writers have taken a try at dramatizing the legends. Latest is this three-hour movie, now playing in selected cities. Fellows in the mid- or upper teens will enjoy it most. There is action but also quite a bit of romance.

Based on the fine novel, *The Once and Future King* by T. H. White, it concentrates more on the latter parts of that story—the complicated lives of Arthur, Queen Guenevere and Sir Lancelot—with little about Arthur's (The Wart) youth, so well told in the first part of the book, and of Merlin the Magician. On the plus side the movie has clever dialog, grand music, light humor, and strong conflict between good and evil forces. Minuses are over-elaborate settings, too many closeup shots of faces, and overlong scenes.

. . . THE BALLAD OF JOSIE (Univ.). How did women get the vote, anyhow? It began in Wyoming, way back in the days of ankle-length skirts. And that gal Josie (Doris Day) has a part in it in this motion picture. A widow with an eight-year-old son, Josie turns sheep rancher and does battle not only for the suffragettes, but also for her sheep against all those tough old cattle ranchers.



. . . GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER (Columbia Pic.). Some people will not like this movie. Some will praise it. It will be controversial, no doubt, because of its subject. It deals with the reactions of the families of a distinguished Negro doctor (Sidney Poitier) and a prominent young white girl (Katherine Houghton) who want to marry each other. The situation is treated gently, with considerable humor as well as with sad seriousness as the story explores the feelings of the four people deeply concerned. It stars Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn as the girl's parents.

. . . Probably the biggest sports on TV this month will be the live and filmed coverage of the Winter Olympics. ABC-TV will begin these programs February 4 and continue them right on through February 18.

. . . You're following (we hope) the National Geographic Society special programs. The third in this group of five will be aired February 20. Title: "The Amazon"—a study of the people who live along the river. All types of people are found there, from civilized Indians and whites, right up to headshrinkers. On CBS-TV.

. . . A program called "American Profile: Music from the Land," will be an NBC-TV special February 9, the look and sound of country and Western music. Did you know that about one of every two popular music records is cut today in Nashville, Tenn.—records that are much exported, as the film will show, with scenes filmed in Japan, Germany and New Zealand?

## SCOUTING

Remember that flag-height contest that got going at XII World Jamboree? In November I promised to let you know whose flag topped out. Best information I now have is that Troop 29, British Columbia, Canada, had their flag on a line attached to a helium-filled balloon 100 feet above ground.

. . . Thinking about Philmont? Better get cracking. Applications are being accepted. Opening date for 12-day expeditions is June 20; last check-in date for expeditions is August 19. Fee: $53 per camper. All reservations must be accompanied by a five-dollar fee for each camper (nonrefundable).

Dates for Junior Leader Instructor Training Camps and Conservation Training Camps: at Schiff Scout Reservation (N.J.)—June 30-July 12; July 14-26; July 28-August 9; August 11-23; at Philmont (N. Mex.)—June 23-July 5; July 7-19; July 21-August 2; August 4-16; August 18-30. Campers must be 13 years of age or older for Junior Leader Camps and 14 or older for Conservation Camps. Cost of these camps is $59, with reservation fee as above.



. . . Newly elected Cleveland, Ohio, Mayor Carl B. Stokes, a former Boy Scout of Troop 270 sponsored by the Outhwaite Homes of the Center City District, accepted Cleveland's first 1968 calendar from Cub Scout Gregory White of Pack 298, sponsored by East End Missionary Baptist Church, and Eagle Scout Joseph G. Cameron of Saint Catherine Catholic Church Troop 351.

The calendar is the first of over 60,000 Brown and Bigelow calendars to be distributed by the Society National Bank of Cleveland.

. . . February, the famous birthday month, has rolled 'round again: G. W., A. L., B-P., B.S.A. This year Elks join the celebration. February 16 is the founder's day of B.P.O.E. (Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks). They'll celebrate throughout 1968. Scouting offers a cordial salute to the Elks. Among the especially appreciated "benevolences" of this organization are about 1,000 Scout units sponsored by local Elk lodges.

. . . Cub Scout Pack 100, Springfield, Ohio, last year began cutting out cartoons and jokes to make scrapbooks for servicemen in Vietnam. The project grew under the guidance of the Den Mother, Mrs. Roger German, and the enthusiasm of the boys. It ended in a big way with the Cub Scouts mailing 104 boxes off to South Vietnam. The boxes contained all kinds of goodies: paperback books, playing cards, and other items. Members of the community contributed gift items, and the boys themselves did the rest. A local radio station broadcast requests for names and addresses of servicemen. The Cub Scouts felt well rewarded by the grateful letters which came back to the pack from the soldiers, many of whom said they had formerly been "in Scouts."


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# news and reviews of the month by FRAN SMITH

## TRAVEL



Most interesting travel of Scout Troop 3, Macon, Ga., was its trip to the Mountain Ranger Camp (Army) in Dahlonega, Ga. The Scouts saw demonstrations of demolition and of parachuting. They practiced using field communication equipment. But, reported SPL Maurice Barnett, "The practice I thought was most fun was this: We got on a 50-foot cliff, tied a rapelling seat in a rope, hooked it on a safety rope, then walked backwards off the cliff until we were standing straight out from the cliff. With one hand behind us and one in front, we fed the rope out and walked down the cliff. To get back to camp, we crossed a rope bridge over a waterfall. We also crossed a stream the way the Rangers do—hanging by the waist and pulling yourself across upside down." Thanks, Maurice, for a good report. What about you other troops? Had an *unusual* journey?

. . . Dinosaurland at Vernal, Utah, features a life-size specimen called "Dippy." Not far away is Dinosaur National Monument, where archaeologists are continuing to find fossils that fill in our knowledge of the great reptiles. Dippy's skeleton towers to treetop height.



. . . Skiers are multiplying. Well, that is, more and more people are taking to the boards. Western states lead the Eastern—maybe because they have all those high, high mountains—but also because they have more national forest areas. The U.S. Forest Service states that interviews in 200 ski areas and of some 6,000 skiers showed that more than one-third of the Western ski areas were in California and Colorado, but that other states are coming up fast. Two-thirds of the skiing population is 20 years of age or younger. And in the 13-to-22-year age-group male and female skiers are about equal in numbers. The total number of skiers is expected to triple by 1976. Skiers think nothing of traveling many miles to a favorite slope. This year ski-touring, or skiing cross-country, is becoming very popular, especially in New England.

## OUTDOORS



"Many modern frontiersmen know more about wilderness and how to use it than Daniel Boone ever thought about knowing." So says Maj. James Ralph Johnson in his book, *Advanced Camping Techniques*, published by McKay, New York, N.Y. ($3.75). If you'd like to out-Boone Boone, the major has some good words for you.

Advanced camping he defines as any kind which needs special techniques beyond those needed for a summer season in moderate climate and terrain. He talks about camping in snow, high mountains, deserts, swamps, jungles—all for fun, and so one would have the know-how in case of emergency or survival situations. A former professional staff member of the B.S.A. and a longtime Marine Corps officer, this author has had icicles on his eyebrows, swamp water or sand in his boots and a pack on his back in many parts of the world. He has also made it a point to gather the latest information from specialists on the various subjects. For example, the snow-camping section includes snowcraft—ways to use snow as an insulator—and how to deal with hazards such as ice crust, nevé (wild snow) in mountains, avalanches, crevasses and cornices that could bury you or drop you over a cliff or down a crack. He talks about motorized snow travel, giving the pros and cons of this controversial subject.

Equally practical are tips for the swamps, plain, jungle or desert—in other times and other lands. It makes good armchair reading even if you aren't ready for an advanced degree because it's all enlivened with bits about actual incidents and real people.

. . . The American eagle has had an assist from some American Indians in its fight for survival. The Red Lake Band of the Chippewa Tribe has designed its 400,000-acre reservation in Minnesota as a Bald Eagle Sanctuary. These lands are on an important migration route of the eagles, and several nests are on the sanctuary. The national emblem has become so rare a bird in the United States (except in Alaska) that it was included in the Endangered Species Act of 1966.

. . . Some bright guy has come up with a blanket with automatic heat for winter camping. You can't tuck it into your pack this year, but maybe it will someday replace your sleeping bag. An army scientist devised it, with a chemical between two layers of plastic. Said to heat as high as 100° F. Whew! Can be set lower, of course, and is rechargeable.

## *etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.*



Scout Robbie Alen Hanshew, 13, of Portland, Oreg., was first-place winner in the Revell "Win the Gemini" Sweepstakes. His top prize, a full-size Gemini Spacecraft model from McDonnell/Douglas Corp., is now on permanent display at the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. Robbie contributed the 19-foot, 3,500-pound model to the museum because it is one of his "favorite charities." He also received more than 200 different Revell Model Kits and a lifetime membership to the museum. Oh, yes, and a five-year supply of Baskin Robbins ice cream!

Robbie has been a model builder since the age of four. He hopes to be an airline pilot or maybe an astronaut in adult life. Now, he's an avid model-car racer.

. . . Less than ten percent of the freshman class this year at Princeton University are smokers, according to a report by Dr. Willard Dalrymple, director of the University's Health Services. Is this a trend? The doctor thinks so—at Princeton anyway, because the same has been true of incoming freshmen during the past two years.

. . . Soap Box Derby for 1968 will add new cities. Chevrolet dealers have stocks of wheels and axles. They also may have available this year's Derby film *White Lightning and Me*. Derby sponsors urge participants to get busy. Ken Cline, 13, of Lincoln, Nebr., the 1967 winner, spent 1,400 hours on his needle-nosed racer. More about Ken in a later issue.



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# HITCHIN' RACK




**"I feel unwanted, unloved, left out," said Pedro as he reclined on a psychiatrist's couch, heaving heavy sighs.**

**"Why so?" said the headshrinker, twitching and swatting at a hefty horsefly.**

**"Two days ago I moved into Hayloft Hill, built a stately manor, and have not yet been visited by my neighbors. I—a celebrity, world-famous postman, genius, burro of many parts."**

**"Could it be that your 'manor' is a fleabag, a run-down dump, and your townsfolk flip when they see that eyesore right smack in the middle of their jewel-like town? Now could that be?" snarled the doc, twitching in double time.**

**"My manor cost $71.53 to construct," said Pedro, slightly miffed.**

**"Off my couch," yelled the doc. "I live next to you. My beautiful house is next to your—your shanty. My friends sneer at me. You've driven my wife off her rocker and it's costing me a bundle to send her to a psychiatrist. Out—out, I say."**

**Pedro grinned and took off, figuring that the doc had more problems than he did.—UU**

Dear Flopears:
About two years ago I wrote to you to claim the title of World's Biggest Boy Scout. You put the letter in the February, 1966, edition. Two guys challenged me for the title but they turned out to be phonies. Well, I'm even bigger now and I want to claim the title of World's Biggest Boy Scout and Explorer. I'm 15 and I'm 6'5" tall. I weigh 327 pounds now. No one can beat that! ...Kevin McDonald, Convent, N.J.

Who wants to? UU

Dear Pedro:
I've been a great fan of yours for over 13 years, and I'd like to say Scouting does make the difference. Currently I'm a Marine Corps instructor at Camp Pendleton. I see it in the Marines I train and I saw it in Vietnam, that extra bit of confidence and leadership ability that marks a Scout. Keep up the good work . . . Sgt. Fred E. Muller, Camp Pendleton, Calif.

And you keep up the good work, Sarge. UU

Dear Pedro:
I have this problem. I am now a patrol leader and need some good tips on games for indoor fun and how to be a good patrol leader.

P.S. You have a great column . . . David Northcutt, Mishawaka, Ind.

The Patrol Leader's Handbook is what you're looking for. Get one from your Scout distributor. UU

Dear Pedro:
I have a problem. I am a normal kid. I come from a normal family. Yet Cub Scouts in my den and many others make fun of my name just because my last name is Pugh. They call me Pughey, or they say Pugh stinks. My mom says ignore them, but I can't.

What should I do? . . . Bobby Pugh, Peru, N.Y.

OK, you guys—knock it off, or I'll mop up that den. UU

Dear Hoof in Mouth Pedro:
I'm reading a book called "Tom Slade, Boy Scout of the Moving Pictures." In it is a paragraph I think that you will be interested in.

"In a few moments he heard footsteps behind him and, turning, saw a small boy coming along dangling the peel he had dropped. The boy was a jaunty little fellow wearing a natty spring suit. It was, in fact, Pee Wee Harris, Tenderfoot, who was just starting out to cover provision 5 of the Second Class Scout Requirements, for he was going to be a Second Class Scout before camping time, or know the reason why . . ."

Is this the same Pee Wee Harris in Boys' Life? This book was made in 1915, so Pee Wee must be pretty old.

P.S. I think Boys' Life is a great magazine . . . Craig Callen, Billings, Mont.

That was Pee Wee's father.

UU

Dear Pedro:
I always read "Hitchin' Rack" as one of the first things and always (or usually) get ideas for our troop or daily life. But I've got a problem.

I'm Troop Scribe for Troop 103 of New Lisbon, Wisconsin. I'm also the Treasurer for our Flaming Arrow Patrol. The dues is our problem.

We have had a few boys who have quit the troop owing quite a bit of money and we also have some in the troop that simply will not pay up. What should we do?...Myron Huffman, New Lisbon, Wis.

Have your patrol leader bring this problem up at the patrol leaders' council meeting. Perhaps they'll decide to have your Scoutmaster talk to the goof-ups about paying their way. UU

Dear Pedro the Almighty:
How to say this I don't know. Because I've never written to a Spanish mule. But all of my friends are always laughing about my cartoons. They say I should put them in a newspaper. I've tried. Heaven knows I've tried. But, no luck. Then I remembered you, my ever-faithful friend. Please don't disappoint me. If you can, please print them. I'm only sending two. If you want me to send in more, let me know . . . Randy (de Philmonte) Perry, Colorado Springs, Colo.

We've got a new feature in BL for guys like you. It's called "The Cartoon Bug." I'll hand over your cartoon to him. If it's really good, you might win some money.

UU

Dear Pedro:
In the December Hitchin' Rack, the story at the top of the page said that your noble mind dwelled in the high realm of philosophy and mathematics. Could you give me the history of your education, for example, what college you attended, what football team you played with, etc? . . . Mark Mathiesen, Petaluma, Calif.

At age two I applied for Harvard. I recall the dean saying there was nothing they could do for me. I took this to mean that my genius was such that there was little else they could cram into my head. So I became a dropout.

If I were to note my achievements on the athletic field, the report would be too bulky for a mere page in BL. Suffice to say, my athletic prowess is second to none. UU

Dear Hay-consuming Donkey:
I have a screwy record for you! I have just jogged around a dining room table 500 times!!! This distance is equal to 8,250 feet (more than a mile) when all stretched out in a straight line. I did this accomplishment NEARLY nonstop, but everybody in the family said it was making them dizzy. I myself didn't get dizzy during the whole thing. If you do not believe me, I have a worn-down left foot . . . David Parmelee, Forty Fort, Pa.

Try running around the table the other way and maybe you'll level off. UU



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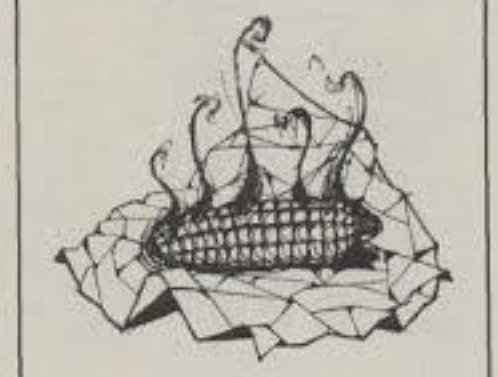



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# TIM'S TIPS

Ready for a taste treat? Try steak supreme, or even hamburgers, wrapped in foil and cooked over coals. Food tastes better this way.



Until you've feasted on foil-cooked foods, you really haven't eaten. Try it next time you go out with your patrol. Foil cooking is easy, and the hot, aromatic food is indescribably tasty. Another reward: no dishes to wash afterward.

Most foods you can prepare and wrap in foil at home so you won't have much last-minute work to do at the campsite. Use heavy-duty aluminum foil or double layers of lightweight foil. Plan your meal and fix what you can at home. For what you can't prepare ahead of time, cut off the amount of foil you will need, fold loosely and bring it along with you. Do not bring the whole roll of foil.

The fire is very important in foil cooking. All of the following recipes should be cooked in coals. Let the fire burn down so that you have a solid bed of coals, push away the center ones, put in your foil package and push the coals back over it.

My first recipe is called Steak Supreme. It is made with round or chuck steak cut into one-inch pieces. Take a square of heavy-duty aluminum foil and place in the center a small dab of butter, one tablespoon dehydrated onion soup and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Arrange ¼ pound of the cut-up pieces of steak over this; then sprinkle with another tablespoon of the dehydrated onion soup, dot with a little more butter and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Pour over this about ¼ can condensed cream of mushroom soup. Bring foil up over food, sealing the edges with a tight double fold. Seal other two ends the same way, turning them up, so juices will not run out. Because this package contains liquid, be absolutely sure all corners are tightly closed. Cook for 45 to 50 minutes, using medium heat.

Hamburgers are always a favorite. Take ¼ pound ground round or chuck steak, shape into a patty and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make an aluminum pan by turning up edges of a sheet of foil, miter corners and pierce holes in bottom. Put meat in pan and cook over medium heat. Just before hamburger is done, cover with a slice of American cheese. When cheese is melted, place hamburger on buttered bun and top with slice of tomato and/or onion.

Make chicken your main dish. Take a chicken leg (drumstick and thigh, cut apart), smear all sides with butter or margarine, and wrap in foil. Cook the chicken right in the coals for about 20 minutes.

Fresh vegetables are especially tasty cooked in foil. Try these:

Carrots and Celery—Scrape two carrots and cut in strips; cut one stalk celery into small pieces. Place both on a large square of foil. Add butter or margarine and salt and pepper. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley or mint, if desired. Seal foil and place on medium-hot coals and cook about 40 minutes. You should shake the package occasionally so the vegetables will cook evenly and will not scorch.



*Tim Moore (above) is a 12-year-old Boy Scout who lives in New York City. He plays the guitar, likes soccer, tennis—and cooking for his family.*

Corn—Husk corn, removing all silk. Place each ear on large square of foil and brush with melted butter or margarine, and salt. Wrap foil around each ear, twist foil ends. Cook in coals for about ten minutes.

Potatoes—Rub one large baking potato with butter or margarine. Wrap in foil and place in coals for about 40 minutes.

String Beans—Cook these alone or in combinations. Try string beans, tomatoes and onion. Wash and cut beans into pieces. Place on a large square of foil, add one sliced tomato and one or two thin slices of onion. Add salt, pepper and butter or margarine. Sprinkle with a little dried basil to add extra-good flavor. Seal foil to make a package and cook on medium-hot coals for 35 to 40 minutes.

Top off your meal with one of the following desserts:

Banana Treat—Skin banana and place on foil. Add brown sugar or honey and one of the following: chopped nuts, raisins, peanut butter or shredded coconut. Close foil and place on hot coals for about ten minutes

Roasted Apples—Core apple and fill center with pat of butter or margarine and brown sugar. Wrap in foil and cook in hot coals for about 25 minutes.

Gingerbread—Split a piece of gingerbread, fill with applesauce and wrap in foil. Toast for about eight minutes.

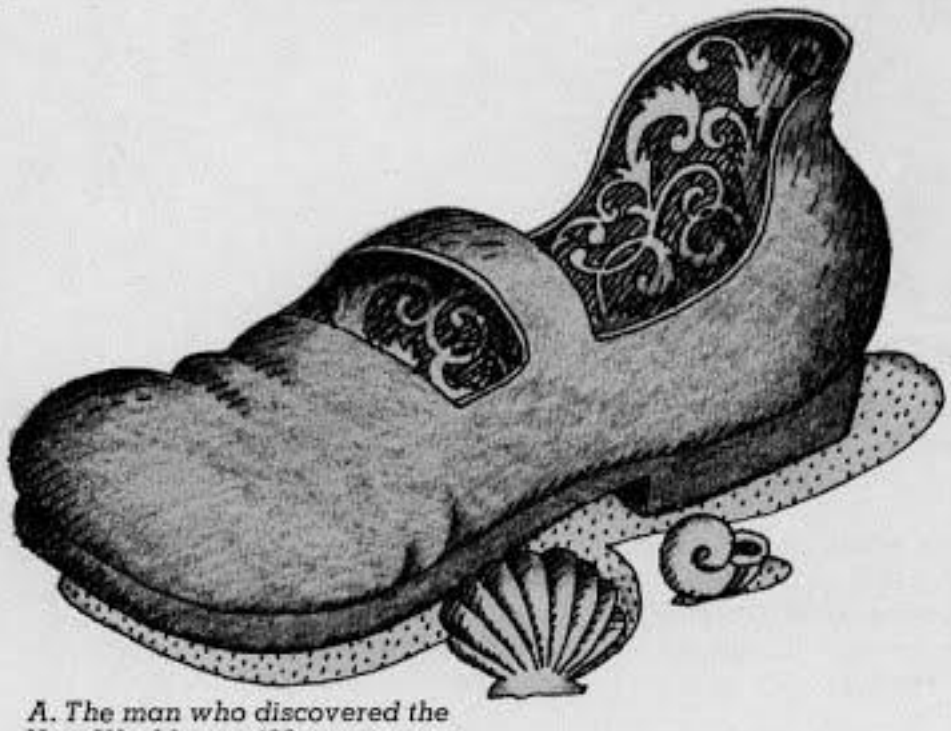
Once you have tried cooking with foil, you can make all kinds of variations or mixtures. Don't forget, when you are ready to leave camp, burn out the used foil and throw it in your litter bag for disposal in your garbage can at home. ■

—TIM MOORE



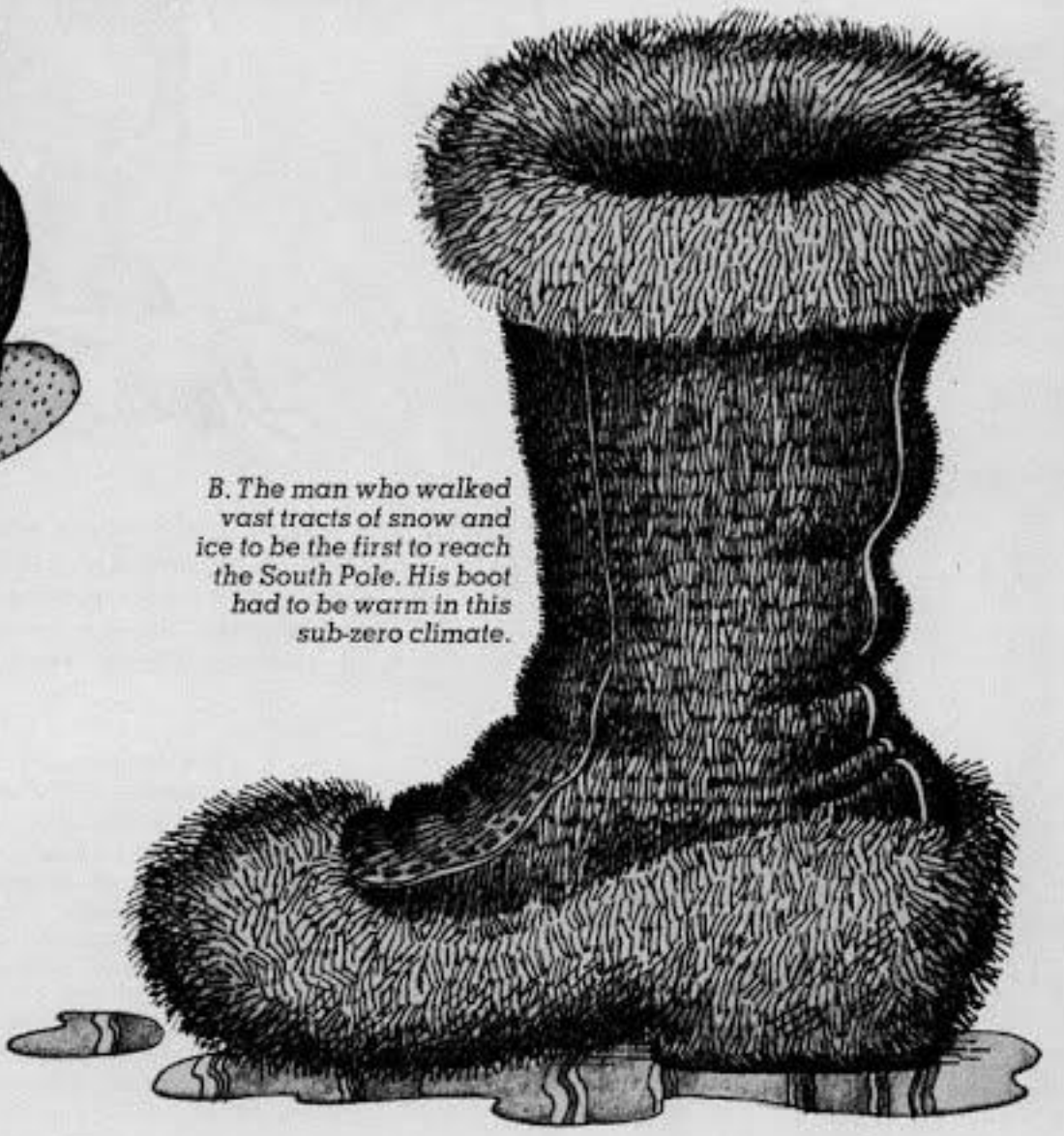
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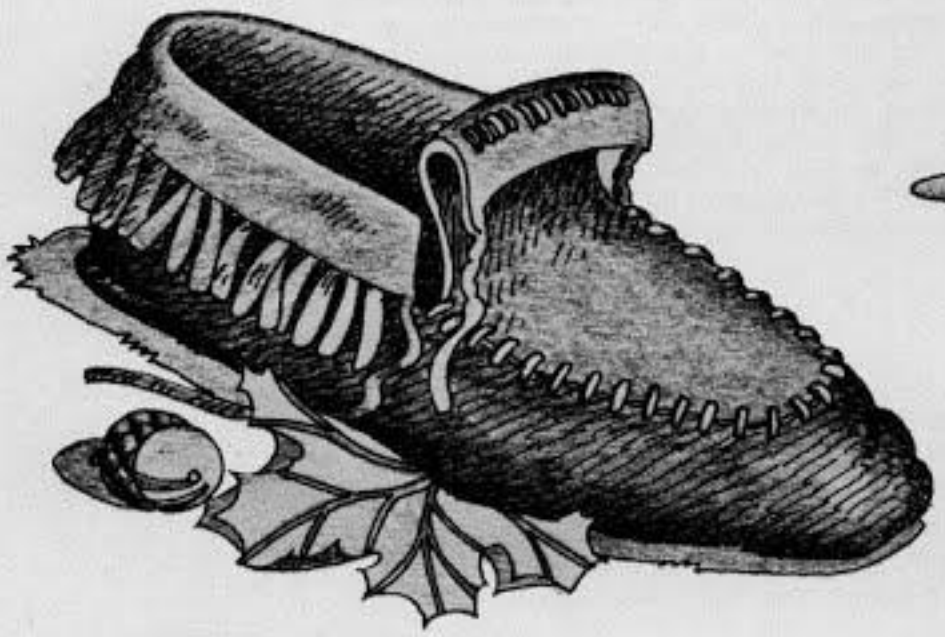
# Who wore these famous shoes?



*A. The man who discovered the New World over 400 years ago. His shoe had to be comfortable on sea and land.*

*B. The man who walked vast tracts of snow and ice to be the first to reach the South Pole. His boot had to be warm in this sub-zero climate.*

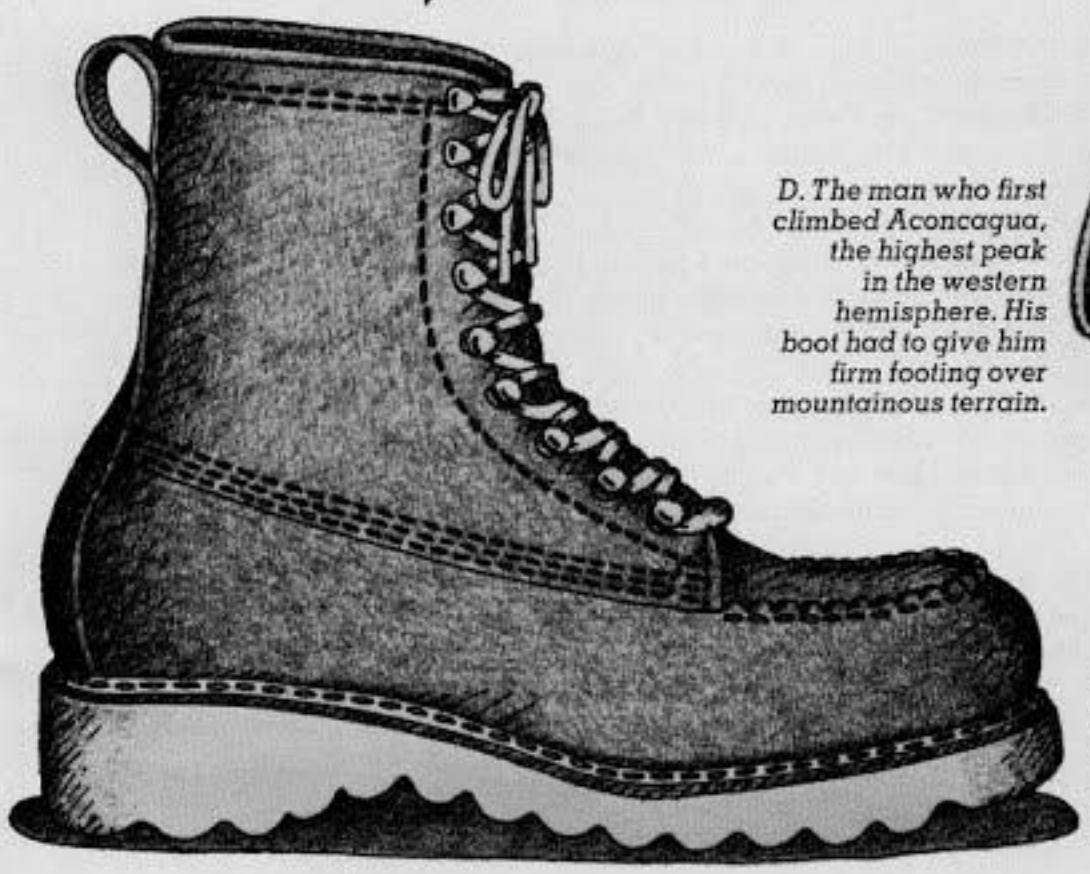




*C. The man who blazed a trail westward through the Cumberland Gap. His shoe had to be rugged to push back the wilderness.*



*D. The man who first climbed Aconcagua, the highest peak in the western hemisphere. His boot had to give him firm footing over mountainous terrain.*



*E. The boy who wants to discover new worlds, blaze new trails, scale new heights. This boot was built for hiking, for climbing, for camping out—in all kinds of weather. It is so well made, the Boy Scouts of America have made it their official Hike 'N Camp boot. Why not get a pair of Hike 'N Camps—and do some discovering yourself.*

*For information and the name of your nearest Hike 'N Camp store, write to: The Weinbrenner Shoe Corporation, Box 703, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.*

*Answers: A. Christopher Columbus; B. Roald Amundsen; C. Daniel Boone; D. Edward A. Fitzgerald; E. Maybe You.*



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Dear Reader

I've enjoyed the many letters you've sent me since I've become your new Chief Scout Executive. They've been enthusiastic and filled with sharp questions and observations about Scouting.

The letter I'd like to reply to this month is from Scout Champ Massey of Doraville, Georgia. He wrote:

*Dear Mr. Barber:*

*. . . I am 16 and very active in the Scouts, the Order of the Arrow, and other phases of Scouting. However, many of my non-Scout friends are shocked to find this out. They don't listen when I tell them how Scouting has something to offer them, and they are ever mindful that their friends classify Scouting as for sissies. They're completely ignorant about the rugged and social functions of Exploring and the OA. I can't help but feel that this is partly our fault.*

*I think we could influence many boys to see Scouting as it really is by having a national TV special on Scouting Today in the U.S. We could show Scouting from the Cub level all the way to the Exploring level. And most important, we could show the rugged side of Scouting —camping, hiking and the chance to show leadership. What do you think about this?*

*Thank you,*
*Champ Massey*

Champ, you might remind your friends that Astronauts Roger Chaffee, Virgil Grissom and Edward White II, who gave their lives serving our country, were all former Scouts. They were proud of their Scouting days and of how Scouting helped prepare them for the rugged and exacting work they eventually chose. All of them knew Scouting from the grass roots. Roger Chaffee was an Eagle Scout. Virgil Grissom earned his Star rank. Edward White was a Second Class Scout. How could any reasonable person call them sissies?

Boy Scouting *is* rugged. What could possibly be sissy about camping out in zero weather, hiking ten or 20 miles in a day, shaping up to earn the Mile Swim BSA award? And when you get to Exploring with survival hikes, mountain climbing, surfing and the like, the test of your fitness and skills is even more exacting.

Scouting for sissies? Hardly!

Your idea about a national TV show on Scouting is something exciting to think about and we will certainly consider it. I feel that the TV spots we now show about Exploring and Scouting are also effective in telling our story.

One last thought, Champ. Scouts like you around the country are the very best salesmen for Scouting because you know what it's all about. Sure, some fellows won't join up, and that's up to them. But when you're selling Scouting—the best product on the market—you're bound to ring up plenty of sales.

Suppose every Scout in America set out to recruit another boy today. Imagine the impact that would have upon the boys who think Scouts are "sissies." So polish up your sales pitch for Scouting, Champ.

Sincerely,

J. Alden Barber

Alden G. Barber
CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE



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# AUTOS



Auto makers still aren't too thrilled with battery-powered cars. At present the cost is too high. But firms still think about electrics.

Scores of non-automotive companies are now experimenting with electric cars. However, Detroit is still not too excited about them. Of the Big Three auto makers, only General Motors has actually put together a running model, the Electrovair.

But even this is not a completely new-design car. The Electrovair is simply a standard Corvair converted to an electric. It contains about $10,000 worth of regular batteries, stored in every possible nook of the car.

Ford has developed a sodium-sulfur battery, which stores 15 times more electric energy than present lead batteries. However, Ford—like GM and Chrysler—never did build an actual working electric from the ground up, until just recently. It assigned its British subsidiary to come up with one—and it did. Called the Commuta, it is only six feet, eight inches long, less than half the length of a Cortina (or Mustang). It can carry two adults and two children, has a range of 40 miles at a steady speed of 25 mph and is powered by regular batteries.

While the Commuta is far from actual mass production, it is, nonetheless, the first prototype specifically for electric propulsion to be designed and developed by any major manufacturer. So Ford is ready with an electric car—if the public is. So far, the demand for electric cars hasn't been great.

SOME STUFF Detroit engineers are working on, which could appear on autos within the next few years: Special devices that would let you know when tires don't have the correct pressure, including whistles on the valves or buzzers on the instrument panel; taillights that would pulsate rapidly when you applied the brake; a trunk luggage compartment that would slide out like a drawer for loading and unloading; windshields that tint themselves automatically when sunlight strikes them, clear up when it's dark; windshields that never freeze up with ice in winter; electric automatic transmission which would have only two selectors—forward and reverse.

A PROFESSOR at the University of Michigan has come up with an idea which he thinks could someday cut auto gas consumption in half (wouldn't that be something?). Prof. E. T. Vincent says that the main reasons for high fuel consumption in conventional engines are throttling losses and the need for a rich fuel-air mixture for smooth idling. He tackled both problems.

One engine he examined was the stratified-charge type in which a complete cylinder charge of a rich fuel-air mixture is produced at maximum load, as in a normal spark-ignition engine. The amount of rich mixture is then reduced with air filling the remaining cylinder volume as the load is reduced.

Professor Vincent concluded that this type of hybrid engine should possess the widest range of power outputs without throttling the air. However, it requires more research and development to achieve maximum potential. While saving gasoline, such engines will give a maximum output slightly lower than that of present carbureted engines.

Vincent also studied a lean fuel-air engine in which a large number of combustion zones is produced in the main cylinder. Such an engine can operate on less fuel after a small quantity of rich mixture is used for ignition in a separate cell.

Pressure resulting from combustion of the rich mixture discharges a multitude of ignition sources into a lean mixture in the main cylinder. This produces a large number of combustion zones, more rapid combustion, and a fuel saving over the normal single-flame combustion process.

The Michigan scientist found that, theoretically, the lean fuel-air-ratio engine would provide the lowest fuel consumption as long as satisfactory ignition and combustion could be ensured at all ratios. He also concluded that a lean-ratio engine ignited by torch should consume relatively little rich mixture in ignition. The search for a successful lean-ratio engine has been going on for more than 30 years, according to Professor Vincent.

HOW MUCH do you spend on your buggy every month to keep it in top running condition? According to surveys, the average U.S. car owner now spends about $13 a month to maintain it. That's not enough, says Champion Spark Plug Co. It should be $19 a month "if you want to keep your car in mechanically mint condition at all times." That's about $228 a year.

Here's what the company says:

"Though he'll spend an added six dollars a month, in the long run the typical owner should more than recoup the outlay. Money will come back to the owner (a) at trade-in time and (b) in lower operating costs.

"By driving with an engine always in tune and with good ignition, he'll realize his full gas mileage potential all the time, not just when the car is new. And he'll be able to start in any kind of weather.

"By having the front-end always in good alignment—by rotating the tires regularly, and keeping the wheels balanced, tire life will be extended—up to as much as 20 percent, which is another source of savings.

"At trade-in time, allowances for cars in mint condition average at least $235 more than comparable models in just average or fair condition on the first trade-in. That alone amounts to around four-dollars-a-month rebate for the 60 months of ownership."

Champion, incidentally, offers a little booklet which will tell you what items you should take care of and how often. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Champion Spark Plug Co., Dept. CJ, Box 910, Toledo, Ohio 43601, and ask for "Operation Cookie Jar."

AUTOMOBILES aren't expected to change drastically before the year 2000 A.D. A Chrysler Corp. executive predicts that they will continue to have four wheels, people will sit in them much as they do today, they will generally be manually operated and they will travel mostly on the same kind of streets and roads we have today. He says that the exterior shape of the car will be about the same as today, except that more attention will be paid to aerodynamic design and insulation material to reduce wind and road noises.

SIMCA will start importing into the U.S. a front-wheel-drive car starting this year. It'll have a 99-inch wheelbase, be powered by a 70 hp, 1100 cc engine. Simca is the French division of Chrysler Corp.

THERE ARE so many accessories on cars now that manufacturers are trying to find a system for powering all of them. One supplier has come up with a development which could do away with some of the electric motors. It's an air-pressure unit which could be used to operate such things as power windows, seats and windshield wipers. Car companies are giving it some thought for the future.

THIS MONTH'S MAINTENANCE TIP: There's one poor, little neglected filter under the hood of your car which even a lot of service station mechanics don't know exists, and is rarely checked—even during a tuneup. It's the screen in the oil filler cap.

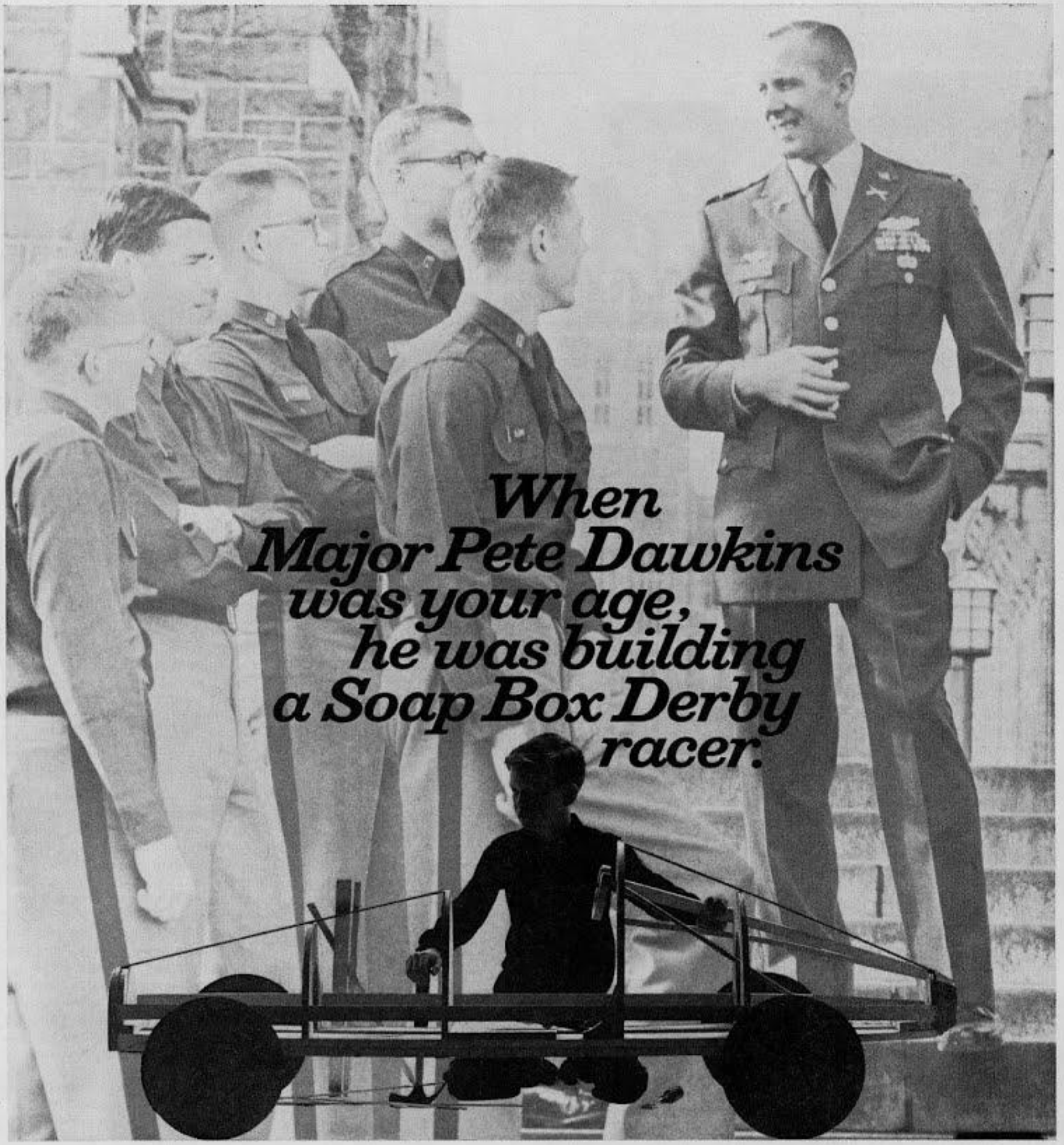
This screen is called the breather cap and, as its name implies, it is supposed to permit the engine to breathe. Maybe you have noticed (or now that you're thinking about it, you might) that when you need oil, the attendant just takes off the cap, adds the oil, and puts the cap back on. He rarely checks the condition of the cap. This probably is because it is one of these little things about a car that is easy to overlook.

When the filter screen in the breather cap gets gummed up, no air can pass through it and your engine can't breathe. Your engine is in for trouble, and so are you. Without fresh air coming into the crankcase, oil temperature builds up. Just like butter if the pan gets too hot, the oil breaks down and begins to form black sludge. The vapors form a varnish-like substance that coats engine parts.

Have 'em check it next time you pull up for gas, or look at it yourself to see what condition it's in. ■

—ED JANICKI


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Pete Dawkins. Captain of the 1958 Army football team. All-American. Winner of the Heisman Trophy. Class president. In the top five percent of his class at an academy that's known as one of the toughest in the world. Rhodes scholar at Oxford University in England. That's quite a record and so is his military record. While serving his country in Vietnam, Major Dawkins won nine awards and decorations, including the Bronze Star with "V" (for valor). All this despite having been stricken with polio in early childhood. When he was your age, Pete entered the Soap Box Derby and built a racer. Pete raced, but he didn't win. He didn't win a $500 Savings Bond, or the trip to Akron, or a big scholarship. But he tried as hard as he could. Right now, Major Pete Dawkins is teaching young West Point cadets to try as hard as they can — win or lose. And it's pretty hard to call a guy like that a loser.

CHEVROLET

*Start making your move. Sign up for the Soap Box Derby now. See your Chevrolet dealer for details.*



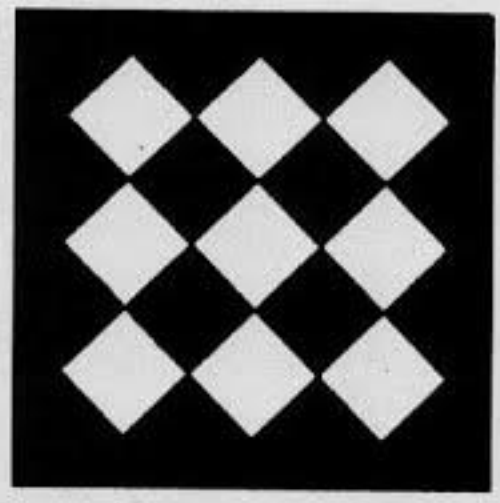
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# CHECK-MATE



By BOBBY FISCHER

Bobby Fischer's back with some game-winning tips on chess. So get out your chessboards and play along with one of the world's greatest chessmasters.



Hi! Glad to be back. Sorry I missed the last column, but I was away playing in chess tournaments in Yugoslavia and Tunisia (North Africa). Thanks to Dave Daniels for doing an excellent job filling in for me in December.

Some of you probably remember the October Helpmate puzzler I gave you to solve. Well, apparently it was pretty tough, because only six of our readers came up with the correct solution. Congratulations to Bill Wickart, Beecher, Ill.; Roger Calhoun, Wahiawa, Hawaii; Dean Shulman, Rochester, N.Y.; Glenn Quinn, Elizabeth, N.J.; Steve Kundmueller, Astoria, N.Y.; Stephen Kulenguski, Fairfax, Va.

Now to answer some of the letters that have piled up since I've been away.

Dear Bob:

I would like to get a subscription to a magazine devoted to chess, but don't know where to write. Could you tell me about a few of the more popular chess magazines in the U.S.? I would very much appreciate this information. Thank you . . . Terry Feeney, Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Bobby:

Would you tell me where I can get an official rule book on chess, if available? Thanks a lot . . . Cornelius A. Booth, Bristol, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Fischer:

Where can I get a book on or about chess? I am very interested in the game and enjoy working out problems. . . . Harry Woehrle, Camillus, N.Y.

To answer all three of you, here's my suggestion: You can get *Chess Life* by sending four dollars for a year's subscription to the U.S. Chess Federation, 479 Broadway, Newburgh, N.Y. 12550; or *Chess Review*, by sending $7.50 for a year's subscription to 134 W. 72nd St., New York, N.Y. 10023 . . . As for a rule book, pick up *Official Chess Handbook* by Ken Harkness at your library. You can also get chess books from either of the magazines mentioned above or by borrowing them from the library.

Dear Bob:

What is the Robatsch Defense? What is its purpose? What are the moves? Could you tell me of a good reference to this defense? . . . Dave Wetzell, Barrington, N. J.

Dave, here's the Robatsch Defense, also known as the Pirc Defense.

White opens with 1. e4 and black answers with 1 . . . d6 or 1 . . . g6.

For a long time this was considered an inferior defense because it allows white to get too much control of the center with 2. d4. Then white can develop his pieces to good squares without worrying about black pawns attacking them. The idea of the defense is that by "fianchettoing" your bishop (moving your bishop to the g7 square ) you're able to castle early into a very safe position. Then later on you can try to hit back at the white center after you've completed your development. Here are the most popular lines for white against this defense.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. e4 | d6 |
| 2. d4 | g6 |
| 3. Nc3 | Bg7 |
| 4. Be3 | Nf6 |
| 5. f3 | c6 |
| 6. Qd2 | b5 |



**Diagram 1: Board after black's 6th move.**

(It's dangerous to castle here instead of moving to b5, because after black castles, white 7. 0-0-0, and b5, 8. Bh6, Qa5, 9. h4, b4, 10. Nb1, Q:a2, 11. h5! With white threatening to open the rook file with a winning attack.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. 0-0 | Qa5 |
| 8. Kb1 | Nb8d7 |
| 9. Bh6! | B:h6 |

10. Q:h6—and white has the better game because black can't castle temporarily, the white king is safe, and white controls the center. That's one treatment of the Robatsch Defense.

Now for another line against the Robatsch Defense.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. e4 | g6 |
| 2. d4 | Bg7 |
| 3. Nc3 | d6 |
| 4. f4 | Nf6 |
| 5. Nf3 | c5? |



**Diagram 2: Board after black's 5th move.**

(Black counterattacks the center before white is castled . . . if 6dc, then Qa5! regains the pawn with a good game, because if 7.cd?, Nxe4! and black regains both pawns with the better game.)

The usual continuation after 5 . . . c5 is: 6. Bb5+ Bd7, 7.e5 Ng4, 8.e6 B:b5, 9.ef+ Kd7! (If K takes f7?, then Ng5+ and white's better.) 10. N:b5 Qa5+, 11. Nc3 cd, 12. N:d4 B:d4 13. Q:d4 Nc3—with an equal game for black. But going back—after 5 . . . c5!? (!? means tricky, but not really good) white should play 6. e5! with an advantage.

Another very original way to play this is a line worked out by the 22-year-old Canadian master Duncan Suttles:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. e4 | d6 |
| 2. d4 | g6 |
| 3. Nc3 | Bg7 |
| 4. Be3 | c6 |
| 5. Qd2 | Nd7 |
| 6. 0-0-0 | b5...followed by black's moving Nb6, a5— |



**Diagram 3: Board after black's 6th move.**

It's hard for white to come down and get at black's kingside, and black has counter play on the Queen side.

The best references to the Robatsch Defense are five books by Pirc on the King's Indian Defenses.

Dear Mr. Fischer:

Can you call a draw right after you are checkmated? . . . Jim Leinweber, Dewitt, N. Y.

No, Jim. Once you're checkmated the game is over.

Dear Mr. Fischer:

Have you ever played Julio Kaplan, Puerto Rico's champion? . . . Mark Robert Blum, Durham, N.C.

No, I haven't Mark, but I met him and watched him play, in Havana in November '66 and thought he was a pretty good player then. Last summer he won the World Junior Championship in Jerusalem.

I'M SURE MANY OF YOU play exciting chess games with your friends. If you've played a game you think is worth my seeing, send it along—using the algebraic or descriptive notation. I'll choose one of the best of these games you readers send in and analyze it for a future "Checkmate" column. Don't forget to include your name, your opponent's name, and which of you had the white pieces.

Now for our puzzler from Ljubomir Ugren of Yugoslavia. White moves first and must checkmate black in three moves. Just send me white's first move together with the date you received your February *Boys' Life*. Address: Bobby Fischer, *Boys' Life*, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903. The first ten of you with the correct first move will get my autographed photo.



**Puzzler**



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# SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH

By CHRISTOPHER FLINT

**Strong as an ox, bright as a light, the flea's the best circus performer going.**



Anyone who has ever watched a flea circus always comes away wondering the same thing: Were those fleas really trained or was it all some kind of a trick?

It's a tough question, because flea impresarios, like magicians, often refuse to divulge their trade secrets, and outsiders are left to argue among themselves. Some say it's a trick; others say it's training. But whether trick or training, these tiny insects do perform some marvelous feats. They pull tiny field cannon, push miniature footballs, juggle balls and batons and race each other in tiny chariots. They wave flags, waltz to music in hoopskirts, operate pixie-sized carousels and even stage fencing duels with each other.

There are hundreds of species of fleas in different parts of the world, but only one variety is "circus material"—and they do NOT come from some mangy old mutt! Performing fleas are all recruited from the ranks of *Pulex irritans,* which feed on humans rather than animals. It simplifies the food problem, too; when dinnertime rolls around, all the trainer has to do is roll up his sleeve and let them have at it.

A flea can't fly, but he sure can jump. This is because of the rear legs which are long and strong, providing him with almost rocket-like "thrust." Fleas travel tail-first, and land facing the direction from which they came.

The average weight of a "human flea" is from 0.05 to 0.1 of a grain, and it takes 7,000 grains to make a pound. Yet despite its near-microscopic size, this insect is remarkably agile and is probably the strongest of all creatures for its size. It can leap 200 times its own length. It can jump straight up from five to eight inches and forward (or backward) from ten to 13 inches. (If a man could jump as far and as high in proportion to his size, he could easily hurdle the Washington Monument.)

This jumping and acrobatic ability makes the fleas difficult to manage and train. To change a jumper into a walker or a crawler, a flea is placed inside a test tube that is laid on its side. Right away the flea starts jumping—and banging his head on the invisible hard ceiling. Eventually he realizes that this foolishness is getting him nothing but lumps and a king-sized headache, so he ceases to leap, disobeying his instincts. From now on, he will crawl.

Of course, the first thing a trainer must do after purchasing a batch of trainees is to separate the "stupes" from the intelligentsia. The fleas' "IQs" are determined in rather elementary fashion. The wee ladies and gents are placed in a cotton-filled jar held close to a lighted electric bulb. When the jar becomes uncomfortably warm, the smart fleas head for the coolest side; the stupid ones stay put and perish. The intelligent survivors are now ready to be trained.

Flea-circus owners prefer females as performers. They take to training better, have a milder nature than the males and are twice as big. They are also usually stronger and more active.

Harnessing these insects is a terribly delicate operation. Each flea has a tiny gold collar placed about its neck and attached to a ½-inch length of copper wire that is as stiff and springy as a hair from a horse's tail but many times finer. Using a powerful magnifying glass and a pair of small tweezers, the trainer constructs and fits the wire harness with extraordinary patience and skill. The tiny twisted loop must be small enough to restrain the insect, but roomy enough not to choke it at mealtimes, when its neck swells considerably.

The trainer usually makes the tiny vehicles and other paraphernalia used in the circus acts. For example, chariot bodies are fashioned from lipstick cases, and the wheels are watch balance gears with their teeth ground off.

From close study and long experience, a trainer can determine the act for which each flea is best suited. The stodgy "plodders" are broken to the merry-go-round harness. Flighty fleas make excellent dancers. Strong-legged ones become kickers, jugglers or chariot racers. Strangely, teaching fleas to "juggle" is fairly easy; a gentle stroking of their legs causes the insect to revolve in a tiny sphere. Chariot racing is something else again because the insects are inclined to wander rather than run in a straight line.

Some of these performances need little rigging; others are definitely tricks of the trainer. Ball kicking, for example, is something a flea couldn't care less about. But if the trainer soaks the tiny sphere in oil of citronella, mouthwash or a dab of cheap perfume, the flea kicks the ball just to get rid of the stink.

Fencing duels are staged by fastening the flea to a tiny chair and gluing or otherwise attaching foils to its front feet. Placing two of the tiny creatures face to face thus equipped creates a comic effect and their "fencing" motions are entirely the result of efforts to free themselves. Likewise, the antics of "dancing" fleas are probably caused by heating the surface of the stage or charging it with electricity. The life of a circus flea is not a happy one!

Every circus must have a "strong-man act," and the flea variety is no exception. The star of this act is attached to the base of a miniature brass carousel that is perfectly balanced on the point of a needle thrust upright through the bottom of an overturned tiny woven basket.

Then, ever so slowly, the "strong man" (who weighs 0.2 of a grain) pushes around and around this object that weighs 2,187½ times its own weight. The audience is always impressed because a man, in order to display the same prodigious strength, would have to push a weight of more than 140 tons!

Fleas can be completely "educated" in a couple of months, but they seldom live more than a month or two in captivity. Some trainers retain the names of their performers but not the same insects, and create the impression that their fleas live for years. But fleas aren't the only things that are dying; the whole business seems to be on the way out. There are perhaps only a half-dozen left in the entire world.

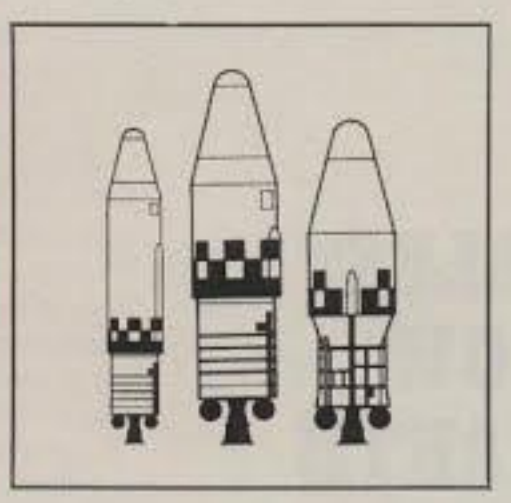
The origin of flea circuses is not definitely known. One story says a Russian professor, sentenced to life in Siberia, created the first one to while away the long and lonely hours of confinement. Later he escaped to France and became a theatrical sensation in Paris with his "trained fleas." Yet another story credits a woman in Austria during the 1700s with its invention.

A flea circus may not have the scope and color of the Biggest Show on Earth, but it does have one distinct advantage. When it comes time to "put the show on the road" this circus (performers and all) can be transported in a briefcase or overnight bag. ■



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# SCIENCE



Someday—no one knows when—our ships might prospect in outer space. As you begin reading, it is important to keep in mind that this article is not science fiction.

The spaceship approached Planet X and prepared for a landing. After firing its retro-rockets, the craft made contact with the rocky surface. At the same instant four supporting metal rods slid smoothly from the underbelly of the machine like the legs of a giant turtle.

Eagerly, the men inside the spaceship crowded around the door that would admit them into an alien world. But before pressing the button that would open the hatch, the expedition's leader gave his men a final briefing. "We don't know what we're going to find here, so stay alert and work fast. But not too fast," he warned. "We can't afford accidents.

"Are there any questions?" When no one spoke, the leader pressed a button and the hatch slid back. "OK, get out there—and good luck!" Then he stood in the doorway and watched as the suited men filed out into the eternal twilight of Planet X.

What would they find out there, he wondered. Gold, diamonds, platinum, strategic metals or what? One thing was sure: They would find something worthwhile on this planetoid, just as they had on all others they had visited. Outer space was a prospector's dream!

Scenes like this one may be common in the maybe-not-too-distant future. To meet the ever-growing demands of industry on Earth and elsewhere, men may be conducting their never-ending quest for minerals amidst the very stars themselves.

Long a standby in science-fiction magazine and comic books have been stories of Earthmen prospecting among asteroids and reaping fortunes in great diamonds and huge chunks of platinum that they have found on some lonely rock floating in space. Now, serious scientists tell us that such an idea is no longer as fantastic as it seemed only a few short years ago.

There is no doubt at all that tremendous wealth awaits Earth's rocketeering rockhounds once they reach those asteroids, most of which revolve around the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. As just one example of what man can expect to find, experts point to a recently re-discovered asteroid called Ivar. They estimate that it could yield several *billion* dollars' worth of platinum and related metals. And Ivar is only one of untold numbers of asteroids, some large enough to be considered "pygmy planets" and others no more than 30 feet in diameter.

Asteroids come in many shapes and sizes. The largest one thus far discovered by scientists is called Ceres and is believed to have a "diameter" of about 480 miles. Astronomers agree that the larger asteroids (those being one mile or more across) number around 50,000. Of these, about 1,650 have been spotted by telescope and given names.

Scientists still are not 100 percent sure what these small planetary bodies really are. Some believe they may be chunks of matter which, for some reason, failed to join up into planets when the solar system was created five billion years ago. Others are of the opinion that at least a few asteroids are the heads of comets that in some way or other lost their tails. However, the most generally accepted theory is that these chunks of real estate are fragments of a planet that eons ago disintegrated for some unknown reason.

It is not strictly accurate to speak of the "diameter" of these objects, because asteroids aren't really round—as is a planet. Judging from the way they reflect light, many must be jagged chunks of rock, lending support to the exploding-planet theory. One asteroid, called Eros by astronomers, is brick-shaped, about 15 miles long and five miles wide and estimated to be about five miles thick.

Now, for the big question: Because the highest our astronauts have gone so far is 853 miles, how can science be so sure that asteroids millions of miles from Earth are really "billion-dollar bonanzas" floating in space? Answer: from detailed examinations of meteorites that have fallen to earth over the years.

Many of these meteorites have been found to contain diamonds and a variety of valuable minerals. This, say scientists, is ample proof; if a celestial "crumb" can contain such treasure, then surely far-greater amounts must exist on the parent rock from which it came.

Out in Arizona is a tourist attraction known as Meteor Crater. That's exactly what it is; a huge hole measuring three miles around its rim and a half-mile deep, created almost instantly when a meteor slammed into the desert floor hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. And for many years men have vainly sought to recover a fantastic treasure that is still hidden there—somewhere.

In addition to other minerals, that fearsome visitor from outer space is believed to have brought with it an estimated eight *tons* of platinum. Today, platinum is worth one hundred dollars per *ounce*! Experts suggest that the meteorite that dug this enormous treasure-filled crater probably had a diameter of only 50 feet.

No one is any longer trying to recover the treasure of Meteor Crater. Because of the giant strides that science has made in recent years, plans are now being made to "backtrack" this and other meteors, and prospect the unknown from whence they came.

How can man expect to extract this wealth even if, as some believe, much of it in a pure form is right on or near the surface? Scientists already are devising ways and means. Some of them sound fantastic, but not long ago the idea of man going to the moon was also considered fantastic. Anyway, here's what scientists hope to do:

Mining, even here on Earth, has a number of problems connected with it. Transportation is a very important factor. If a mine is located in a remote, almost-inaccessible region, hauling the ore to refineries and markets might cost so much that it would leave little or no profit. How much greater would such a problem be in asteroid mining where some of the "deposits" are 20 million miles away!

To overcome this problem, experts are considering the possibility of taking a mineral-rich asteroid and herding it out of its present orbit and into a new one closer to Earth. This would be done by attaching retro-rockets to the asteroid. Because of its low gravity, the rockets would not have to be very powerful to push the "space mine" into its new orbit.

Also, because an asteroid's gravitational pull is slight, landing or taking off with cargoes would be no problem. Said one scientist: "You could jump off an asteroid, but you wouldn't fall off—never!"

In addition to mining the asteroid, experts are making plans to make some of them do double duty. One scheme is to take an asteroid, mine its mineral riches and continue the excavation until it has been hollowed out like a Halloween pumpkin. The shell would then serve as a fine spacecraft in which humans would be safe from deadly cosmic radiation.

Scientists don't care to take unnecessary chances and try to plan for every eventuality. They have already devised a "back-up" plan in case the idea of altering an asteroid's orbit has to be "scrubbed" for one reason or another. Plan Number Two is this: Anchor a rocket engine to the asteroid's surface, aim it at an isolated, unpopulated spot on Earth and crash-land the whole thing like an airplane!

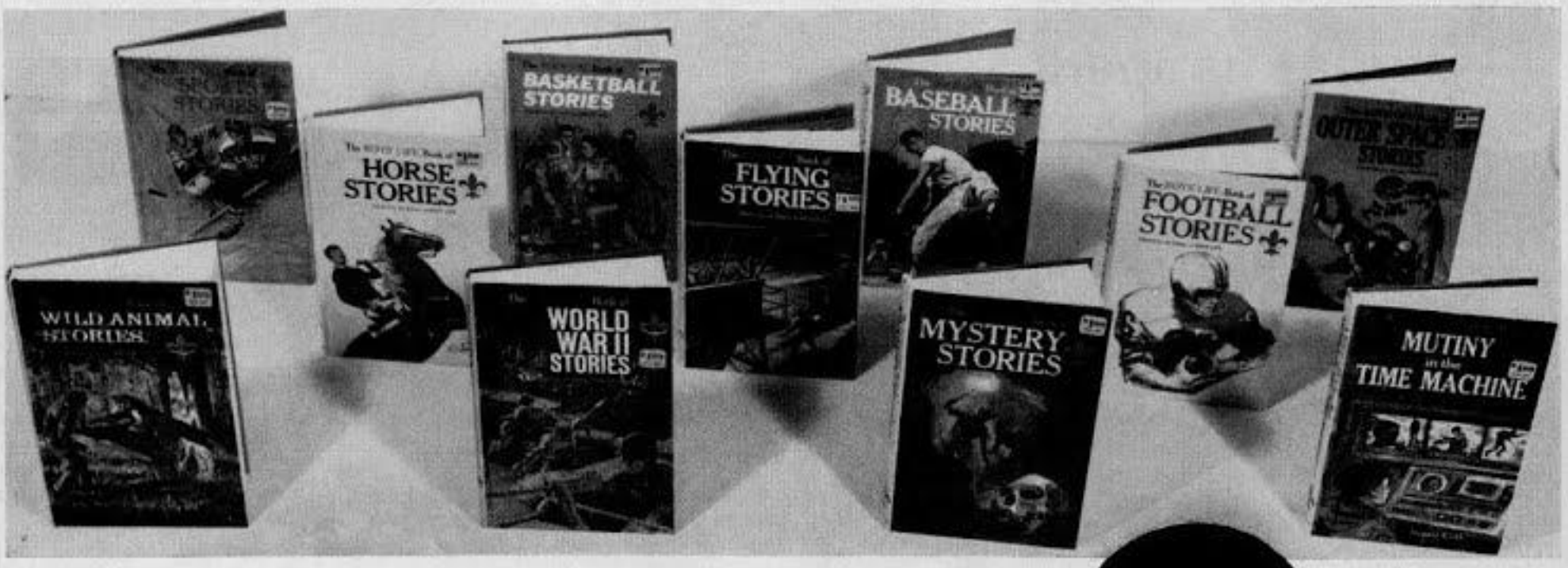
Experts have figured out that by using rocket controls, they could reduce the asteroid's entry speed to about 4.7 miles per second when it smacks into the earth. This, they believe, would shatter the asteroid into bits without rocking the vicinity too much. Places like Siberia, Australia, Antarctica, the southwestern United States and the Sahara Desert might be logical sites for such crash landings. Once down, the remains of the asteroid could be loaded into trucks and hauled away to the mill to be processed for mineral riches.

And that is how prospecting might be done in the not-too-distant future. A far cry, indeed, from the traditional picture of the grizzled old-timer with his pick and shovel and packmule! ■

—MURRAY T. PRINGLE



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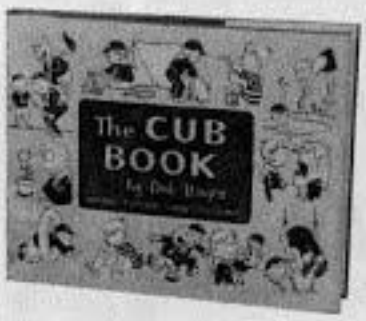
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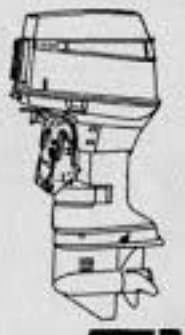
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## GREEN BAR CORNER

A harried mother and father who had been vacationing near our troop's summer camp raced into our campsite to tell us that their son and daughter were lost. We calmed them and learned that their two children, 11 and 13, had wandered off into the swamps about three hours before and hadn't returned. Would we please help them, they asked?

Our troop leaders held a hurried council and decided that because our Scouts had never done any searching, we'd use just the older fellows. So the senior patrol leader, the junior assistant Scoutmaster, two of the older PLs, three committeemen, and two students from a nearby seminary started the search. We had never thought about the possibility of being asked to help hunt for a lost person, and we were poorly prepared.

We dashed off in the direction in which we thought the children might be. We had with us only a few whistles and a Scout bugle for communications, and a first-aid kit.

Fortunately, though, the children wandered back home as easily as they had walked off, a piece of news we didn't find out about until after a rough, four-hour hike through the pinelands and brambly bayou bottoms of St. Tammany Parish north of New Orleans. I've since thought how we should have been ready to do a much better job. And we could have been, if we'd only taken time to practice lost-person searches.

It's likely nowadays that your patrol will get this kind of call for help. More and more people are taking to the woods for recreation. That means more are getting lost.

The best preparation for a lost-person hunt is training before you're called on to help. Be sharp with your basic Scout skills; compass, map reading, signaling, first aid, tracking, hiking. Equipment has got to be ready. What will you need? A map or sketch of the area, compass, watch, rope, first-aid kit, blankets for each search patrol; flashlight, whistle, food for one day (cold stuff that need not be cooked), proper clothing and a survival kit for each Scout. Many Scouts have "walkie-talkies." These are great for keeping in touch with other search patrols and with search headquarters. (Remember to use fresh batteries and bring a change of batteries.)

Practice lost-person skills at troop and patrol meetings and during hikes. Have a practice mobilization plan to gather your patrol. (Check the plan in last December's Green Bar Bill feature.) Your Scoutmaster can assist you in organizing for a mobilization so that in an emergency each Scout gives the word of where to meet to another in his patrol.

You may get called out from your home to search. You may be summoned while you're out on a hike or camp. In both cases first assemble your patrol for a briefing by your leader. Here's the info each Scout should have: a description of the lost person and what he was wearing; something about the type of terrain where the search will be conducted; how long the search will go on; what are the signals for recall. There are no set signals so the troop or patrol must decide on its own. Just don't use three blasts of





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# RESCUING LOST PERSONS

By ERNEST DOCLAR

a noisemaker—that's the danger signal. Whenever you hear that one, you know that someone's in trouble—maybe the person for whom you're looking.

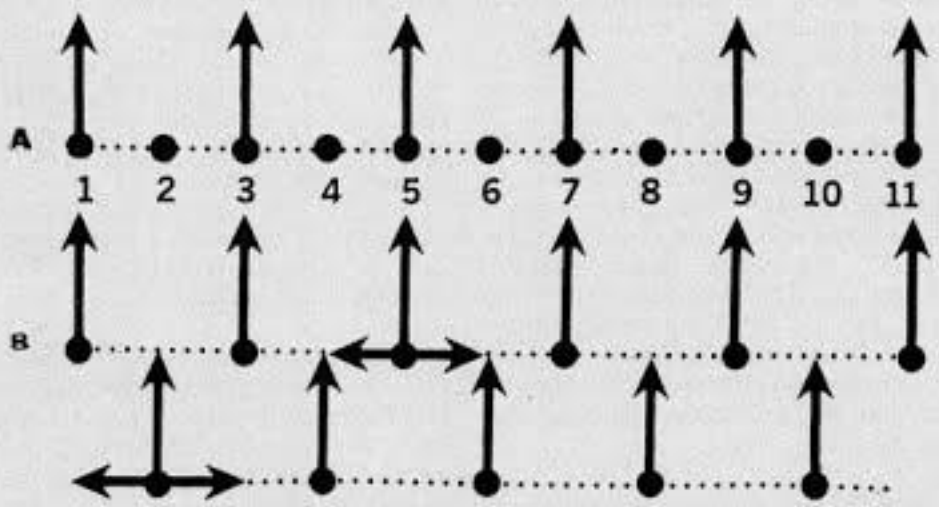
If the hunt is to go on into the night, every Scout must be especially cautioned. Every searcher should be told who's in charge of his group. Scouts must know that they've got to keep in sight of each other at all times, because you sure don't want one of *them* to get lost.

Check the diagrams on this page for one effective search pattern. Distance between the searchers varies, depending on the density of trees and bushes. Searchers should be able to carefully check the ground between each other. Seldom should the distance between Scouts be more than 25 feet. Move closer together if underbrush covers the ground where the lost person might have collapsed. The leader is in the center and the line of searchers moves ahead only at his command, usually by whistle signals. Keep down the chatter. Listen for the leader's signals and calls for help from the victim. Use your old sniffer: You might smell smoke from a fire lit by the lost person. Every few minutes at the leader's direction, sound off with loud shouts of the person's name, blasts of whistles or bugles. Then listen for an answer from the victim.

Where do you look? You start near where the victim was last known to be. Be sure he's not asleep somewhere nearby. Follow the natural terrain. If there is a valley with steep cliffs to both sides, you sure won't begin by climbing the cliffs. Think, "Where would *I* go?" Follow used trails if they are present. Search the ground closely. Check the downwind side of rocks, large downed trees where the victim might have sought shelter. Check caves. Look for his footprints, bits of torn clothing, broken twigs and bushes left by the person in his flight. Look forward and to both sides of your search path. Use all your tracking skills. If the person might have parachuted, scan the trees also. If the search is conducted near hills or mountains, climb up as high as possible. Use trees for the same purpose. Try to spot fires or signals from the lost person.

What do you do with the victim once you've found him? Always check for and treat his injuries. He'll very probably be suffering from shock. Give him *small* amounts of water, hot drinks, solid food. Notify search headquarters as soon as possible. Take instructions from them. If you have to bring the person out too, you may have to rig up a stretcher. If he can walk, be ready to support him if he weakens.

There's always the chance that the lost person may be found dead. In that case the body should be covered and a constant watch kept over it until local authorities take charge. However if your patrol is on the ball with its skills to find lost persons, you'll probably never have to take this last step. You'll have rescued the victim within a few hours after you begin your search. And you'll never witness a more joyous occasion than the reunion of a lost person with his family or friends. ■




*Left: Search patrol studies area map. Above: Sketch A shows staggered method of search. Line of odd-numbered Scouts moves ahead first, stops. Then even-numbered line advances, stops. This system is continued. Sketch B illustrates how the searchers scan area: They look ahead, then to left, to right, up, down.*




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Starfighter 1/4"
T-33 Trainer 1/4"
Ryan ST/PT 20 1/4"
Lockheed TV2 1/4"
Atomic Airplane
Vanguard Satellite
P-51D Mustang 1/4"
Manned Orbiting Laboratory
Jupiter C 1/4"
Northrop F-5A "Freedom Fighter" 1/4"
North American OV-10A Light Armed Recon Aircraft 1/4"
Grumman Bearcat 1/4"
Westland Lysander 1/4"
British Glouster Jet 1/72

**60¢ KITS**

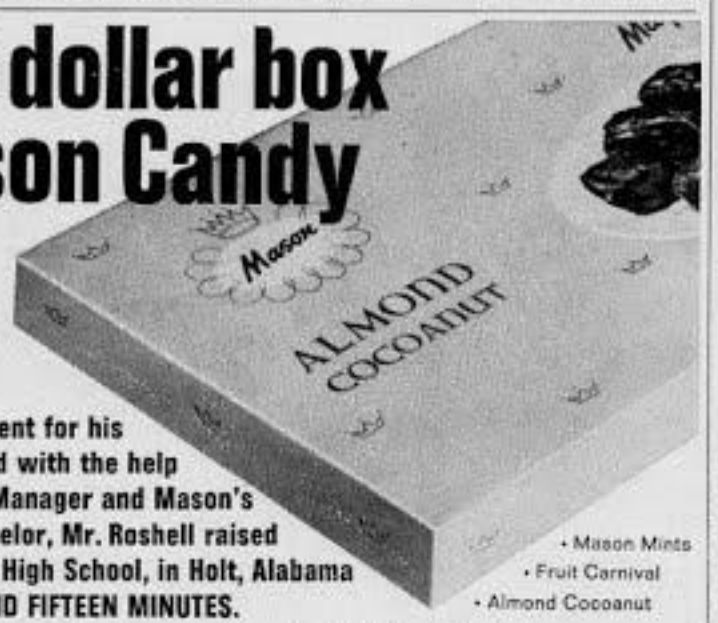
Corsair 1/72
Dart 1/72
Thunderstreak 1/72
Swift 1/72
Spirit of St. Louis 1/72
SJN 1/72
Texan 1/72
Dauntless 1/72
A24 Bomber 1/72
Nieuport 17C-1 1/4"
Spad 1/4"
Supermarine 1/4"
Howard DGA-6 1/4"
Curtiss Racer 1/4"
Vought AU 1/72
Skyray F4D-1 1/72
Me-163 Komet 1/4"
MiG-15 Russian Fighter 1/4"
Gee Bee Racer 1/4"
Laird Solution 1/4"
Howard Ike 1/4"
Mystery Ship 1/4"

hawk

**HAWK MODEL COMPANY** Chicago, Illinois 60656



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• Mason Mints
• Fruit Carnival
• Almond Cocoanut

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*"The candy was given to the students on Friday afternoon at the close of school. By 4:30 PM of the same day, the drive was completed. This method of raising $1200 in less than two hours is undoubtedly the best method I have ever used. Mason's Two-Hour-Plan does not take the student away from any school activities and it eliminates the agony of running a prolonged sale."*

Send for a Free box of candy and let our Campaign Counselor explain Mason's Two-Hour-Fund-Raising Plan. Here are some of the highlights: No risk—No investment. Each box of Mason candy has an attractively printed sleeve bearing your organization's name, picture and slogan. We prepay shipping charges. Return what you don't sell. Your group keeps 40¢ on every dollar box sold. Pay only after you have sold the candy. For details and your free dollar box of Mason Candy, fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Please send me (without obligation) further information and have your Campaign Counselor bring me my Free box of candy and explain Mason's Extra-Profit / Prize Award Program.

NAME_____ AGE (if under 21)_____
ORGANIZATION_____
ADDRESS_____ CITY_____
COUNTY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
HOW MANY MEMBERS_____ PHONE_____
Mason Candies, Inc. Mineola, L.I., N.Y. (Offer available only to non-profit groups.)


# HOBBY HOWS



ARCHERY

In order to identify your arrows and keep them separated from those of a friend, paint ¼"- to ⅜"-wide bands about three-quarters of the way up the shaft with a color of your choice. Use masking tape to line up the bands; remove it after the paint is dry.—$5 to David Renaud, Dudley, Mass.

When storing arrows between seasons, hang them vertically in a dry place, using spring clothespins and a line for support. Clip the arrow to the line by the arrow's butt end. This prevents warping.—$5 to Mike Dieckman, Hayward, Wis.

I am interested in archery. Are there any books on the subject?—Brett Smith, Lynchburg, Va.

• There sure are! Set your sights on these: Young Sportsman's Guide to Archery, by Gillelan ($2.75, Thomas Nelson & Sons, Dept. BL, Copewood & David Sts., Camden, N.J. 08103); Archery Handbook, by Burke ($3.50), and Field and Target Archery, by Burke ($3.50), both published by Arco Publishing Co., Inc., Dept. BL, 219 Park Ave. S., New York, N.Y. 10003); Complete Book of Archery, by Gannon ($4.95, Coward-McCann, Inc., Dept. BL, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016); Beginning Archery, by Niemeyer ($1.10, Wadsworth Publishing Co., Inc., Dept. BL, Belmont, Calif. 94002); Pocket Field Guide to Archery, by Sigler ($1.50), Modern ABCs of Bow and Arrow, by Gillelan ($4.95, Stackpole Books, Dept. BL, Cameron & Kelker Sts., Harrisburg, Pa. 17105); How to Make Recurve Bows and Matched Arrows ($1.25, Bruce Publishing Co., Dept. BL, 400 N. Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201).

Please tell me where I can send for catalogs of archery equipment.—Robert Crowell, Owensboro, Ky.

• These firms offer catalogs: Ben Pearson, Inc., Dept. BL, Pine Bluff, Ark. 71601; Finnysports, Dept. BL, 9161A Sports Bldg., Toledo, Ohio 43600; Colt's Firearms, Dept. BL, Hartford, Conn. 06102.

To prevent your bowstring from stinging your arm, make an arm-guard by cutting the top from an old crew-type sock and slip it over your forearm.—$5 to James Carney, New Florence, Pa.

Use common dental floss to put a nocking finish on a bowstring. Wrap the floss tightly, overlapping several times (this will be easier if the bow is strung). Then heat the floss with a match to melt the wax in the floss. A more permanent nock can be made with silk thread. Finish by applying varnish, shellac, or clear nail polish. Colored nail polish may be used for a decorative effect.—$5 to Ron Dingman, Schenectady, N.Y.

ELECTRONICS

High-voltage capacitors can hold a deadly charge for many days. To make your electronic equipment safe, use bleeder resistors on all electrolytic capacitors. Also use interlocking switches on the hood of your equipment to be sure the "juice" is off before you remove the hood or put your hand inside the cabinet.—$5 to Tulley Peters, Casper, Wyo.

Please tell me where I can get some information on ham radio.—Ellis Lindsey, Chickasha, Okla.

• Books: Amateur Radio Construction Projects ($2.50), Practical Ham Radio Projects, by Caringella ($2.50), Handbook of Ham Radio Circuits, by Hicks ($2.95; all published by Howard Sams & Co., Inc., Theodore Audel Division, Dept. BL, 4300 W. 62nd St., Indianapolis,



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Hobby Hows brings you answers to questions and how-to-do-it hints on your favorite avocations. You receive $5 if we print your hobby hints. Address all inquiries and hints to Boys' Life, Boy Scouts of America, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.



Ind., 46206). Getting Started in Amateur Radio, by Berens ($2.95, Hayden Book Co., Inc., Dept. BL, 116 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y. 11011); Radio Amateur's Handbook, by Collins ($4.95, Thomas Crowell Co., Dept. BL, 201 Park Ave. S., New York, N. Y. 10003); Learn Electronics by Building, by Schroeder ($3.85, G/L Tab Books, Monterey Ave., Blue Ridge Summit, Pa. 17214); Here Is Your Hobby: Ham Radio, by Wells ($3.25, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Dept. BL, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016). Handbooks: Course in Radio Fundamentals ($1), Hints and Kinks ($1), How To Become a Radio Amateur ($1), Radio Amateur's Handbook ($4), Understanding Amateur Radio ($2) (all published by American Radio Relay League, Inc., Dept. BL, Newington, Conn. 06111).

Nothing beats a pair of ordinary, inexpensive magnetic headphones for general utility use, but they can become very uncomfortable if you wear them for any length of time. So try this. Attach a couple of foam-rubber foot callus cushions to the headphones. Although these pads are intended to ease foot problems, they will do a good job on your ears too.—$5 to M. Carey, New Castle, Pa.

Before you throw out that old radio or communication device, clip out and remove all usable parts and wires. Later, you might find these parts useful for other projects. —$5 to S. Hansen, Kaysville, Utah.

Where can I obtain a portable short-wave receiver?—David Nudding, San Diego, Calif. Some information on ham radio gear, prices, qualities, antennas, etc.?—H. Karr, Indio, Calif. A complete price list for parts such as transistors, resistors, capacitors?—B. Madrigan, Downingtown, Pa.

Write for free catalogs from: Burstein-Applebee, Dept. BL, 1012 McGee, Kansas City, Mo. 64106; Surplus Electronics, Fair Radio Sales Co., Dept. BL, Box 1105, 1016 E. Eureka, Lima, Ohio 45802; Heath Company, Dept. BL, Benton Harbor, Mich. 49022; Norelco Kits Division, Herman Smith, Inc., 812 Snedeker Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207.

For a good grip, fit rubber tubing over the handles of pliers and the pliers will be easier to handle. The tubing also insulates the handles, making them safer to use when making electrical repairs.—$5 to Tony Dillard, Columbia, S.C.

Always make sure that you heat-sink transistors and diodes when soldering them. Grasp the wire lead on the transistor or diode just above the point to be soldered with long-nose pliers. You thereby draw away the heat so there is no danger of burning out these transistors or diodes.— $5 to Jim Broome, Lincoln, N.C.

Have you ever tried building an electronic kit only to find afterwards it didn't work? A probable cause might be the way you soldered the parts. Here are some tips for soldering: Use only rosin-core solder; acid-core will corrode the parts. Be sure to use enough heat. A 40-100 watt soldering iron is a good size to use. A handy soldering tool is the pistol grip model with small light bulb. Before soldering a component, be sure there is a good mechanical joint. Then apply the soldering iron. Apply the solder between the iron and components. Let the solder flow over the connection. If the soldered joint is shiny and smooth, it is a good joint. If it is rough, or the solder formed a round ball instead of spreading, you haven't used enough heat or the joint was not clean. Reheat the joint and apply more solder.—$5 to Stephen Estes, Owensboro, Ky.

—GLENN WAGNER

















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# Test yourself on tomorrow's current events

T F 1. Electric cars can't be built today.
T F 2. After 150 years, batteries are about as good as they'll ever be.
T F 3. Battery-driven vehicles give rapid acceleration but short range (less than 100 miles).
T F 4. Fuel-cell vehicles accelerate slowly but range up to 300 miles.
T F 5. The use of electric cars will eliminate the pollution problem.
T F 6. Electric cars will replace gasoline-powered cars by 1975.

1. **FALSE.** Using existing materials, General Motors has built vehicles like the Electrovair II. However, the weight, size and cost of its silver-zinc batteries prohibit any widespread application.

2. **FALSE.** GM scientists are working on several new kinds; the lithium-chlorine battery, one of the most promising, delivers upward of 20 times more energy than present automotive batteries.

3. **TRUE.** Today's batteries can provide the short bursts of high power needed to start and accelerate. But then they need frequent recharging.

4. **TRUE.** A fuel-cell system (in which two fuels like oxygen and hydrogen combine to produce energy) is long lasting, but unwieldy. Thus the electric-car solution may be a battery for quick starts and a small fuel cell to maintain speed.

5. **FALSE.** Besides the plethora of pollution from other-than-automotive sources, electric cars must be plugged in and recharged. And the power for the wall plug has to come from a power-generating plant, which may in turn generate its own pollution problems.

6. **FALSE.** Today's electric-car systems have only limited applications. New systems must be tested for feasibility, durability and safety. So it will probably be quite a while before you drive cross-country in an electric car. But that day keeps getting closer through GM research for the future.

**General Motors**

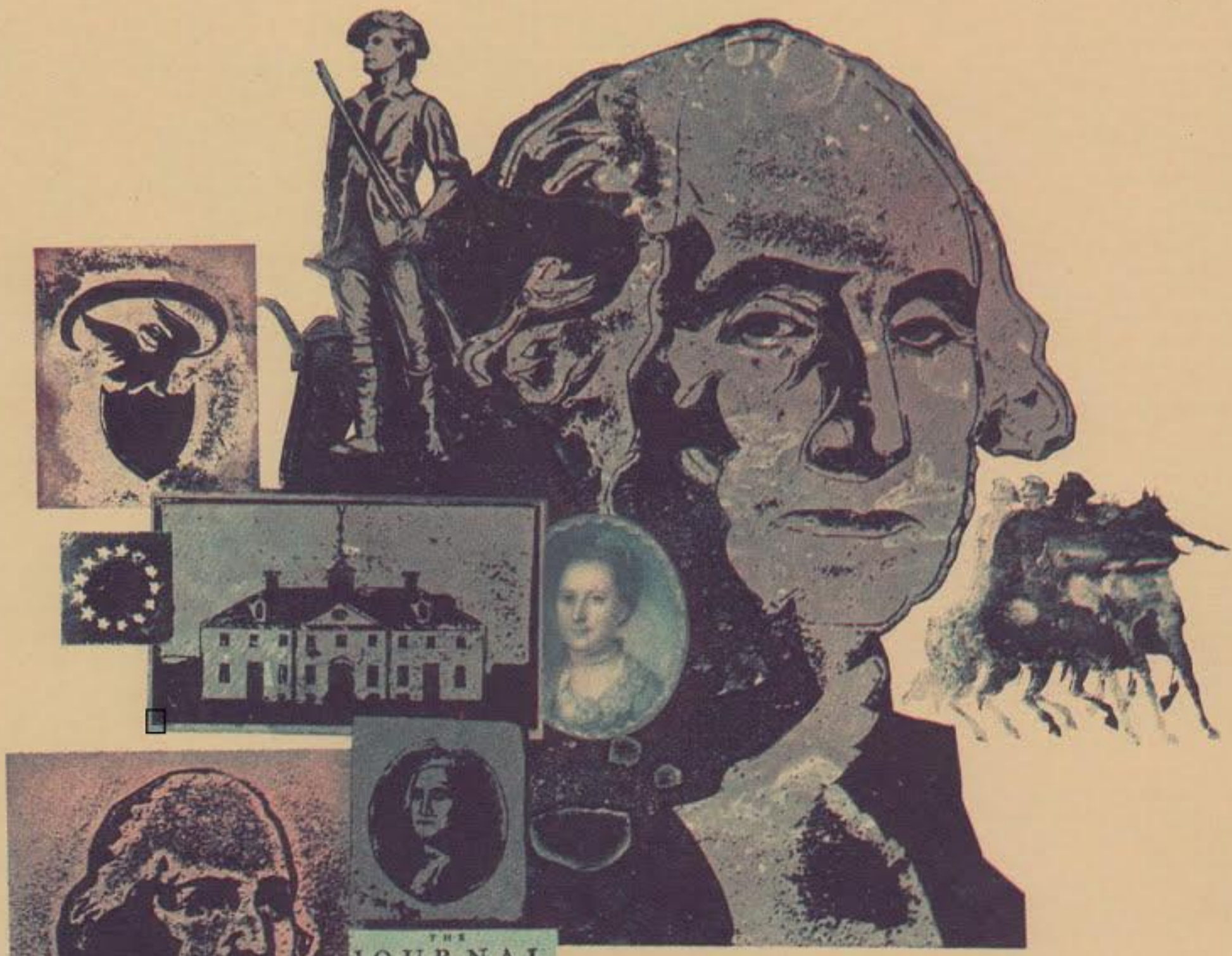
GM

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck & Coach, Opel Kadett, Fisher Body, Frigidaire, Detroit Diesel, United Delco, AC Spark Plug, Euclid, Allison, Electro-Motive.



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A STRONG LEADER OF MEN,
HE WAS AN INSPIRATION
TO OUR NEWBORN NATION.







THE
JOURNAL
OF
Major George Washington,
SENT BY THE
Hon. ROBERT DINWIDDIE, Esq;
His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and
Commander in Chief of VIRGINIA,
TO THE
COMMANDANT
OF THE
FRENCH FORCES
ON
O H I O.
To which are added, the
GOVERNOR's LETTER,
And a TRANSLATION of the
French OFFICER's ANSWER.
WILLIAMSBURG,
Printed by WILLIAM HUNTER. 1754

Illustrated by MURRAY TINKELMAN

# GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE MAKING OF A LEADER

By MARGARET L. COIT

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*A good citizen who emerged from obscurity to become a hero in the French and Indian War.*

Rain. Heat. Gunfire crackling out of the green-massed woods and from behind every bush and rock. It is 1754. Tiny Fort Necessity stands exposed in a great meadow. A white flag is moved jerkily across the sodden ground. A candle, sputtering inside the flimsy fort, lights up the haggard features of a tall young officer.

Pen in hand, boots red with blood spilled by his own troops, George Washington signs the papers of surrender and steps onto the stage of history. He is granted the honors of war; his shattered force can march away, flag flying, drums beating.

But George Washington had failed in his first command.

A third of his men lay dead. His unmilitary skill would be sneered at in London—and remembered. He had failed to win the Indians as allies; they chose the "winning colors" of the French. He had dreamed of storming the enemy fortifications; instead, he had failed to budge the French from one inch of the green immensity of the Pennsylvania country. He had fired the opening shots of the French and Indian War that would last seven years and engulf two continents.

But back in Virginia he was a hero. Virginia cared only that her men had fought, and fought bravely, against superior odds. What 22-year-old George Washington had demonstrated was a genius for leading men, and a strange immunity to bullets—a gift that would never leave him. Already he struck observers as "extraordinary," a man of self-reliance and decision.

George Washington was not born a statue in marble, a picture on the wall, a name in a history book. He was not born great and good, although he made himself so. He was born "incapable of fear," and this virtue was a defect that for years made the "young whirlwind" a born loser, striding forth into military adventures that a more cautious man would have avoided. Defeat, even into the years of the Revolution, was the forge upon which he was tempered.

For he was born red-headed with a temper to match, a temper that was like a "mad hell," dammed up inside him. Occasionally, it boiled forth. He could forgive General Charles Lee, during the Revolution, for scheming to become Commander-in-Chief. He could even forgive him for getting himself captured. But Washington could not forgive him for disobeying orders—and at a country crossroads he let Lee "have it." No one had even seen him in such a rage. Until years later, as President, stung by the abuse in the papers, he had exclaimed to his Cabinet that he would "rather be in his grave than in his present situation. That he would rather be on his farm than be made emperor of the world and yet they were charging him with wanting to be a king."

As a youth, he is said to have almost killed a horse while trying to break it, realizing then the control that must be kept upon the "inflammable matter" in the human frame. This volcanic force within him, however, only added to the impression he gave of authority and power.

That and his great height. He was six feet, two inches tall, at a time when the height of most men was shorter than it is today. He compelled attention just standing "straight as an Indian," his massive head set proudly upon a strong neck. His blue eyes looked straight into your own; his handgrip was like hard steel; he had enormous hands and feet. His walk was "majestic," his features controlled, a little stern; but his smile was extraordinarily kind. All his life, his expression was more benign than severe.

Virginia teemed with legends of his strength and endurance. He could paddle a canoe 40 miles a day and swim horses across the swollen Potomac. He had thrown a pebble (or was it a silver dollar?) across the Rappahannock and climbed the Natural Bridge. Once, in the wilderness, he was hurled from a raft into icy water, but fought his way back to safety.

He reveled in life and the good times life offered; he liked cockfighting, fox hunting, horse racing and breeding, also card parties, the theater and festive balls. During the Revolution, he once danced at a party for three hours without sitting down. He was the most graceful horseman of his age, and looked well on horseback or dressed up in a blue broadcloth coat with silver lacings, a dainty waistcoat and crimson velvet breeches. But he was too masculine, too much of a man's man to be a ladies' man. One young lady after another refused to marry him until he courted the pretty mother and widow, Martha Custis, so tiny she had to pull him down by the coat lapels to kiss him. She found him to be a very human being she could love, she and her two children whom Washington raised as his own.

It was more as a veteran woodsman than as a soldier that Washington was welcomed as a volunteer aide to the British general Edward Braddock. Heading a sizable force of "Regulars" and Virginia Colonials, these leaders of men marched


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*Washington turned every defeat into victory as he championed our bitter battle for freedom.*

westward into a green sea of summer and silence. Washington, ill and burning with fever, was at Braddock's side.

A rifle cracked. Suddenly the woods were screaming with sounds of gunfire, warwhoops and the pounding hooves of riderless horses. Washington's horse sank under him; he gained another. Looking down, he saw bullet holes in his coat. Ahead, he saw red fire leaping from the green, smoke drifting above, and now and then a face, as if peering out of a window.

Then came pandemonium—a mass of Redcoats tumbling back in panic into the ranks of their own comrades, who fired straight ahead, shooting them down. Officers beat the men with their swords, then fell, and were trampled to death. Washington's Colonials held. They were fighting his way, Indian-style, and now surged forward.

Braddock ordered a charge, but his Redcoats would not follow; then he fell with his death-wound. Another horse went down under Washington and bullets tore through his hat and clothing. Again a "miraculous . . . Providence" had saved him. He was now the ranking officer left, and it was his task to ride for 40 dreadful miles through the dead and the dying and the screaming, to order the rear-guard to cover the retreat of what was left of Braddock's army.

Braddock's defeat shook the British Empire. It left the frontier pitifully exposed to bloody Indian raids. It left the Americans convinced of the cowardliness and uselessness of British Regulars, who had run like "sheep pursued by dogs," while the Virginians, "behaved like men and died like soldiers," as Washington put it.

And it left Washington a hero again, not only to Virginians and his own officers, but commended even in Britain for his bravery. But his heart's desire—that he be named a regular officer in the British Army—was denied him. History would turn on that denial. The mark of the loser was still upon him. He served out the war as a colonel and commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, but the final victory was not of his making. "I have no prospect left of preferment in a military way," he said.

Now came the good years at Mount Vernon with Martha and his farm. He had always considered marriage "the most interesting event of one's life," and farming, "the most delectable of lives." Agriculture, he said, was his "most favorite amusement." Under his fostering care, Mount Vernon bloomed.

He sat in the Virginia Legislature, the House of Burgesses in beautiful Williamsburg, and watched the tide of revolution rising slowly. George Washington was no revolutionist, although he would become the driving force that made the Revolution victorious.

During these years he underwent a gradual erosion of feeling for the mother country that, like so many Britishers, he called "home." The "craven flight" of Braddock's Regulars, the proclamation barring Americans from settlement in the great West, where Washington had purchased thousands of acres and had glimpsed a vision of the American future, and the Stamp Tax, all shook a loyalty which was dual anyway. As he said, "We can't see that being Americans should deprive us of the benefits of British subjects."

So he was there at the revolutionary assembly at the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg. Every future leader of revolution sat with Washington before the catercorner fireplaces at Mount Vernon. We know that, during those days, he came slowly to his unshakable conviction that America was his country and must be free, fully aware that he would pay with his life if he were ever captured.

The drumbeats sounded from Concord and Lexington, and Washington sat at the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, big and silent in his Virginia uniform. New England was reported to have an army of 20,000 men, and a New Englander, John Adams, nominated Washington as Commander-in-Chief. Partly, this was because he was George Washington. Partly it was because Massachusetts wanted to link the South to the revolutionary cause.

Washington had planned to lead Virginia troops to the defense of Boston; he had not dreamed of command. It was "a trust too great for my capacity," he wrote Martha, whom he called Patsy. Far rather would he be at home with her. The "bush-fighting" of the French and Indian War had not taught him strategy. He had taught himself everything that he had learned beyond the age of 15.

He could inspire confidence and even love, but he lacked confidence in himself. He knew that the struggle would be long, uncertain and severe, that the Americans had no money and that the British resources were "inexhaustible." The Americans had only their resolution, and trust in him, he whom the people traveled miles just to look at.

For he had made his choice, made it alone with the stubborn courage that (To page 64)



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**Was Tim's ghastly moonlit visitor a dream or a reality?**

# MOUNTAIN JIM

By JEAN STAFFORD

One summer Saturday night some years ago, Tim Talbot was alone in the house with no other company than Boone, the border collie, and Paddy, the ginger tomcat. Tim's father was the foreman of the Kavanagh ranch in Beulah Valley, high up in the Rockies in Colorado, and tonight he had gone into town to discuss buying a team horse to replace Belle, who had gone lame. Tim's mother had gone with him for an evening of gossip with her friends, and the hired girl had gone along, too, to spend the night with her parents. The long low bunkhouse down by the corral was dark, for all the men, the regular workers and the crew of six who were putting up hay, had scattered directly after supper to look for ways to amuse themselves after their six-day week of hard work under the burning sun. Tim was the youngest of four boys, and this summer all his brothers had taken jobs out of the state.

The main buildings of the Kavanagh ranch were a mile away across the river, and there were no other houses for miles around. Tim was really alone, for the first time in his life. His mother had been reluctant to leave him, but his father had said that a boy of 12 was able to take care of himself and if he wasn't, "he's not worth his feed and he's no son of mine." Tim was enjoying his solitude, although he did not know exactly what to do with it; for awhile he fooled with the radio but he got only static, then he studied some catalogs of guns and fishing gear; now he was at work on a jigsaw puzzle of the Grand Canyon, spread out on a cardtable. On a milking stool beside him there were a box of raisins and a bottle of root beer. The puzzle was complicated—here and there on the steep walls of the canyon were tiny burros and riders and down below there was a minute boat on the Colorado River. Tim, frowning, concentrated hard, not aware of any of the countless sounds within the house and out of doors.

You think of the country as being quiet, and so it is by comparison with the city, where horns bray and sirens shriek and there is an incessant babble of voices in the streets. Still, there is a great deal of noise in the country, too. If Tim had been listening, he would have heard the saddle horses in the pasture next to the house suddenly whinnying for no reason at all, he would have heard the dogs at distant houses baying at the moon and the coyotes howling in the foothills, the hootowls in the woods, the bullfrogs on the river banks, the fall of an aspen tree as the beavers added it to their dam.

Tim did look up from the puzzle when he heard the evening train passing through the valley on its slow, winding way to Denver.

He dug into the sticky box of raisins and just as he put a dozen or so into his mouth, he realized that the sound of the train had been a little bit different tonight. At first he could not figure out how it had been different. Then, as he was adding a crescent-shaped piece to complete a waterfall, he knew what it was: The train had stopped at the main ranch. This was not unheard-of, for now and then, if there was a big shipment of steers going out to market or a prize bull that had been sold at the stock auction, the cattle were loaded onto the cars right in front of the ranch, which was only a few hundred yards from the tracks. As the train dawdled, its bell rang frequently, possibly to let the people down the line know that it would be there in due course and they were not to give up hope.

But if animals had been loaded, Tim would have heard the bell for half an hour or longer. Besides, Tim's father would have been there to supervise, and besides *that*, the herd was up on the range for the summer and Tim would have known if any beeves had been cut out, because he was always allowed to go along on Pocahontas, his cow pony. No, the train couldn't have stopped to take on cargo. Perhaps an animal —a dog, a deer or a horse—had been crossing the tracks, taking its own sweet time, and the engineer had stopped to let it safely reach the other side.

The mystery was not very important, Tim decided, and he would learn about it in the morning if it did have significance; he began once more to study the Grand Canyon. He was so deep in his examination of the pieces, shaped like wishbones and horns, like sickles and octopi, that he did not notice for quite some time that a mosquito was hovering about him, whining first in one ear and then in the other. Without thinking, he brushed it away, but at last it settled down on his forearm and he whacked it soundly. The noise made his dog Boone and his cat Paddy wake up and raise their heads to look at him. As a rule, when their naps were interrupted, they went straight back to sleep, but tonight they kept their heads erect. Boone's ears went up and Paddy flattened his ears back tight to his skull.

The evening was warm and the air was still, but suddenly Tim's skin felt chilled, and at the same moment the pages of a folded newspaper on the table beside his father's chair fluttered and a hanging basket of geraniums swayed. Boone growled, deep in his throat, and Paddy thrashed his tail. Then everything was deathly quiet. Tim listened but he could not (To page 66 )



Illustrated by JIM JONSON

*A tall, lean man and his huge black dog streaked across the pasture, dodging among the rearing, wildly agitated horses.*

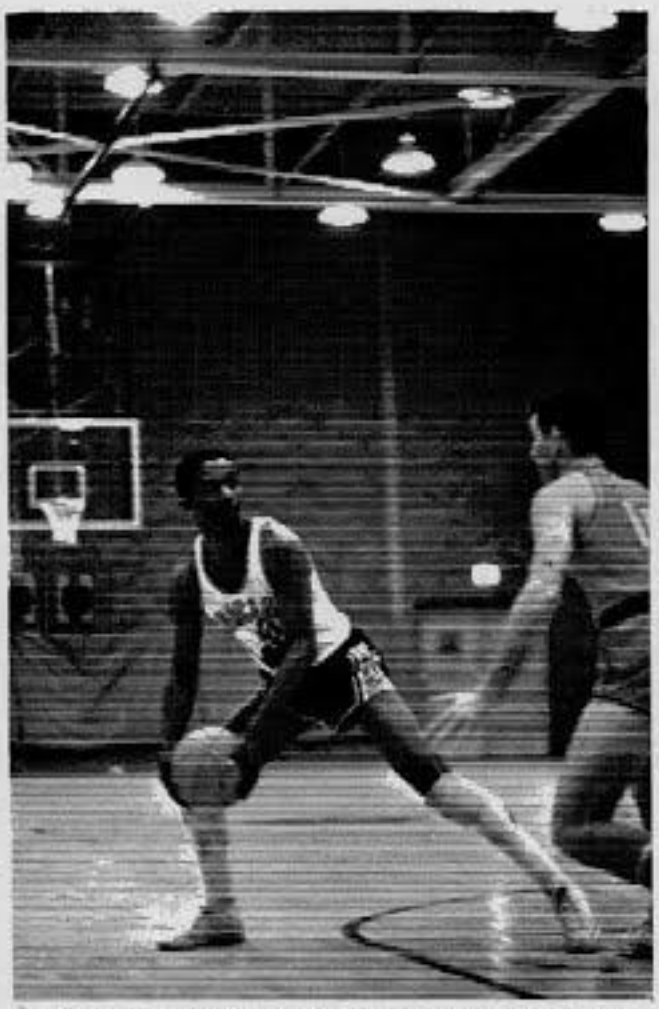


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**Basketball's master magician tells how he reached the top —and shows how you can, too!**

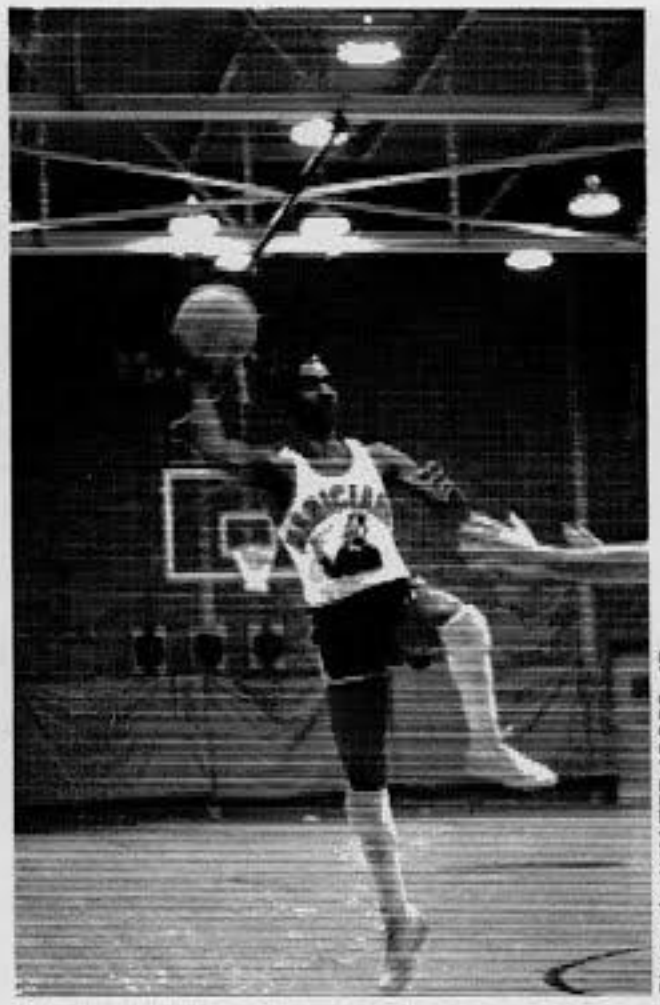
# MARQUES HAYNES—



*Mr. Super-Touch in motion, controlling the ball and . . .*



*moving in on his opponent. But hold it! he's faking . . .*



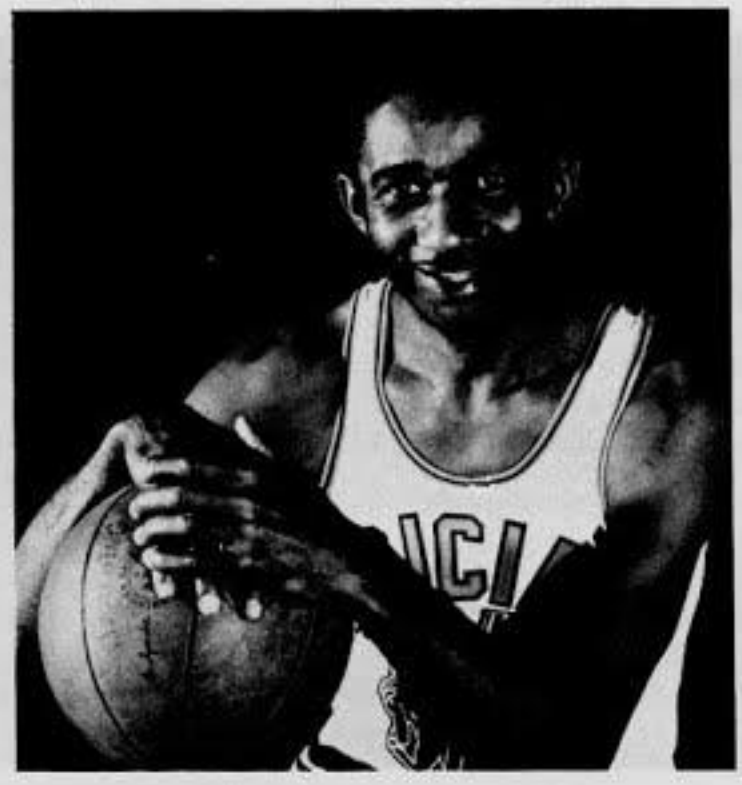
*falling back, now up for a try-and-stop-me jump shot.*

Photos by WALTER IOOSS, JR.

*"No matter how good you are at one part of the game, you can't be really good until you master all of it."*



*"I've been pretty lucky. I once waited on tables and dug ditches. Now I earn $75,000 a year with my team."*



*"If I said how old I am, it would disappoint a lot of people who insist they saw me play in the late 1920s."*





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# KING OF THE COURT CLOWNS



By FRANK LITSKY

In most ways, it was a night like all other nights for a touring comedy basketball team. The site was South Plainfield, N.J., but it could have been Gallup, N.M.; Dubuque, Iowa; Midland, Tex., or anywhere else.

The comic, a 6′ 6″ former football player named Bob (Trick) Woods, was baiting the referee, kidding his opponents and the customers, and shooting a behind-the-back flip shot from mid-court (he made it), a mid-court shot while lying on his back (he made it), and a shot from the top row of the stands (yes, he made it). Someone sneaked into the game a ball that flew ten feet through the air and then returned (courtesy of a heavy rubber band). When the referee threw out that ball, it was replaced by a ball that bounced as crazily as a Mexican jumping bean.

The capacity crowd stopped laughing only long enough to *oooh* and *aaah* at the sleight-of-hand passing. But its appetite wasn't satisfied yet. "Dribble," a boy pleaded from the stands. "Yeah, dribble," another shouted.

A fragile man—6′ tall and barely 160 pounds—heard the call. His basketball shirt, at least two sizes too large, hung from his shoulders, but the team name was easy to read. It said MAGICIANS, and this man was the No. 1 magician of the Magicians.

He started to dribble. The player guarding him darted for the ball and presto! the ball and dribbler were gone, both working their magic on another victim across the court. In and out of the pack he moved, dribbling high and low, quickly and slowly, on his knees and sitting, searching out victims and conquering them. In 22 seconds he dribbled 57 times before driving in and sinking a lay-up.

The crowd screamed and applauded and stamped its feet. Strangers looked at each other, shook their heads and smiled. They had heard about the man and his dribbling, and hadn't believed it. Now they had seen for themselves, and they still didn't believe it.

Marques Oreole Haynes, the world's greatest dribbler, wasn't especially impressed with his performance. "I could have done more against a more experienced team," he said. "If your opponent is aggressive and good, it makes a better show because they fight you for the ball. This was a high-school alumni team, and these boys just weren't in shape."

Against sturdy competition, Marques estimates that, at a rate of three dribbles per second, he could dribble 5,400 times in a half-hour—"If I have the strength to keep it up for a half-hour."

Marques Haynes is always in shape. He is the founder, president, chief booking agent, road secretary, publicist, typist, bookkeeper, coach and star attraction of the Fabulous Magicians. From early October to the first week in May, he plays basketball almost seven nights a week (and Sunday afternoons, too) in majestic settings such as New York's Madison Square Garden and the Los Angeles Sports Arena and in high-school gyms and armories and YMCAs and college field houses and almost every other conceivable home of a basketball court.

His record is filled with superlatives. In 22 years as a pro—seven with the Harlem Globetrotters and 15 with the Fabulous Magicians—he has played over 4,500 games, more than any other player in history. His Magicians started the season with a career record of more than 3,000 victories and nine defeats, playing against any teams—bad, good or great—the local promoters chose. His basketball travels have covered 2,100,000 miles, the equivalent of four roundtrips to the moon plus seven around-the-world cruises plus five jaunts from New York to Miami and back. He has dribbled more than 850,000 times in his show-stopping routines. His act has been seen by 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 people in person and millions of others on the Ed Sullivan and Jack Paar television shows.

He has become a national institution much like Satchel Paige, another great barnstormer who became a major-league baseball pitcher in 1948 at the age of 50 (never mind what the record book says) and is still playing the provinces. And, like Paige, Haynes won't talk about his age.

"If I say how old I am," he says, "it would disappoint a lot of people who insist they saw me play in the late 1920s and 1930s. It would disappoint the people who swear they went to college with me 35 or 40 years ago.

"I remember one night in 1957 or 1958 when we played in a little place called Price, Utah. An old prospector who must have been in his early 60s spent hours driving in from the mountains to see me. He said he remembered seeing me play in Helper, Utah, in 1924, and he wanted to see me play again. After the game, he said, 'I see you still have the touch.' Then he talked about that 1924 game, and he would quote detail after detail. I kept nodding. He drove all that way to buy a ticket and see me play, so why should I disappoint him?"

That 1924 performance must have been a beauty, because the truth is that Marques Haynes wasn't even born then. He was born in 1925 or 1926, which would make him 41 or 42 now. He has the smiling, ageless face of a man of 41 or 42 . . . or 51 . . . or 61.

He is such an accomplished all-round player that several National Basketball Association teams tried in the past to lure him from barnstorming. In fact, he became a talented basketball player before his first real exhibition of dribbling.

His first exposure to a basketball came in his home town of Sand Springs, Okla., when he was six or seven years old. His sister, Cecil, was a star on the high-school girls' team, and she took Marques to practice every day. While she worked out, Marques would stand on the sidelines, bouncing a ball.

He was one of 11 neighborhood boys who played all sports together, and when sides were chosen for basketball, he inevitably was the 11th man. So it was off to the sidelines again, and again he dribbled to amuse himself. When someone got hurt or was called home by his father or mother, Marques played. Even then, instead of shooting, he dribbled.

In seventh grade, Marques Haynes became famous, at least in his hometown. He was appointed mascot (today, he would be called manager) of the Booker T. Washington High School basketball team. In addition to standard duties, he washed uniforms, mended torn shirts, wrapped minor injuries such as sprained ankles, and gave rubdowns. He made trips with the team to Tulsa (seven miles away), Oklahoma City, Wewoka, Boley.

When the team was a man short in practice, he filled in, but he didn't pull a dribbling act. "I was so thrilled just being on the court," he says, "I was afraid to do anything to get the coach sore."

By 11th grade, he made the high-school varsity as the ninth or tenth man on a ten-man team. He was taken to the national Negro high-school championships in Tuskegee, Ala., played so well in the first game that he started the remaining five, and led his team to the championship. He was chosen for the second-team All-America. But still no fancy dribbling in a game.

He was graduated from high school at 16 and entered Langston University in Langston, Okla., on a half scholarship. He earned some of his keep by cleaning the gym, and his mother and sister helped with money.

In his freshman year, a football practice (he played quarterback) was moved indoors because of rain. When the practice had ended, the coach allowed his boys to fool around with a basketball, and they fooled around. Marques dribbled behind his back and between his legs, (To page 51)



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ON A MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE DARJEELING: I don't usually wake up at five in the morning when I'm in camp—but that morning I did.

For a few moments, as I lay staring at the tent roof above me, I didn't quite know where I was. Then I remembered. Two days before, I had flown from Calcutta to Baghdogra, a small town in the foothills of the Himalayas. And from Baghdogra I had driven to the mountain town of Darjeeling. What a ride! We had been hugging the mountainside for almost three hours on a road so narrow that each oncoming car had to stop and pull over to let us pass—we had the right-of-way because we were climbing. It was a harrowing experience. From time to time there was a sheer drop of a couple of thousand feet within inches of our wheels. At other times a low-lying cloud cut our visibility to almost zero. Finally, after dark, we turned a corner. The town of Darjeeling lay before us on the mountainside, with its thousands of lights blinking in the night like giant fireflies. A group of snappy-looking Scouts was there to greet me on my arrival.

My first full day in Darjeeling was a disappointment. I had heard about its magnificent views of towering mountains all around it. But a slight drizzle was falling and wherever I looked I saw nothing but an impenetrable curtain of gray clouds. In the evening I went camping with my new-found Scout friends on their campsite high above the town, at a height of more than a mile and-a-half above sea level. It got rather late before we turned in after an enjoyable campfire—and here I was, wide awake at five!

I threw open my tent door—and had one of the greatest thrills of my life! The morning was brilliantly clear and brisk. The valley below was still in darkness, but right in front of me the rising sun brought out the full glory of the snowcapped peak of the world's third-highest mountain: Kanchenjunga. Rising 28,146 feet, it is only 856 feet lower than Mount Everest and four feet lower than K2, also known as Mount Godwin Austen.

I lay in my sleeping bag and watched the dawn change the color of the mountaintop from purple to flaming red, then through pink and gold to blinding white, with dark-blue shadows in cuts and crevices.

I must have dozed off finally, for the next thing I knew there was a knock on my tent pole and a voice saying, "Your tea, sir!" The Scouts of Darjeeling know how to treat a guest!

They proved it even more the following days when they took me into the tea plantations of Darjeeling to see how the world's finest tea is produced. From the distance the plantations, covering the mountainsides for miles and miles, looked like carpets of lush-green grass. And when we got closer, I discovered that the "carpet" was waist-deep. It consisted of the tops of spreading tea bushes pruned flat to permit the hundreds of pluckers moving in and out among them to pick the famous "two leaves and a bud" without having to bend over.

And as if this hospitality were not enough, the Darjeeling Scouts put on an especially prepared show. They sang some native songs and danced some native dances. Cub Scouts put on an amusing stunt based on the old story of the blind men trying to figure out the identity of an elephant. Refugee Scouts from Tibet, driven out of their homeland when it was invaded and taken over by Communist China, played their unusual musical instruments. And as a very special attraction, a good friend of Scouting, Col. Narenda Kumar, the deputy leader of the first successful all-Indian team to conquer Mount Everest, staged a demonstration of the clothing and equipment they had used in that courageous ascent.

I spent the whole next day with Colonel Kumar at the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute, of which he is director. This is the place where mountain climbers, bent on scaling the world's tallest mountains, receive their training.

Colonel Kumar is a world expert in mountain climbing. He is the first man to succeed in reaching the peaks of two of the highest mountains in the central Himalayas, and he came to within 700 feet of the top of Everest in 1962 before he and his companions were beaten back by blinding blizzards. He made up for this failure in 1965 when the expedition of which he was the deputy leader reached the summit.

Colonel Kumar let me try my feet on treadmills that can be set at varying speeds and slants. I peered into chambers in which temperature and pressure and oxygen supply can be changed to imitate the atmospheric conditions of mountain heights of 15-, 20-, 25- and 30,000 feet.

"This is where we spend the first few days of our mountain-climbing courses," Colonel Kumar told me. "But as soon as our students are acclimated, we take them out in the mountains for a full month of training in rock climbing, ice and snow work, crevasse rescue. In our basic course the students climb to a height of approximately 19,000 feet. In the advanced course we have them climb a 24,000-foot peak."

"Who is eligible to take the course?" I asked.

"Any person between 18 and 40 who can meet our physical-fitness requirements."

"And how much does it cost?"

"Very little. We are heavily subsidized. As a matter of fact, why don't you send us some of your older Scouts or Explorers? If they can manage to get to Calcutta, we'll find a way of bringing them up here without cost and arrange for them to take the course."

IN THE CAPITAL OF INDIA: Walking off the air-conditioned plane onto the landing strip of the airport of Delhi was like stepping from a refrigerator into a furnace. The sun was shining brilliantly, the temperature was around 110° F. But I very quickly discovered that the friendship of the Delhi Scouts was even warmer than their climate.

From the moment I arrived they were eager to show me everything there was to see in the two Delhis: the New Delhi that was especially designed and built during the early years of the 20th century to be the capital of a new India, and the Old Delhi that had been the capital for hundreds of years under early Indian rulers, Muslim invaders and Mughul dynasties.

New Delhi is much like Washington, D.C., with spectacular government buildings, beautiful parks, modern shopping streets, broad avenues with fine residences and embassies, magnificent plazas, and with the sweeping lawn-lined Central Vista through which the great pageant marches each year on India's Independence Day.

After the comparative serenity of New Delhi, Old Delhi proved an anthill of excitement and activity. Every street was crowded, with people streaming about in all directions, some of them dressed in Western clothes, some of them in Indian costumes—airy *dhotis* for the men, brightly colored *saris* for the women—and some of them in nothing but a loincloth. Traffic was a continual snarl. To cross a street, we had to maneuver among all kinds of vehicles: ancient taxis and trucks, creaking wooden carts pulled by oxen, bicycles in incredible numbers, horse-drawn *tongas*. And every once in a while all vehicles came to a complete halt as a sacred cow decided to lumber into the street against traffic. But in spite of the confusion, the people were good-humored.

We visited tiny shops where boys of 11 or 12 were working from morning to night hammering out copper ware, or stringing beads for necklaces and bracelets, or learning to carve intricate designs in teakwood. We went through the age-old bazaars with their hundreds of stalls with all kinds of wares. We walked through courtyards and interiors of magnificent red-sandstone palaces and marble mosques, and saw, within a few feet of them, windowless, overcrowded hovels of clay. And everywhere people, people, and yet more people.

The Scouts of Delhi Troop 22 invited me to their meeting, held in their schoolyard after school. Part of the program was training in civil defense, part of it a vivid demonstration of the use of the Scout staff. When they →

Photos by THE AUTHOR

*Two Sikh Scouts survey the majestic, towering Himalayas, where Colonel Kumar (above) began the climbing career that has led him to conquer Mount Everest.*



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**A FAR-RANGING SCOUTER COMES HOME WITH A NEW VIEW OF AN ANCIENT LAND.**

# SCOUTING IN INDIA

By WILLIAM HILLCOURT





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showed me their most popular games, I couldn't help smiling. I knew all of them—they proved to be some of our own American Scout favorites: Dog and Bone was just another name for our Steal the Bacon. *Bonga-Ponga* was our Bull in the Ring. And our O'Grady Says had become *Netaji Bole*. And so we came to the end of the meeting and I was sent off with wild cheers and with greetings to their brother Scouts in the United States.

AT THE TAJ MAHAL: I had expected to meet only a couple of Indian Scouts in Agra. Instead, the director of education for Agra, B. N. Swarup, showed up with 16 boys from St. Peter's College to accompany me to what is probably the most famous and, to a great number of people, the most magnificent building in the world: the Taj Mahal.

As we walked through its massive gateway, the Taj rose before us in flawless beauty. The closer we came, the more impressive it grew, with its majestic central dome, only a little smaller than that of St. Peter's in Rome, its four smaller domes and its sweeping minarets, all pure white marble. It has stood like this for more than three hundred years, since Shah Jahan built it as a burial place for his beloved wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Just before she died, he promised her that he would raise over her grave a mausoleum worthy of the love they had shared in their 18 years of married life. He kept his promise in the most magnificent manner possible. He brought in the finest architects of India and an army of 20,000 laborers, masons, stone cutters and jewellers, who toiled for 20 years to produce the masterpiece.

The Scouts of Agra were obviously proud of showing me the structure that has made their city world-famous. But they were just as awed as I as we took off our shoes to put on cloth slippers that would not mar the marble floors and walked through the interior of the mausoleum to the burial chamber where the Emperor was laid to rest beside his queen. The excitement showed in their faces.

Afterward we had a gab session under one of the spreading trees of the garden. The Agra Scouts wanted to know all about American Scouting—about our camps, our Scout tests, our merit badges, our higher advancement. In return they told me of their own kind of advancement, of the public-service merit badges they must earn to move from one rank to the next—Ambulance, Fireman, Friend to Animals, Healthman, Interpreter, Rescuer—and of the President's Scout Badge that's tougher than our Eagle. It not only calls for requirements similar to ours but also requires of the Scout a great amount of "recognized sustained social service," as well as work with sick persons, in hospitals or in homes for children or old people.

After the heat of Central India, the coolness of the Vale of Kashmir was a welcome relief. I went there to take life easy for awhile and to experience some of the luxury I had heard was available in this fabled vale. I enjoyed it in full measure.

Four hundred years ago, when some of the rulers of India made the Vale of Kashmir their summer playground, it took them two months to get there from Delhi by elephant and camel. It took me only two hours by plane. I landed at Srinagar, then went by taxi to the shore of Dal Lake where the *shikara* that was to be mine during my stay awaited me. Kaki Guroo, a soft-spoken Kashmirian, said a word and my paddler, sitting cross-legged on the stern deck of the canoe-like water taxi, dipped his heart-shaped paddle into the water and sped us across to the houseboat that was to be my temporary home.

What a palace! The flat-bottomed boat was 80 feet long and 15 feet wide. It had a large dining room and a larger sitting room, three bedrooms with baths, a pantry and a front porch; the roof was one large deck protected by a canvas awning. I shared the whole magnificent layout with but one other guest, sitting on the upstairs deck for hours at a time, looking at the snowcapped mountains that surround the valley, watching the *shikaras* crisscrossing the lake with merchants peddling their wares: fruits and flowers, handwrought knives and swords, Kashmir shawls and rugs. A floating barber paddled by, ready to give me a haircut.

But, of course, I had to find out what Scouting was like in the Kashmir. I got in touch with Jaswant Singh Rishi, of the Directorate of Education, who is in charge of Kashmiri Scouting. He, in turn, arranged for me to meet a couple of wonderful Scouts of Srinagar: Bansi-lal Koul and Jagjit Singh. They were good-looking boys, proud-looking boys, both in immaculate Scout uniforms and wearing the blue turbans of the Sikhs. The two boys and I took off to see the nearby sights.

One day we went to the famous Shalimar Gardens with its flowers and fountains and waterfalls, created many years ago by an Indian prince. Another day we walked through the streets of old Srinagar with its shops and bazaars, its temples, its seven ancient wooden bridges across the Jhelum river. We mingled with the shopkeepers and shoppers and visited a rug factory where whole families—male members only—were weaving genuine Kashmirian rugs. One member of the family—the father—would call out the pattern, and the grandfather and boys from six or seven years and up would tie the yarn with deft, busy fingers. This would be their life to the end of their days . . .

Our most interesting experience was a tour to the Sonomarg glacier. We took off early in the morning, driving up into the mountains, stopping from time to time. We spoke to gypsies coming down from the mountains with their few belongings, and to shepherds bringing down their sheep. We stopped at a village school and were greeted by the children, who had never seen Scouts before. We crossed a roaring mountain stream on a hanging bridge, saw snow falling on distant peaks, slid on the glacier ice. And all along, we talked about schooling and Scouting in India and America.

"We have so many poor," Bansi-lal said. "We want all children to become educated, but many families cannot afford to let their children go to school—they have to help earn the little money they need to live. Less than 50 percent of our people know how to read and write. To be educated is a long road. It is quite easy for you in America—you have a single language. Each school child here must learn three: Urdu, the regional language of Kashmir; Hindi, the national language of all India; and English, if we want to get ahead in the world. Some day I hope my English will be really good—so that I can help so many who need my help."

IN INDIA'S LARGEST CITY: I spent my last days in Calcutta, a city of more than five million people. For 52 years, during British rule, this had been the capital of India. During that period it had grown from a small seaport into one of the largest in the world.

Jamini Sakar, a Scout friend of mine from several world jamborees, took me around the city by foot and by car. We went through sections of regal splendor, with big, ornate government buildings and magnificent palaces, parks and squares with statues of former British administrators. And we walked through narrow, congested lanes with rickety, crumbling houses that should have been razed but were inhabited by large families. I saw well-to-do, well-dressed people entering fashionable restaurants for sumptuous meals, and I saw hungry, half-naked beggars and holy men holding out their hands for alms, and homeless boys and men sleeping at night on the sidewalks right in the heart of the city. The problems of Calcutta—as of all India—are overwhelming.

"Our Boy Scouts," Jamini told me, "do what they can to serve. They help in schools and refugee centers, in civil-defense work and as fire fighters. They learn to grow food and often skip meals so that people less fortunate than themselves may be fed. But there are too few of us—only around 600,000 where there should be millions of us. We are fairly strong in our few large cities, but when you consider that more than 300 million of our people live in some 560,000 villages, you realize how difficult it is to reach the boys of India. We need leaders and we need funds. We need Scout books, not just in our national language but in each of our 14 major regional languages as well, so that all boys will be able to read and find out about Scouting. And we need intensified training for the dedicated leaders we have."

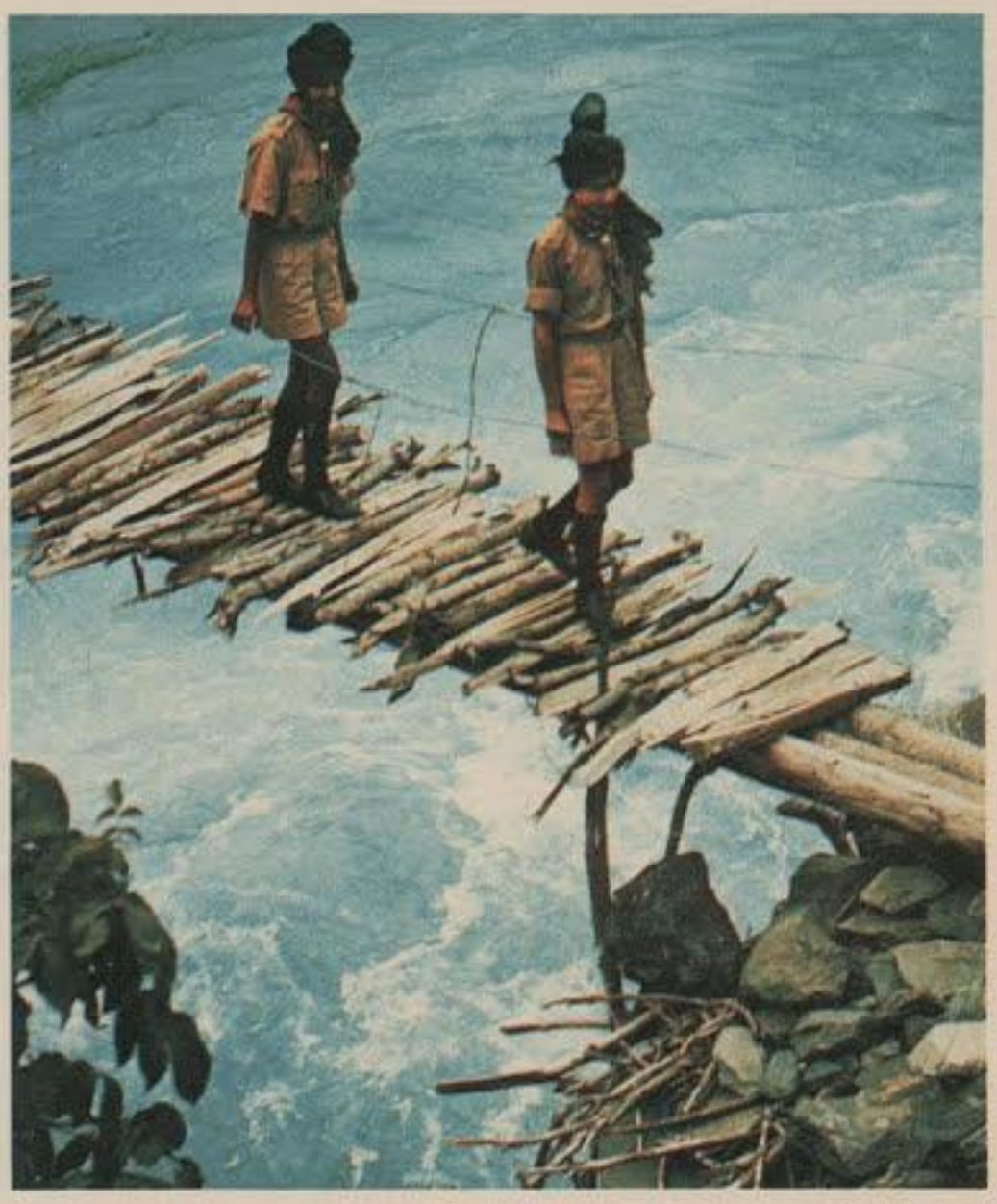
I met some of these leaders and a number of their boys at their campgrounds and training center, Ganganarar, on the outskirts of Calcutta. A couple of Scout patrols showed me how they pitch their patrol tents and cook in camp. A pack of Cub Scouts performed some of the scenes from Kipling's "Jungle Books" from which Lord Baden-Powell got his idea of Cub Scouting.

And again I felt in these boys their dedication to the ideals of Scouting and their determination to do their best for their country.

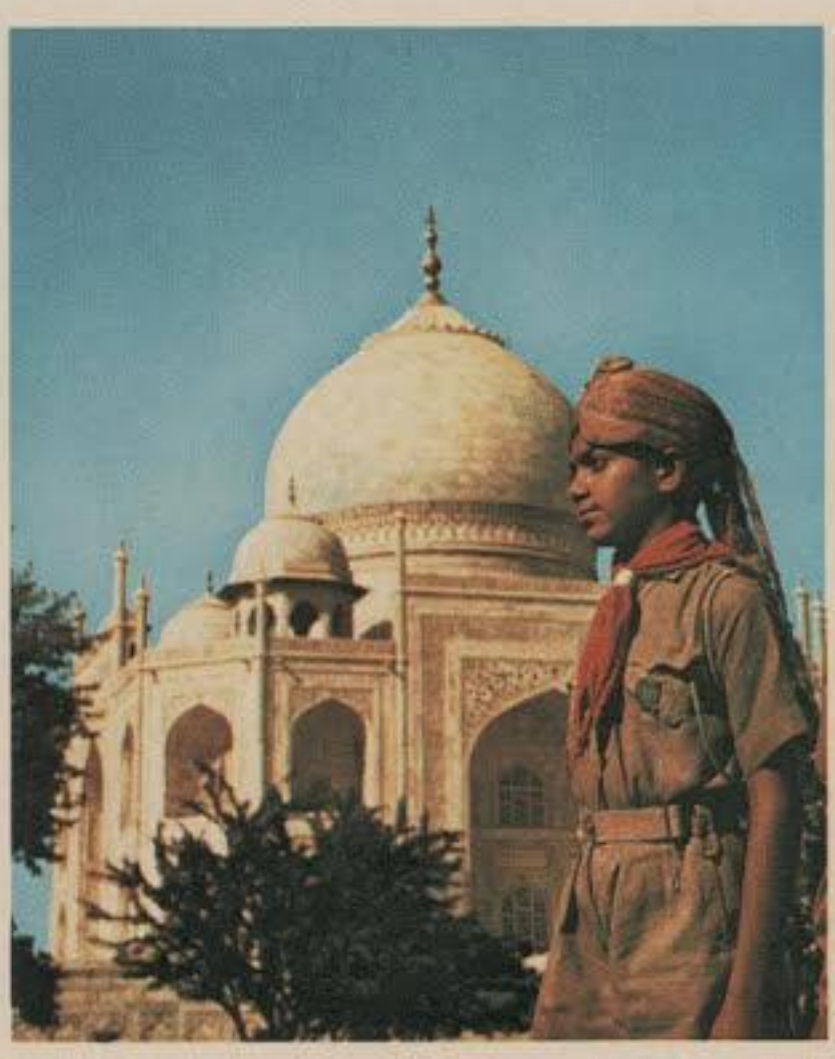
As I saw in the attitudes and behavior of the Indian boys I met—boys like Krishan of Darjeeling, Prem-nath of Delhi, Gulab-chand of Agra, Bansi-lal of Srinagar, and Gour of Calcutta—there is definite promise that Mother India will, someday in the not-too-distant future, solve some of her almost-insurmountable problems. ■


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(Above) Several Scouts walk through one of India's many tea plantations. (Below, left) A pair of Indian Scouts crossing a bridge high in the Himalayas. Not recommended for nervous people! (Below) An Agra Scout, one of numerous young Indians dedicated to public service and self-improvement.





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**BL GOES BEHIND THE CAMERAS FILMING TV's BIG NEW WESTERN.**

# A DAY ON LOT 9

By MARVIN FRIEDMAN

Early each morning young Henry Delgado leaves his wife and children in an unpretentious section of Los Angeles, hops into his '55 Chevy and eases into the madness of the Hollywood Freeway.

Minutes later Henry drives through a big black gate on which are written the famous words "Paramount Pictures." From there he drives to what seems to be a deserted Western town, a city of false fronts with no rooms. After parking his car and walking through the center of the town, Henry Delgado enters a dressing room he shares with another actor. Henry Delgado is better known to us as Henry Darrow, and Henry Darrow is better known to us as Manolito, the devil-may-care caballero on NBC's super-Western, *High Chaparral*. *High Chaparral* follows *Bonanza* on Sunday night at 10:00 P.M., EST.

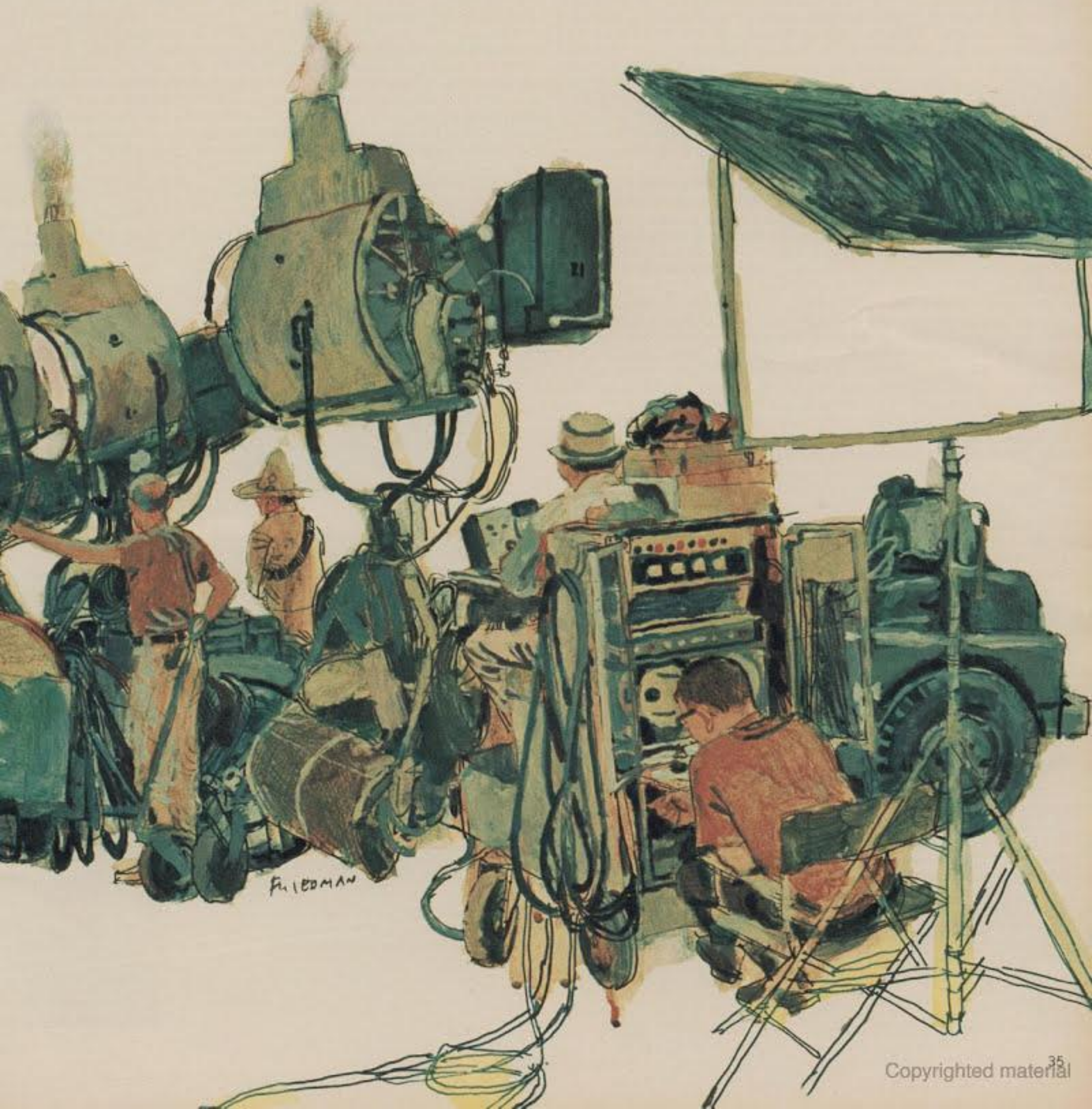
Henry Delgado has played Latin-type roles in over 100 TV shows and motion pictures, usually bit parts and walk-ons—evil Mexicans, villainous Spaniards and Indians, and Puerto Rican juvenile delinquents. And even though the role of Manolito in *High Chaparral* is that of another Latin, he believes it could be the turning point in his career. It could get him the recognition and adulation he has sought all the years he's been toiling in bit parts. For if any program launched during the past few months has a chance of making good, it would appear that "Chaparral" has all the ingredients. It has an original story that is straight-forward, action-packed, and it has the same producer who made *Bonanza* the top-rated series in the history of television. The creative



*"OK, let's rehearse the fight scene." A bell rings, signaling Reno and the "bad guy" to mix it up. Swinging and scuffling, they make it look like the real thing, especially when Ted Markland, as Reno, takes a stinging right hook to his jaw and crashes to the dirt.*



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impetus behind "Chaparral" is David Dortort who, years ago, put *Bonanza* and its Ponderosa on the map.

The cast of "Chaparral" has been assembled from all over the world. Argentina's Linda Cristal portrays Victoria. Mexico is represented by veteran film actors Rudolpho Acosta and Frank Silvera. Puerto Rico (where this native New Yorker spent his teen years) supplies Henry Delgado: and Americans Leif Erikson, Cameron Mitchell and Mark Slade take the leading roles of Big John Cannon, his brother Buck and his son, Billy Blue, respectively. Portraying the great Indian warrior Cochise is Cochise's grandson, aged 90, who, until "Chaparral," had repeatedly turned down all characterizations of his grandfather.

It is no wonder, then, that Henry Darrow should consider this his big opportunity.

In his dressing room, already hot and stuffy from the California sun, Henry doffs his street clothes and dresses in his Manolito costume: a brown chamois jacket, striped Mexican pants, and a sombrero that hangs from his neck and is hardly ever worn on his head. The sombrero has become his unofficial Manolito trademark. Ted Markland, who plays Reno in *High Chaparral,* enters and puts on a buckskin fringed shirt, high boots and ten-gallon hat. On the way to makeup they stop at the wardrobe trailer to pick up their guns and holsters. In the makeup room, the makeup man slips pieces of tissue between their collars and their necks and rubs a good quantity of reddish pancake makeup on their faces and necks, giving them both an instant "suntan."

Walking toward the set, they exchange hellos and good mornings with the other members of the "Chaparral" family. There seem to be hundreds of people on the set this day.

The scene on the set is the plaza of a small Mexican town. The Western street on Lot 9 is in reality about four separate streets, each one slightly different in character. Tied at various places in the street are horses, donkeys and goats. As Ted Markland remarked: "After awhile, between the dust, the animals and the cowboy clothes, you forget you're making a movie. You really begin to believe you're living back in 1870."

A huge truck fills most of the street. It supports a camera and is about the size of a large fire engine. At one end of the truck is the driving cab and at the other end is the camera. The camera is mounted on a platform which holds two seats for the cameraman and his assistant. And the platform upon which they sit is attached to a large boom, which in turn is attached to the body of the truck. This truck and boom afford the camera infinite play and movement.

Behind the cameraman and the camera there are about 15 to 20 men, each with his own special function. These men form an integral part of the working crew, operating the boom, the lights, the wires and the sound equipment. Scattered around the ground and running out in all directions are miles and miles of thick, heavy cables.

The scene they are shooting today concerns Manolito and Ted being captured by a villainous Mexican dictator and their subsequent "execution" by his firing squad. In the little Mexican plaza there are two poles standing against a wall. Tied to the two poles are Henry's and Ted's stand-ins, dressed exactly like Henry and Ted. The use of extras allows the camera crew and sound crew to prepare the scene while the stars stay out of the heat.

When all the calibrations are made, an assistant director bellows through a battery-powered megaphone for the two actual actors in the scene. "Let's go, Manolito . . . time is money. Hop to it, baby. Move!"

From the other end of the square Henry and Ted run toward the camera. The two stand-ins are untied and leave the set to join some stunt men at the coffee wagon.

The director goes over the particular scene with Henry and Ted. They rehearse it once, twice, three times. Ted makes a suggestion. They try that. Henry adds his suggestion. They finally decide on the action and how the words should be spoken. Mexican extras dressed as the dictator's soldiers begin lining up in a firing squad. A makeup man adds some instant sweat out of a spray can to everybody's faces. To show that Ted and Henry had put up a good battle before they were tied to the poles, a makeup man coats their clothing with some instant dirt out of another aerosol can. It leaves a wet-looking gray smudge which will photograph as dirt.

The assistant director lifts his megaphone and yells, "This is a take! Quiet, please!" All of the actors take their places. A last minute dab here and there by the makeup men. "Gimme a bell!" cries the assistant director. The set is ripped by two raucous bells and 1968 has stopped on Lot 9. The sounds of life have faded away. The arc lights snap on with a hiss. The entire set is quiet. Two more bells ring. The spectators stop moving.

The camera is looking over the shoulders of the firing squad. Henry and Ted are trying to free themselves from the posts. The Mexican officer approaches the two men, sneering. "Have you any last requests, *Señors?*" Reno gives him the silent treatment but the brave Manolito whispers, "*Si,* comrade. I would like you to take my place."

The officer, in rage cries, "Now you will both die, pigs!" makes an ominous fist at both of them, and walks back to the firing squad. Manolito continues to smirk . . .

When he is satisfied that he's gotten all the shots that he needs, the director has the camera moved so that he can get some covering shots of each of the actor's faces as they go through that little drama. A loud bell rings twice at the beginning of each take, three bells ring again at the end of each take.

There is still enough time for a rehearsal of a fight scene between Ted Markland, as Reno, and a rough, tough "bad guy." The bell rings and they start swinging and scuffling. It looks like the real thing, especially when Reno takes a stinging right hook to his jaw and crashes backward to the dirt. A moment later he is on his feet, smiling.

When the director is satisfied with the morning's work, he breaks the set for lunch. Within minutes the cameras are covered and the sound equipment is switched off. The street is suddenly empty. Some of the actors eat in the studio's commissary where they rub shoulders with other TV and motion picture stars. The leads in the show usually take their lunch in the screening room, where they (To page 63)



*The edited film is sent to the dubbing room, where it is viewed by experts at blending in music, voices, and various sound effects.*



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*Everyone moved inside the studio's huge sound stage, which is ideal for filming certain scenes. The set can be dark and gloomy or ablaze with light from hundreds of "spots" in the ceiling.*



*"Reno" Ted Markland (front) and his stand-in appear to be twins.*

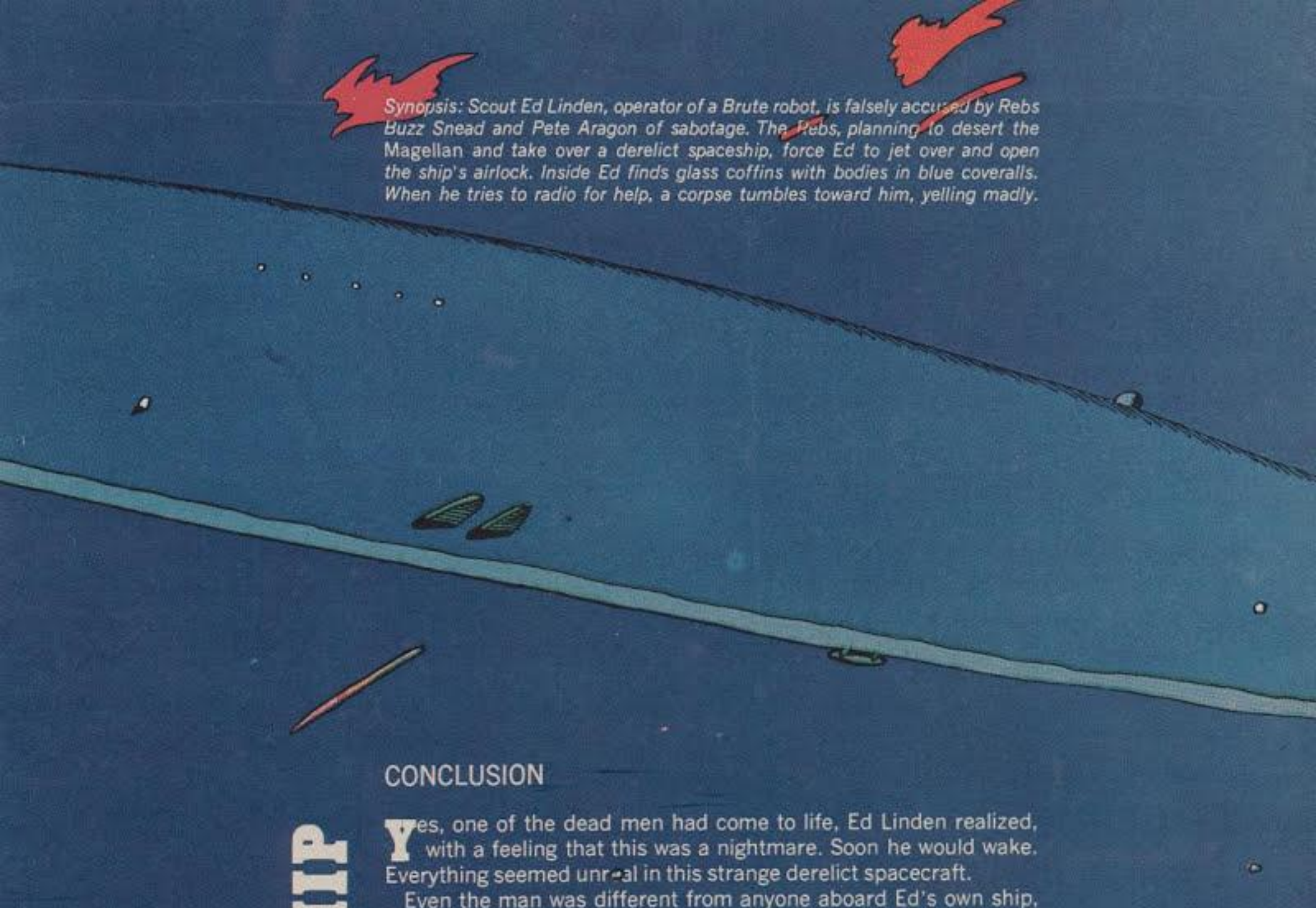




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*Synopsis: Scout Ed Linden, operator of a Brute robot, is falsely accused by Rebs Buzz Snead and Pete Aragon of sabotage. The Rebs, planning to desert the Magellan and take over a derelict spaceship, force Ed to jet over and open the ship's airlock. Inside Ed finds glass coffins with bodies in blue coveralls. When he tries to radio for help, a corpse tumbles toward him, yelling madly.*

# DERELICT SPACESHIP

## CONCLUSION

Yes, one of the dead men had come to life, Ed Linden realized, with a feeling that this was a nightmare. Soon he would wake. Everything seemed unreal in this strange derelict spacecraft.

Even the man was different from anyone aboard Ed's own ship, the *Magellan*. This man was a giant! He looked almost six feet tall, with thick arms and legs. To Ed, a sixth-generation star migrant who had always floated weightless and never needed muscles, it seemed impossible that anyone could be as brawny as this terrifying stranger.

The man was one of the blue-clad figures Ed had seen in the rows of glass coffins along the walls of the ship. Ed knew he must have died soon after the derelict went astray, more than 150 years ago. But he was alive now, floundering in midair as awkwardly as a baby. Finally he got hold of the hatchway and set his feet down. Then he saw Ed. His jaw dropped.

*I must look strange to him too,* Ed thought. *A kid in a space suit, just stepped in from nowhere!*

Staring, the stranger called: "Tim! Al! Come quick!"

Two figures in blue like the first—and like the rows of bodies in glass cases—floated into the corridor, clumsily pulling themselves along the bulkhead and trying to stay upright.

"Something's wrong, Doc," one gasped. "There's no gravity. But if we're near Jupiter, the gravity should be stronger than on Earth."

Without answering, the first man jerked his head toward Ed. The others turned to gape. "*Parbleu,* what's that?" one said. "Where'd he come from?"

"You see it too?" said the man called Doc. "I thought I was nutty."

Ed tried to speak but couldn't unglue his tongue. One of the men muttered, "I wonder if he can talk."

"I'm sorry," Ed finally said. "I'm here from (To page 60)

By DALE COLOMBO

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**Look Under Each Prize — See The**
**Actually You Can Get Many Of The Prizes**



GENUINE ENGLISH LIGHTWEIGHT BICYCLE
With All New Sturmey Archer "Sportshift" 3-Speed Gear Control
**Only 50 Boxes**



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Only 20 Boxes



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# These Prizes ...or Take Giant Cash Profits

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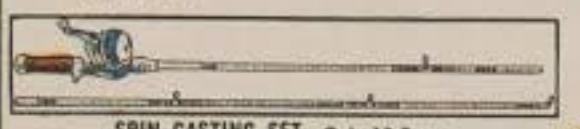
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### FOR ANY ONE OF THESE MANY PRIZES OR CASH PROFITS

FOR EXAMPLE, either $30.00 in cash or an English or American bicycle that usually sells for $50.00 or more in a store is yours for selling only 50 boxes. It is easy to qualify not only for a bicycle but for any one of the 47 prizes shown on these 2 pages, many of which you can get for selling only 1 order of 10 boxes. See number of boxes required under each prize.

Just fill out the Business Reply Coupon at bottom right for your order of 10 boxes and you will then be a member of the American Youth Sales Club. As a member you can try for any of our prizes, whether or not it takes 1, 2, 3 or more orders to get them, by selling the A.Y.S.C. box assortments of lovely All Occasion greeting cards.

These boxes contain 21 cards each that would cost anyone up to 25¢ apiece in a store, yet your relatives, neighbors, and friends can buy an entire box for the low price of only $1.50. Everyone needs and buys greeting cards. Actually some members tell us that they have qualified for a prize in less than a single day.

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We trust you. We mail you the cards you order on credit. Your prize will be shipped to you after you have sold the required number of boxes and full payment is sent to us. No matter which prize you choose and qualify for, you can be sure that it will be tops in quality. Or, if you wish cash profits instead of a prize, you may keep 60¢ for each box you have sold.

IMPORTANT! If you are after a bigger prize that requires more than one order, such as a bicycle, you must send in 5 successive orders to get it. Most members sell their first order of 10 boxes in a few days and send in the $15.00 they collected for the 10 boxes together with their second order for 10 more boxes, again selling their second order of 10 boxes and sending us the $15.00 they collected, then repeating like this until they reach the prize they want.

All that is necessary is that you sell each order of 10 boxes within 30 days. This is really easy. Most everyone can do this. However, if for any reason you may not be able to sell all of the boxes from your order, you may return those you have not sold by parcel post and keep 60¢ per box for every box you have sold and send us the balance.

The A.Y.S.C. plan is interesting and loads of fun. You, too, can be successful in getting the reward of your choice. No experience is necessary. Just show the cards —they sell themselves. Mail the Business Reply Coupon today. No postage or envelope is needed. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

All our boxes have earned the Good Housekeeping Guaranty Seal

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All prizes we offer are guaranteed to be of the highest quality and in accordance with our illustrations and descriptions. We guarantee to send you any prize you qualify for promptly upon receiving your full payment of $1.50 per box for every box we sent you. In addition, we also guarantee that all greeting cards are brand new and of exceptionally fine quality. If you are dissatisfied with a prize for any reason, you can return it, and we will send you back 60¢ in cash per box for every box you sold to get it.

American Youth Sales Club



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Only 10 Boxes



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BOY'S CALENDAR WRIST WATCH
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**60¢**

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Only 10 Boxes



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**White Plains, New York 10606**

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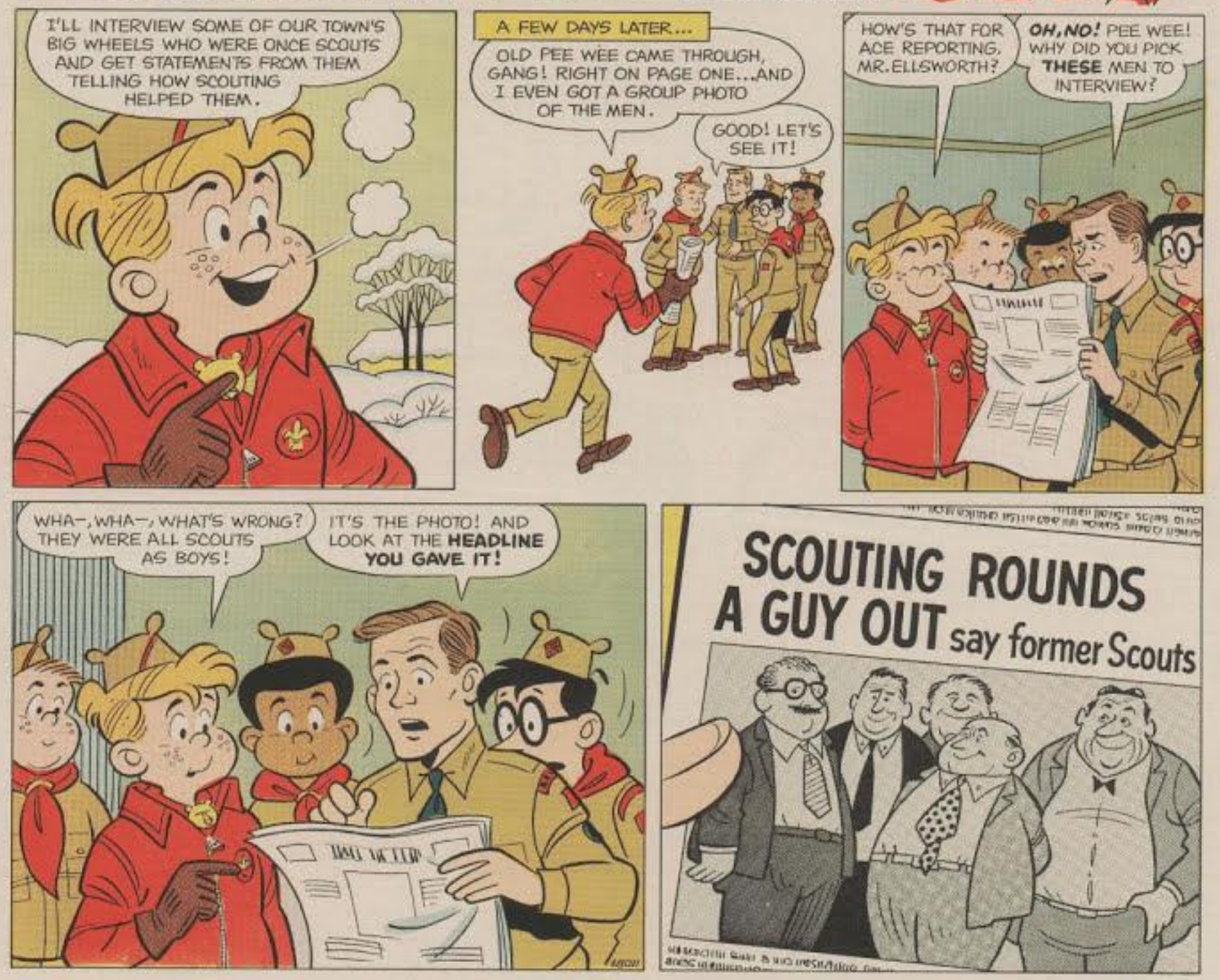
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# Turn it on with these new Monogram kookie show car models!

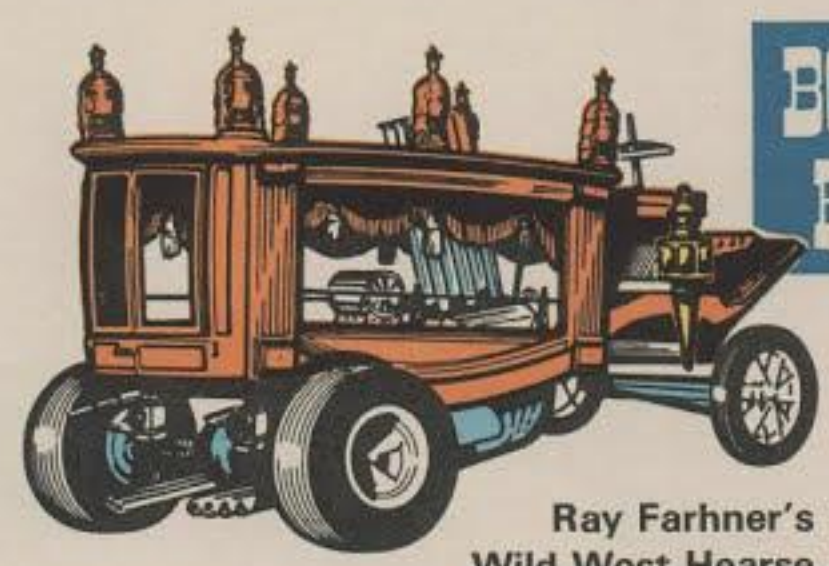



BEER WAGON

**Dressed-Up Mod Version of Famous Mack Bulldog! Scale 1/24 • $2**

This Beer Wagon is a throwback to the roaring twenties. Some call it the "Mod Suds Hauler." Note the Wild Mack hood with protruding injector tubes, open cab and stake bed—genuine Mack brewery truck features.

Molded in Pilsner yellow and black with 40 plated parts. Cobra engine-hydro combo, chain drive and Mack transmission, tufted bucket seats, center console with beer steins, barrels and spigot, padded head rests, stein shift lever. Deep dish Astro wheels with fat wide-face weenies up front, Goodyear slicks on the rear. Old-time railroad lantern headlights. Barrels included.



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**Ray Farhner's Wild West Hearse Show Car 1/24 Scale • $2**

It's a wild west hearse made from a real hearse built in the 1800's. It's also an authentic model of the kookie, off-beat original and a neat model to make.

Note the gaudy ornaments on top, black velvet curtains inside, clear windows all around, hundred-year-old kerosene head and tail lamps. Injected hemi mounted inside with stacks sticking through the roof. One piece frame, plated Mag wheels, drag slicks on rear, engraved dashboard, diamond tufted seats and floorboard. Loads of chrome.




"Bone Ranger" skeleton with ten gallon hat and six gun and grave marker included with kit.

**at Your Favorite Store.**

Made only by Monogram Models, Inc., Morton Grove, Illinois.

Monogram quality hobby kits



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# BOY SCOUT WEEK

## Join the celebration honoring your team

**Boy Scout Week is going to be another spectacular this year. Everybody is going to be celebrating the 58th anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America. All across America people will be joining in the festivities. There will be exciting events right in your hometown. When you take part in them, make sure you look like you belong. Wear your uniform all during Boy Scout Week. It tells the world you're on the Scouting team.**

**CUB SCOUT UNIFORM**—Your uniform tells the world that you're proud to be a Cub Scout. You've earned the right to wear the official uniform, so wear it proudly all during Boy Scout Week. You can save money if you buy the complete uniform at one time. The price is only $10.75 – insignia extra. If you wish, you can substitute the snug winter cap (see it at right) for the regular cap for just 90¢ more – a total of $11.65. Parts are sold separately: Blue Shirt (No. 805) $3.35; Blue Trousers (No. 825) $4.25; Blue Cap (No. 801) $1.35; Blue Web Belt (No. 813) 65¢; Blue Cotton Socks (No. 841) 55¢; Neckerchief (No. 802) 55¢; and the Metal Slide (No. 800) 25¢.

COMPLETE UNIFORM
**$10.75**
Insignia Extra

**WEBELOS SCOUT UNIFORM** — A Webelos Scout is a member of a Webelos den made made up of other Webelos Scouts. If you are ten, you can be one Scout too. And wear the special Webelos uniform during Boy Scout Week to show you belong. This keen uniform has a nifty cap, slide, and neckerchief that only a Webelos Scout can wear. The complete uniform costs just $11.15. Insignia extra. It includes: Webelos Cap (No. 892) $1.35; Webelos Neckerchief (No. 890) 95¢; Webelos Neckerchief Slide (No. 891) 25¢; Blue Shirt (No. 805) $3.35; Blue Trousers (No. 825) $4.25; Web Belt (No. 813) 65¢; and Blue Cotton Socks (No. 841) 55¢.

COMPLETE UNIFORM
**$11.15**
Insignia Extra

**BOY SCOUT UNIFORM**—Show everyone that you're a full-fledged member of the team. Wear the full Boy Scout uniform to look your best. Costs just $11.25 without insignia. Consists of: shirt, trousers, web belt, cotton socks, field cap, metal slide, and one-color neckerchief. You can substitute the winter cap (shown right) for the field cap for just $1.00 more – a total of $12.25 for the full uniform. Parts are available separately: Field Cap (No. 504) $1.25; Khaki Shirt (No. 647) $3.60; Khaki Trousers (No. 650) $4.65, Web Belt (No. 529) 65¢; Khaki Cotton Socks (No. 549) 55¢; Metal Slide (No. 601) 25¢; and One-Color Neckerchief 55¢.

COMPLETE UNIFORM
**$11.25**
Insignia Extra






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**EXPLORER UNIFORM** — This handsome green uniform sets you off at your best at the meetings and other events scheduled for Boy Scout Week. It's grand, too, for wear at all socials and other dress-up occasions. Yet it's so ruggedly made that you can use it afield. The complete price for this uniform is about $13.45 without insignia. Parts include: Green Field Cap (No. 837) $1.25; Green Shirt (No. 852) $4.25; Green Trousers (No. 853) $5.75; White Web Belt (No. 834) 65¢; Brown Cotton Socks (No. 838) 55¢; and choice of Brown Rayon Tie (No. 839) $1.00; Brown Dacron Tie (No. 840) $1.50; or Brown Redi-Tied Tie (No. 846) $1.25.

**BOY SCOUT WINTER CAP** — Khaki cap of cotton gabardine with quilted lining has knit band that pulls down. No. 508.....$2.25

**CUB SCOUT WINTER CAP** — Knit band pulls down on this warm cotton gabardine cap in blue. Has quilted lining. No. 812.....$2.25

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# A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTS IN ACTION

By ALSTEN

ON MARCH 27, 1966, EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CALVIN DORROUGH WAS CLIMBING A RUGGED, BOULDER-STREWN SLOPE NEAR GRANT, COLO.

SUDDENLY HE DISLODGED A BOULDER, AND FELL!

RONNY!

HIS BROTHER RONALD, 11, PICKED HIS WAY DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE WHERE HE FOUND CALVIN BLEEDING BADLY FROM A SEVERE HEAD WOUND.

USING THE PRESSURE TECHNIQUE HE HAD LEARNED IN SCOUTING, HE PRESSED THE PALM OF HIS HAND OVER THE CUT...

AND CALLED TO HIS FATHER WHO THEN STARTED TO CARRY THE INJURED BOY DOWN THE HILL.

BUT NEAR THE BOTTOM, CALVIN STOPPED BREATHING. HIS FATHER LAID HIM DOWN.

RONALD BEGAN GIVING HIS BROTHER ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION UNTIL....

HE'S BREATHING AGAIN. LET'S HURRY HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

CALVIN RECOVERED COMPLETELY. FOR HIS HANDLING OF THIS ACCIDENT, SCOUT RONALD DORROUGH WAS AWARDED THE MEDAL OF MERIT BY THE NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.

RONALD IS A MEMBER OF TROOP 162, DENVER, COLO., SPONSORED BY THE SCHENCK PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION.



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They'll be 75 in all.

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Stories from THE BIBLE

# Joseph IN EGYPT

PART FIVE

AFTER THREE DAYS JOSEPH RELEASED HIS BROTHERS FROM PRISON. HE TOLD THEM THEY MUST PROMISE TO GO HOME AND RETURN WITH THE YOUNGEST BROTHER, BENJAMIN. TO MAKE SURE THEY'D KEEP THEIR WORD HE HAD ONE OF THEM, SIMEON, BOUND AND HELD AS A HOSTAGE UNTIL THEIR RETURN.





THEN THEY BOUGHT THE GRAIN THEY NEEDED AND LEFT EGYPT FOR CANAAN. THEY STOPPED FOR THE NIGHT AND OPENED THEIR SACKS TO EAT SOME OF THE FOOD JOSEPH HAD GIVEN THEM AND FOUND THE MONEY THEY PAID FOR THE GRAIN IN THE MOUTHS OF THEIR SACKS. AND THEY WONDERED WHY, NOT KNOWING JOSEPH HAD THE MONEY PLACED THERE.



THE BROTHERS REACHED THEIR HOME IN CANAAN AND TOLD THEIR FATHER, JACOB, ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED. THE OLD MAN TORE HIS HAIR IN SORROW. "I HAVE LOST MY SON, JOSEPH," HE WAILED. "SIMEON IS GONE AND NOW YOU WISH TO TAKE BENJAMIN."

NO MATTER HOW THE BROTHERS PLEADED WITH JACOB HE WOULD NOT ALLOW THEM TO RETURN TO EGYPT AND TAKE BENJAMIN WITH THEM.

6802

GENESIS 42:18-38

# SPACE CONQUERORS!

by AL STENZEL

AS THE ASTRONAUTS APPROACHED EARTH, THEIR STARSHIP WAS HIT BY A MAGNETIC BEAM AND PULLED DOWN ONTO A HUGE PLATFORM.

THE FOUR CREW MEMBERS WERE CARRIED OFF THE SHIP, BUT PRIMO, THE PASSENGER FROM 50 MILLION YEARS IN THE PAST, REMAINED UNDISCOVERED.

RECOVERING, HE CRAWLS OUT OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY HAMMOCK AND SEARCHES THE SHIP FOR HIS FRIENDS. SUDDENLY HIS KEEN ABORIGINAL SENSES WARN HIM OF DANGER. HE LEAPS OUT OF SIGHT JUST IN TIME...




























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Earn these valuable prizes and many more shown in our Big Prize Catalog — become a member of Junior Sales Club. It's easy and loads of fun. Here's all you do! Mail coupon and we'll send you your Free Membership Card, Free Prize Catalog, complete selling instructions, Grand Prize Awards information and first order of 11 boxes of lovely All Occasion Greeting Cards. (If the prize you want requires more than one order of 11 boxes, start off with one order.) Cards are sent on credit because we trust you! YOU DO NOT PAY IN ADVANCE. Each box contains 21 beautiful greeting cards of finest quality for the low price of $1.50. That's about 7¢ a card! Relatives, neighbors, friends — everyone will want one or more boxes. That's why many members have earned a prize in only a few hours. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY KEEP AS YOUR PRIZE 55¢ FOR EACH BOX YOU SELL. You have 30 days to sell your cards. Then promptly return prepaid by Parcel Post any boxes you can't sell, keeping 55¢ for each box you do sell. That's all there is to it! Get the prize you want the fast, easy J.S.C.A. way. Full details on $1,000.00 College Scholarship and other Grand Prize Awards will be sent with your first order. Act Now!

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HURRICANES, TORNADOES, FIRES, FLOODS MAY STRIKE ANYWHERE, ANYTIME—OFTEN WITH LITTLE OR NO WARNING. SCOUTS MUST BE PREPARED TO RESPOND TO SUCH EMERGENCIES.



YOU SHOULD HAVE A MOBILIZATION PLAN SO YOUR UNIT KNOWS WHERE TO REPORT FOR DUTY.

ALL SCOUTS, EXPLORERS SHOULD BE IN UNIFORM FOR IDENTIFICATION—WITH RAINCOAT OR PONCHO, RUBBER BOOTS, SCOUT KNIFE, FLASHLIGHT WITH FRESH BATTERIES, CANTEEN OF PURE WATER, FIRST AID KIT, MATCHES IN WATERPROOF CONTAINER, SLEEPING BAG, FOOD (THAT NEEDS NO COOKING) FOR ONE DAY.

PATROL, TROOP OR POST SHOULD HAVE BLANKETS, STERILE DRESSINGS, SPLINTS, 100-FOOT COILS OF HALF-INCH ROPE.



## HERE ARE SOME USEFUL TECHNIQUES

**BROADCASTING OVER CITIZENS BAND (CB) RADIO...** TALK SLOWLY, DISTINCTLY AND REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY. LEARN THE MEANING OF THESE MOST-USED TEN-CODE SIGNALS. PASTE ON SIDE OF YOUR CB SET.

10-1 RECEIVED POORLY.
10-2 RECEIVING WELL.
10-3 STAND BY.
10-4 OK.
10-9 REPEAT.
10-11 TRANSMITTING TOO RAPIDLY.
10-13 ADVISE WEATHER AND ROAD CONDITIONS.
10-18 COMPLETE ASSIGNMENTS AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.
10-20 YOUR LOCATION?
10-21 CALL THIS STATION BY TELEPHONE.
10-22 DISREGARD.
10-64 NOT CLEAR.
10-99 UNABLE TO RECEIVE YOUR SIGNALS.





**MESSAGES...** USE GROCERY-STORE RECEIPT PADS, BALLPOINT PEN. IF YOU MUST MEMORIZE MESSAGES, BREAK THEM DOWN INTO EASY-TO-REMEMBER PARTS.



**SPLINTS**

MAKE EMERGENCY SPLINTS USING PADDED BOARDS, STICKS, UMBRELLAS, ROLLED-UP NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, MAILING TUBES.

**CARRYING AN INJURED PERSON**

TWO-MAN CARRY,





CHAIR-CARRY, PACK-STRAP CARRY, FIREMAN'S DRAG, WALKING ASSIST, THREE-MAN CARRY.



YOU CAN STERILIZE CLOTH FOR EMERGENCY **DRESSINGS** BY PASSING IT BACK AND FORTH OVER FLAMES TO SCORCH IT.

**PURIFYING WATER...**

WITH WATER PURIFICATION TABLETS; BY BOILING FOR FIVE MINUTES, THEN AERATING BY POURING FROM ONE CONTAINER TO ANOTHER;

BY ADDING TWO OR THREE DROPS OF HOUSEHOLD IODINE OR HOUSEHOLD BLEACH TO EACH QUART OF CLEAR WATER, EIGHT TO TEN DROPS TO CLOUDY WATER. MIX AND LET STAND FOR 20 MINUTES BEFORE USING.

## FAMILY PREPAREDNESS

AT THE FIRST WARNING OF A **FLOOD, TORNADO** OR **HURRICANE...**

- PACK EMERGENCY EATING GEAR, CANNED GOODS, HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES IN CARTONS. STORE IN A SAFE, EASY-TO-GET-AT PLACE. IN FLOOD ALERT, STORE AS HIGH AS POSSIBLE.
- DISCONNECT ALL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES. CUT OFF ELECTRICITY AND GAS.
- EVACUATE YOUR HOME AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE AT FLOOD ALERT. TAKE FOOD, WATER, BLANKETS, ETC., WITH YOU.
- AT TORNADO OR HURRICANE ALERT, TAKE IN ALL OUTDOOR FURNITURE, ETC., OR LASH DOWN SECURELY.
- BACK CAR IN GARAGE OR PARK IT AWAY FROM POLES, TREES THAT MIGHT FALL.
- CLOSE, BOARD UP ALL WINDOWS EXCEPT ONE OR TWO ON SIDE **AWAY** FROM STORM. LEAVE THESE OPEN.
- STORE A SAFE SUPPLY OF WATER.
- PUT OUT ALL FIRES: STOVE, WATER HEATER, FIREPLACE.
- FIND SHELTER IMMEDIATELY.
- IF YOU HAVE A FALLOUT OR TORNADO SHELTER, GET IN IT...OR GET UNDER A SOLID TABLE OR BENCH IN **SOUTHWEST** CORNER OF BASEMENT...OR GET IN A CAVE, RAVINE, DITCH... OR AGAINST INSIDE WALL ON LOWER FLOOR.
- PULL BLINDS, DRAPES, CURTAINS; STAY AWAY FROM WINDOWS.

*YOU CAN GET EMERGENCY WATER FROM HOT-WATER HEATER, TOILET TANK, ICE CUBES, CANNED OR BOTTLED DRINKS, FRUIT, ETC. FILL YOUR BATHTUB WITH WATER WHEN YOU HAVE ADVANCE WARNING.*

680/7



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## Marques Haynes—King of the Court Clowns

(Continued from page 29)

and he thought it strange that no one could get the ball from him. The more they tried, the more he dribbled. The seed had been planted.

Zip Gayles was the varsity basketball coach, and he tolerated no shenanigans. He wanted only to win, and his team won. In fact, in Marques's three years on the varsity, it lost only once.

When Marques was a junior, Langston played in the Southwestern Conference tournament at Southern University's home court in Baton Rouge, La. Southern had a flashy team that humiliated opponent after opponent with fancy play, and Marques's sense of righteousness was shaken. If his team got into the final against Southern, he vowed, he would give those show-offs a dose of their own medicine.

Langston did reach the final against Southern and was leading by ten or 15 points in the dying minutes. Marques tried to get up nerve to put on a dribbling act, but every time he stole a look at his coach, he shuddered. With three minutes left he got the ball, started to dribble and forgot all about his coach. In and out he dashed, and the Southern players went sprawling, trying to get the ball. He brought down the house, and remember, this was Southern's home crowd. Pennies sailed onto the floor. So did hats. So did Marques's coach, who was furious. After two minutes of dribbling, Marques drove in for a field goal and, without breaking stride, kept running, right for the dressing room.

"I wanted to get as far away from the coach as I could," he recalls, "because I knew he might tear me apart. He chewed me out, all right, but later Funny Pyles, the assistant coach, said, 'You know, Zip kind of enjoyed that himself.'"

The next year, Langston played the world-famous Harlem Globetrotters, the most successful comedy basketball team (and a team that could play serious basketball with the best). Langston won, 74-70, without any dribbling pyrotechnics by Marques. But the Globetrotters were so impressed anyway that they wanted him to join them immediately. He joined them, but not until eight months later.

They started him on their Kansas City Stars farm team at $250 a month. Now he had the ideal atmosphere for a dribbling routine, and he did it so well that he was promoted to the Globetrotters within two months—at the same salary. When he left the Globetrotters in 1953 and formed his own team, he was making $10,000 a year.

Now Marques Haynes, who once waited on tables and dug ditches, earns $75,000 a year from the Magicians alone. He owns real estate in Oklahoma, Texas and Las Vegas. He is a partner in a Tulsa insurance agency. This year, he will sell 10,000 Fabulous Magicians basketballs (there are two grades) at $2.98 and $5.98, 7,000 Magicians T-shirts at $1.98, and 100,000 souvenir programs at 50 to 75 cents. (Basketball shoes bearing the Magicians' name are just starting to reach the market.)

But success has not spoiled him. Though he may dress impeccably and expensively, and though he may live in a huge ranch house in Sand Springs ("It has 13 or 14 rooms, I'm not sure which," he says) with his wife, Marquetta, and daughters Marsha Kaye, 15, and Marquetta Kolette, 6, he remains warm and gentle.

He is a gentle man as well as a gentleman. He does not swear and seldom raises his voice. He is a trustee of the First Bapist Church in Sand Springs. He has never forgotten his Boy Scout training (his brother was Scoutmaster).

Ask him to describe his show in one word and he will call it "clean." It is also spectacular, but never so much so as a 1946 game between the Kansas City Stars and Mexican All-Stars at Chihuahua, Mexico. With eight minutes to play, three of the six Kansas City players had fouled out, leaving only Marques and two teammates on the floor against five able-bodied foes ready for the kill. Kansas City led by three points, but the cause seemed hopeless unless . . .

So Marques dribbled, and dribbled, and dribbled. For seven minutes and 45 seconds he dribbled without losing the ball. Then, with 15 seconds left and victory assured, he passed off. His team won, and a pleased Marques Haynes walked toward the dressing room. A man stopped him.

"Hey Marques," the man said, "how come you stopped dribbling? Not in shape, huh?"

---

Now, here's Marques himself, with a few words about dribbling and how to practice this fine art of controlling a basketball.

BASKETBALL is made up of many things—passing, dribbling, shooting, defense, rebounding, screening and more. It's hard to say that any one of these skills is more important than any other. For no matter how good you are at one part of the game, you cannot be a good basketball player until you master every phase of the game.

I get a chuckle every time I think of an incident last summer in Tulsa, Okla., where I was teaching at a basketball clinic. I showed a boy nine or ten years old how to make a two-hand set shot. "Gee," he said, "that's keen. What is it?"

This boy had never seen a shot like that before. All he knew was a jump shot and a hook shot. This boy has to learn about other shots and other parts of the game.

The part I am known best for is dribbling, which is nothing more than bouncing the ball. Some people like to say that the only way to move the ball is by passing. But sometimes you can't pass the ball, and sometimes you don't have to because there is no one between you and the basket. In cases like this, dribbling pays off.

How do you dribble? Well, let's start with five basic points:

(1) Control the ball on the flat part of your fingertips. Don't slap at it with the palm of your hand.

(2) Keep your eyes OFF the ball. When you learn to dribble well, you'll *know* when the ball will come back. Watch the other team instead. When you know where each opponent is, no one will slip up behind you and steal the ball.

(3) Learn to use both hands (one at a time, of course). Most players can dribble with one hand, but are lost with the other.

(4) Crouch, with your knees bent, stomach in and your weight forward. Keep your body moving to confuse the other team.

(5) Keep your body between the ball and the man guarding you. If he can't reach the ball, he can't take it away from you.

(6) Learn your opposition. Learn who will fight for the ball and who is more apt to dog it. Remember that taller players often are not as quick as smaller men and probably won't threaten your dribbling.

Now that you know what to do, you've got to practice, practice, practice. Good dribbling, like anything else, is the result of honest-to-goodness hard work.

I used to work at it for hours in a gym without taking a shot. I would walk around the court 15 or 20 times at a stretch, bouncing the ball with my right hand on one trip, then switching direction and switching hands on the next. Each time, I would run just a little faster.

When I finished that drill, I would sprint the length of the court, dribbling all the way, then stop abruptly. I would vary my speed, and sometimes I would dribble low, sometimes high, sometimes in between. When I became tired, I would stop dribbling and do calisthenics—running in place, limbering my fingers, doing deep knee bends.

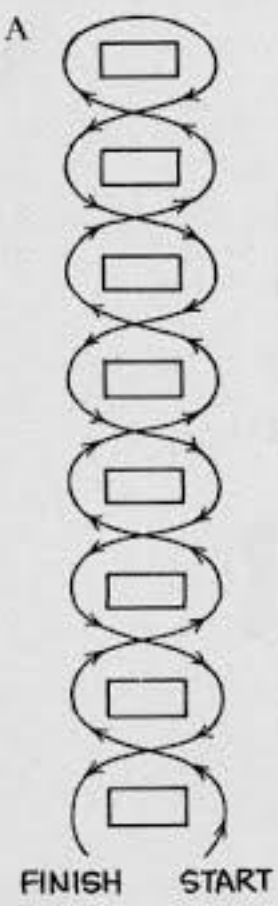
This routine helped me, and I'm sure it will help you, even if you don't have a basketball court available. Half a court will do. So will a backyard, or even a driveway. The important thing is to practice—anywhere.

Once you have mastered changes of speed and hands, you must learn to change directions. I have worked out three special exercises to help you, and again, if you don't have a court for practice, use fewer chairs and smaller circles.

Here are the exercises:

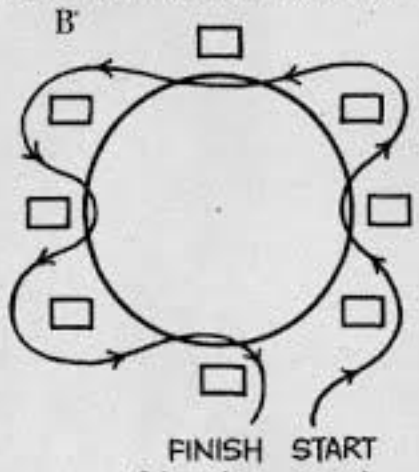
(1) Line up eight to ten chairs in a straight line (see Figure A). Bounce the ball slowly, weaving in and out between chairs. Start with the right hand and switch to the left at the second chair, and keep switching. Increase your pace gradually until you are going as fast as you can.

A



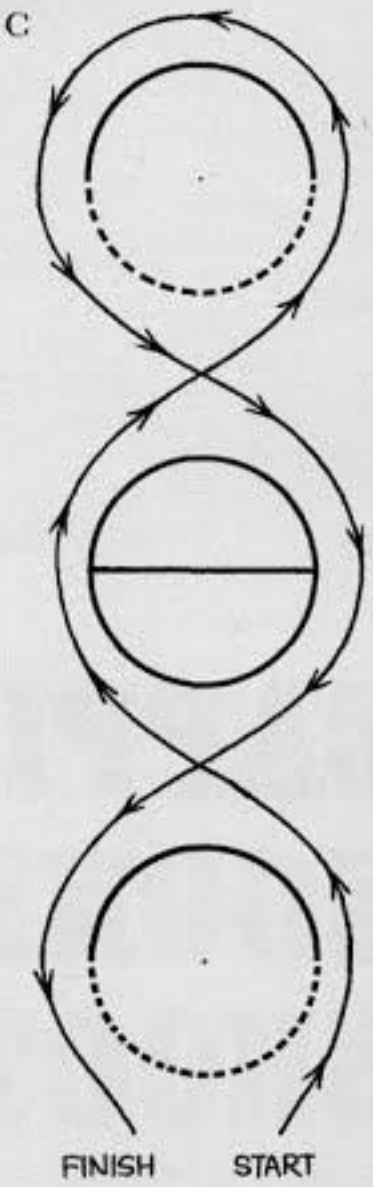

(2) Place the chairs in a free-throw circle or center circle (see Figure B) and do everything else the same as in the first exercise. If the pace gets too fast, that's the place where you must work extra hard. If you're wondering why I suggest using chairs, you'll learn the first time you bang into one and scrape your shins. After that, you will be more careful, and you must be careful to be a good dribbler.

B




(3) Now forget the chairs. All you will need are three large circles, like the three on a regulation basketball court (see Figure C). Dribble from one free-throw circle to the center circle, then dribble around the far side of that one and head for the other free-throw circle. Then return, all the time making large figure 8s.

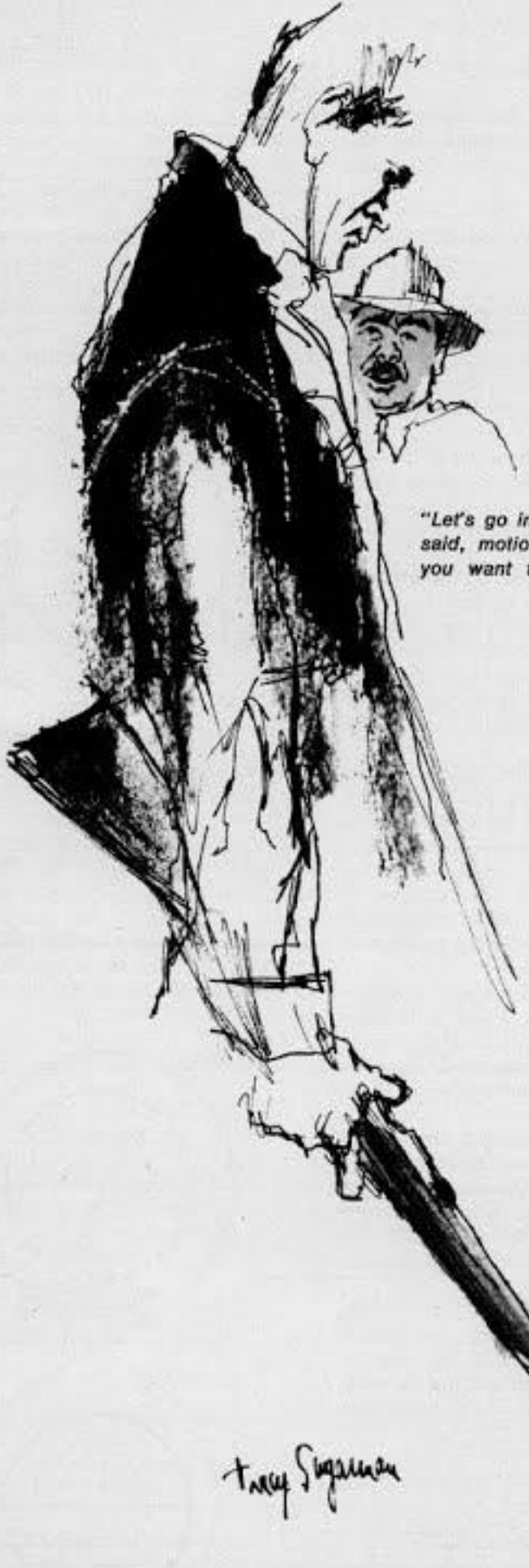
C




That's all there is to dribbling. Study these do's and don'ts and practice these exercises, and you may become the greatest dribbler in your own world. In any case, you'll become a better basketball player. ■



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*"Let's go in the house, Miller," he said, motioning at Hugh. "Maybe you want to change your plea."*

# CAPPIE'S SOONER-SHOOTER

By CAL OLSON

Cappie Johnson pulls his coat on one sleeve at a time, just like anyone else. What makes him different from other people is the badge he wears on that coat. It's a nickel-plated badge, polished down almost to the brass, and it marks Cappie as a North Dakota game warden.

Cappie Johnson is a young man barely started in the warden's trade. He's slightly built, with the deep chest of a distance runner. His blue eyes are wide set; his nose juts out under a campaign hat worn at the no-nonsense angle he learned during a hitch in the Marines. A quiet man with a mouth quick to smile, he keeps his own counsel but can talk plainly enough when he's in the mood.

I rode with Cappie one crisp afternoon, checking pheasant hunters in the flat farmlands in southeastern North Dakota. Late in the day Cappie stopped the car in a belt of sandhills and softwoods and



*A whitetail buck trotted across the road and looked at us with calm curiosity.*

opened a vacuum bottle of coffee. As we sat, a whitetail buck trotted quietly across the road ahead of us, looking at the car with calm curiosity before vanishing into the cottonwoods.

I said something about how much a temptation it would be for some people to shoot the deer, season or no season. That's when Cappie, sipping his coffee, told me about the sooner-shooter. This is his story.

DON'T GET ME WRONG. Hugh Miller was a nice guy, first off, but he had some fixed ideas that weren't really what you might call on the level. We were both greenhorns when I went on as a warden. Hugh had a farm in the sandhills. He was a great hunter and fisherman, and I figured we'd get along pretty well.

Hugh had a good handshake, a ready grin and a way of talking to put you at ease. But he just had to shoot whitetails. He'd take a deer when and where he found it, early or late, winter or summer, rain or shine. He'd been doing it before I came into the district, and he kept right on after I got here.

It finally came to me that it was a game with him. Hugh against the warden. The trouble was that Hugh kept winning. If you bring a man in for shining a deer or for shooting a buck out of season, you'd better have proof. I spent considerable time in the sandhills looking for that proof. Kept batting zero.

Hugh knew I was after him; that was part of it. He kept the needle sharp too, dropping enough hints around town so I knew every time he took a deer. But I was always a day late or a half-mile short; just couldn't make a case.

It got to be a mania with me. I was so hot to nail him that it hurt. That's why I didn't even think twice when the phone rang one midnight, a year ago last June. The caller didn't identify himself.

"If you want to see something interesting," the voice said, "take a look in Hugh's cow lot."

I had my clothes on and the car rolling out of the garage before I was half awake. Hugh's farm is only five miles south of Dalton on the old Hanover road. I kept the lights off and coasted to a stop about a quarter-mile from the farm buildings.

The house was dark and the yard light off, but the moon was bright



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# It wouldn't be easy to catch a hunter as shrewd as Hugh, shooting deer out of season.

enough to light my way into the grove west of the house.

There were about a dozen Holsteins in the cow lot, so I took it easy and they didn't spook. There was a salt block and water trough in the near corner, and farther down the fence a dark shape swung from an old oak. I put the flashlight on it.

*Venison, sure as anything,* I thought.

I went up and looked over the carcass. It was skinned out and gutted, would weigh about 130 pounds. Head, hide and hooves had been cut away. The meat was dark and the carcass still was warm.

I found the bullet holes too. There was one on the left side of the chest, neat and small where the slug entered, and a large ragged hole on the right side. A clean kill, but five months too early.

I was still banging away on the back door when Hugh came out. His hair was mussed, and he was buttoning his shirt. He frowned.

"What's the matter, Cappie?" he asked.

"You already know," I told him. "Get your pants on; you're under arrest."

He shrugged and shook his head, then went into the house to



*I stood by while he cut the rope and dumped the evidence into the truck box.*

finish dressing. When he came back, I herded him down to the barn and waved an arm at the oak.

"Pretty dumb stunt," I said.

He shrugged again and gave me a sheepish grin.

"I didn't think you'd be out tonight, Cappie," he said, and laughed, kind of resigned. "Well, I guess a man can't win 'em all."

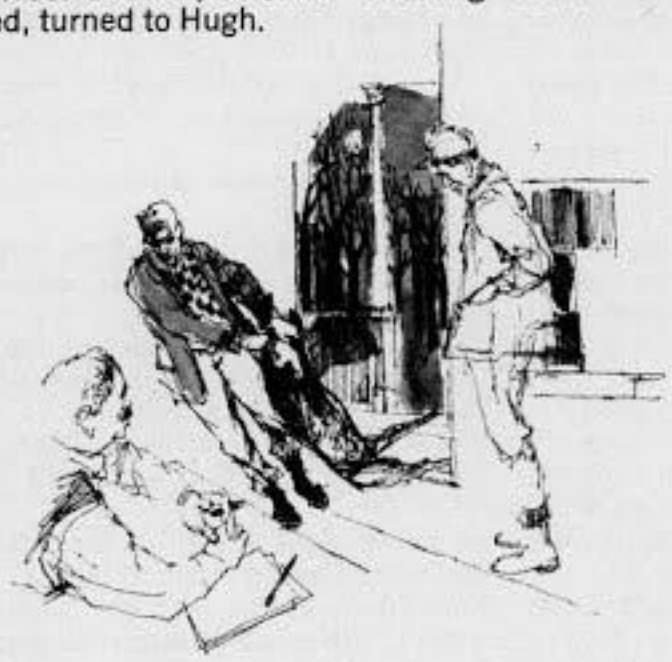
I made him get out his pickup and drive it under the carcass, then stood by while he cut the rope and dumped the evidence into the truck box. I tailed him all the way back to Dalton.

Art Lawler was justice of the peace, and he was used to me bringing in cases at odd hours. He led us into the living room and started shuffling some papers.

"What you got?" Art asked.

"Finally arrested Miller," I said. "Shooting deer out of season."

Art nodded, turned to Hugh.



*I had to go through the motions anyhow, so I dragged the carcass into the living room and showed Art where the bullet came in and out.*

"How do you plead?" he asked.

Until then, Hugh had been standing quiet and slouched, with his thumbs stuck under his belt. He straightened up and smiled, a smile so big I could see where one of his molars was missing.

"Not guilty, Art," he said, and he looked at me and grinned again. Even wider.

As soon as he said that, I knew I'd been hooked. I had to go through the motions anyhow, so I dragged the carcass right into the living room and showed Art where the bullet had gone in and out.

Hugh ducked through the front door, rummaged in the cab of his pickup and returned, dragging a hairy white bundle. Then I was sure I'd been had.

"See this, Art?" he asked. "It's the hide of a goat—a plain, everyday, ordinary old billy goat."

He pulled the hide over the carcass—the carcass I'd been so anxious to call venison. It fit like a glove.

"Look here, Art," he said, poking his fingers through two holes in the hide. "These match the holes in the carcass."

I didn't even look; I knew blamed well they'd match.

"Here's a bill of sale on this goat," Hugh said, waving a piece of paper. "I bought it yesterday in Fargo and shot it this evening."

He grinned at me again.

"No law against shooting your own goat, is there, Cappie?" he asked.

"All right," I said. "OK. Get it out of here."

Hugh looked shocked.

"Oh, no, Cappie, no indeed," he said. "You made me do all the work to bring my billy goat to town. Well, you can bring it to the farm. Bring it back, and hang it up just the way it was, and maybe I won't sue for false arrest."

Well, I took it back, all right, took it back and hung it in the oak, just the way it was. Hugh thanked me. I suppose I should have quit. When I didn't quit, I can't understand why I wasn't fired. Fool stunt, a real fool stunt. And Hugh made sure the story got all over.

Still, you can't up and quit when you're just getting started. The chief warden came down, and we spent a pretty nervous two hours together. But I still had my job when he left.

I figured Hugh'd turn off his deer poaching, now that he'd taken



*Just before nightfall I found the buck hanging between two cottonwoods.*

the warden. But the word started drifting back late in the summer that Hugh, far from quitting, was planning some sooner-shooting in the fall.

You know what a sooner-shooter is, exactly? That's a man who goes out in the woods the week before the season opens, and kills a deer. He leaves the venison hanging in the woods until the season opens, and then he brings his sooner deer out, all tagged and proper.



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*I tried to wiggle the deer's antlers, but the head was stiff as a statue. I turned to Hugh Miller. "I'm arresting you," I said.*

Remember how cold it was last fall? By November the thermometer was stuck at zero. I wasn't happy about the cold weather, since I planned to check the sandhills every day before the deer season.

The opening was set for November 15th. I prowled the land daily from the first of the month. It was three days before the opening when I found the buck. The temperature was five above, and it was snowing at a fair rate. I was working a stand of cottonwoods just before nightfall and found the buck hanging between two trees.

That was a dandy buck. There were seven points on a side, the antlers thick and even. Hog-dressed like that, it had to weigh 275 pounds. Just a dandy. Shot in the neck, it was still warm, just starting to stiffen in the freezing air. I opened the mouth to check the buck's age—5½ years.

I could have taken the deer, but that wouldn't get the man who shot it. I had a pretty good hunch the man was Hugh. So the thing was to leave the deer and hope to arrest Hugh when he brought it in during the season. And he'd bring it in to Dalton; that was a deer to brag on.

I knew the falling snow would cover my tracks, but I needed a way to mark the deer. When Hugh brought it in, I had to be able to prove the buck had been shot before the season opened. With a man as shrewd as Hugh, marking wouldn't be easy. If I notched an ear or cut off a piece of hide, he'd spot it in a minute.

Think about it a little—how would you have marked that buck? I thought for 20 minutes before I marked it, and then I got out of there. The snow was falling even heavier when I left, and the temperature was dropping.

It stayed cold right through the deer season. I worked the checking station on the Hanover road with Cliff Armour, the warden from Fargo. I didn't expect Hugh to bring the whitetail out the first day or two, but I guessed he'd be coming my way when he did.

He showed up on the fourth day, driving his pickup, bold as brass. There was a whitetail in the box.

"Here's one for you to check, Cappie," he said. "Ever see a better buck?"

There it was, seven points on a side, about 275 pounds—the sooner deer.

"Here's my license," Hugh said, shoving it at me. It checked with the tag on the buck's left rear leg. I rapped my knuckles on the deer. It was frozen hard as granite.

"You didn't shoot this one today," I said.

"Of course not," Hugh answered. "I took this baby the first half-hour of the season, and he's been hanging in the granary since. Just found time today to bring it to the locker plant."

I tried to wiggle the antlers, but the head was stiff as a statue. I tried to move the lower jaw, but the mouth was frozen shut. I turned to Hugh.

"I'm arresting you," I told him.

He snorted as though he couldn't believe it.

"What for this time, Cappie?" he asked, smiling. "This isn't another billy goat."

"The charge is shooting a deer out of season," I answered. "Let's go."

Hugh brought his face right up to mine.

"Mister, you'd better be able to prove it," he snarled. Then he laughed. "I suppose you're going to say this is a sooner buck. Why, man, there's nothing on that buck to prove it was shot before the season opened."

"Let's go," I repeated. "If I can't prove this charge, I'll turn in my time."

Leaving Armour to handle the checking station alone, I followed Hugh into town.

I called on Art Lawler, and the justice came from his house down to the curb. Art nodded at Hugh, keeping his hands in his storm-coat pockets as he examined the buck.

"You say Hugh shot this one before the season, eh?" he asked. "Hugh, how do you plead?"

"Same as before," Hugh said. "Not guilty."

Art looked at me.

I took a meat saw from the trunk, where I'd been keeping it for a week. I dropped the pickup's tail gate and pulled the buck's head clear. Then I laid the saw against the lower jaw; it took about two minutes to cut through the frozen meat and bones.

"Here's your proof, Art," I said.

With the top of the saw I hit the jaw. It fell to the ground—lower jaw with the tongue still attached. That, and a shiny piece of metal.

I handed the piece of metal to Art. It was my badge—the same badge I'm wearing right now.

"I put this in the buck's mouth at five o'clock the evening of November 12th," I said.

Hugh stood there like he'd been hit in the stomach.

"Didn't think you'd find my badge in the buck's mouth if the cold weather kept it frozen shut," I told him.

Hugh didn't say a word. Not one word.

Art started back up the sidewalk. As he went, he motioned at Hugh.

"Let's go in the house, Miller," he said. "Maybe you want to change your plea."

THE SUN was out of sight in the wooded sandhills when Cappie stopped talking. He sat for a moment, gazing into the dusk. Then he smiled, finished his coffee and started the car.

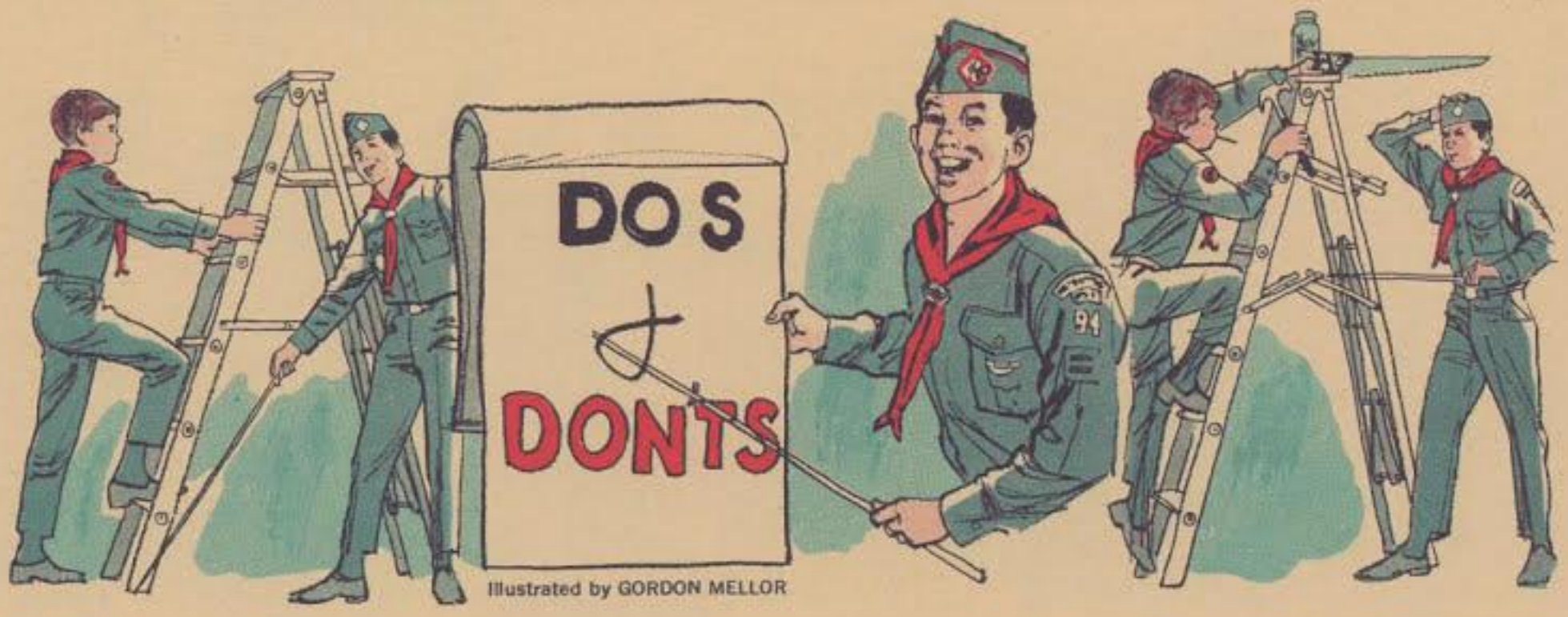
"If we keep fooling around out here," he said, "I'll be late for my gun-safety class." ■



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Boy Scout Week—February 7-13—offers us a chance to show the public what Scouting is all about. So step up front where folks can see us in action! And remember, these ideas can be used year around.

# BOY SCOUT WEEK IDEA KIT




Illustrated by GORDON MELLOR

## SAFE AT HOME

Since safety is everybody's business, your Scout unit can help drive home the idea of clearing out the dangers that lurk in everyone's home.

Put on a show in a store window, a shopping center or right on a sidewalk where lots of people pass by. Here are some ideas for spotlighting the major causes of accidents:

- Stage a drama showing the danger of stairs with loose treads or with toys scattered on them. Then show the safe way by clearing the stairs and tacking down treads.
- Show the wrong way to use a stepladder. Have a Scout take a mock tumble from a ladder that is not fully spread. Then show the right way to use a stepladder.
- Explain the danger of frayed wires on an electrical appliance. A Scout could show how to replace the bad wire. (But *don't* suggest that *major* repairs be done by an amateur.)
- Show the danger of leaving knives, matches and poisons where small children can reach them.
- Dramatize the danger of having medicine bottles without labels in your home.
- Demonstrate the proper way to refuel a power mower, with the motor off and cool. (Only adults refuel lawn mowers!)
- Every parent ought to leave the baby-sitter certain important information. Duplicate and distribute "Information for Our Baby-sitter" forms. (See sample below.)

You can give spectators at your home-safety show something to remember by having a Scout out front distribute a home-safety checklist after each show. Such checklists can be copied from the *Safety* and *Fire-manship* merit badge pamphlets. Mimeograph plenty of copies. Or you might check with an insurance company or agent in your community several weeks ahead, and get *free* safety checklists from him.

### Information for Our Baby-sitter

*Where We Will Be*.....*Phone No*.....
*Our Doctor*.....*Phone No*.....
*Substitute Doctor*.....*Phone No*.....
*Nearest Neighbor*.....*Phone No*.....
*Fire Dept. Phone No*.....
*Police Phone No*.....
*Exits from Our Home*.....
*Where Flashlight is Kept*.....

**This form was prepared by Boy Scout Troop ____.**



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# SHOWMANSHIP

Your Boy Scout Week show is set. You have an OK to use a store window or a stretch of sidewalk downtown. Your Scout actors know their parts for the first-aid demonstration or knot-tying show, or whatever you're planning. Everything is ready—or is it? No matter how well you have planned and rehearsed, the whole show can flop if you have forgotten just one vital ingredient—showmanship.

Make the show live! At your next rehearsal, step out front and look at it as the audience sees it. Second Class Sam may be doing a perfect job of bandaging a leg, but will the audience know why he's doing it that way? Tenderfoot Tom may be tying a beautiful bowline, but is he going so fast the eye can't follow him? For what is the knot used?

There's no mystery about showmanship. It's just the ability to make an audience see and hear what you *want* them to see and hear. Here are some helpful hints:

- Keep it simple. Lots of activity is great in a three-ring circus, not so hot in a demonstration. A spotlight will help focus attention where you want it.
- Show things step-by-step. Each step should lead to the next; don't omit or rush through one.
- Talk your audience's language. For a public demonstration, don't use Scout terms without explaining them.
- Keep it lively. Your plan or script should permit no lull in the action. If you're showing first aid, move right from the leg bandage to the arm sling, without any delay.

**Showmen's Gimmicks**

You've seen teachers use audio-visual aids in school. Take a tip from them and use a few yourself.

*Display Cards* announce the "act." For a first-aid demonstration, a card might read: "Bandaging a Cut." Letter in a color contrasting with the card—black on white or yellow is good. For a store-window show use plain block letters at least one-inch high so people 25 feet away can read them.

*Photos* can help tell your story. They must be big enough to be seen from a distance—at least eight by ten inches, bigger the better.

*Slides and Movies* add color and drama. You can make a screen by cutting an 18- by 24-inch rectangle in a three- by five-foot (or larger) piece of cardboard and stapling a



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piece of bed sheet over the hole from the rear. For showing a film with the projector behind the screen, reverse the film.

*Flip Charts and Strip Charts.* Great for step-by-step demonstrations. With a flip chart, each step is shown on a single sheet, then flipped over the easel as the next one appears. On a strip chart, all steps are written on a board and covered with strips of paper held in place with masking tape. They're uncovered one by one until the whole process is shown.

*Scrolls.* Another aid for step-by-step demonstrations. Use brown wrapping paper or shelf paper. Divide it into panels, each with one point of the message. Fasten the ends of the paper to sticks and roll it up, beginning at the end of the message. Now with one Scout holding each stick, let 'er roll. One unwinds the scroll, the other rewinds it.

*Felt Boards.* Like strip charts, felt boards (or flannelgraphs) allow you to "build" your message. Make the board with a big piece of dark felt or flannel. Your message and artwork go on cutouts of construction paper; on the back of each one, paste a piece of felt, flannel or sandpaper to make it stick to the felt board. Rubbing each piece with your fingertips as you put it on the board will increase holding power.

*P.A. System.* A big help, especially in a store-window demonstration. The loudspeaker just outside the window attracts people and makes it easy to explain what's happening.

*Sound Effects.* Background music is often helpful, particularly to heighten effects in movies and slide shows. It's a good idea to tape the narration for movies and slides.

Pick the audio-visual gimmicks you want after thinking through what you want the audience to learn. A movie with music is great for showing troop camping. But for showing first aid, a live demonstration by Scouts who know their stuff is much better.

**Store-Window Show Ideas**

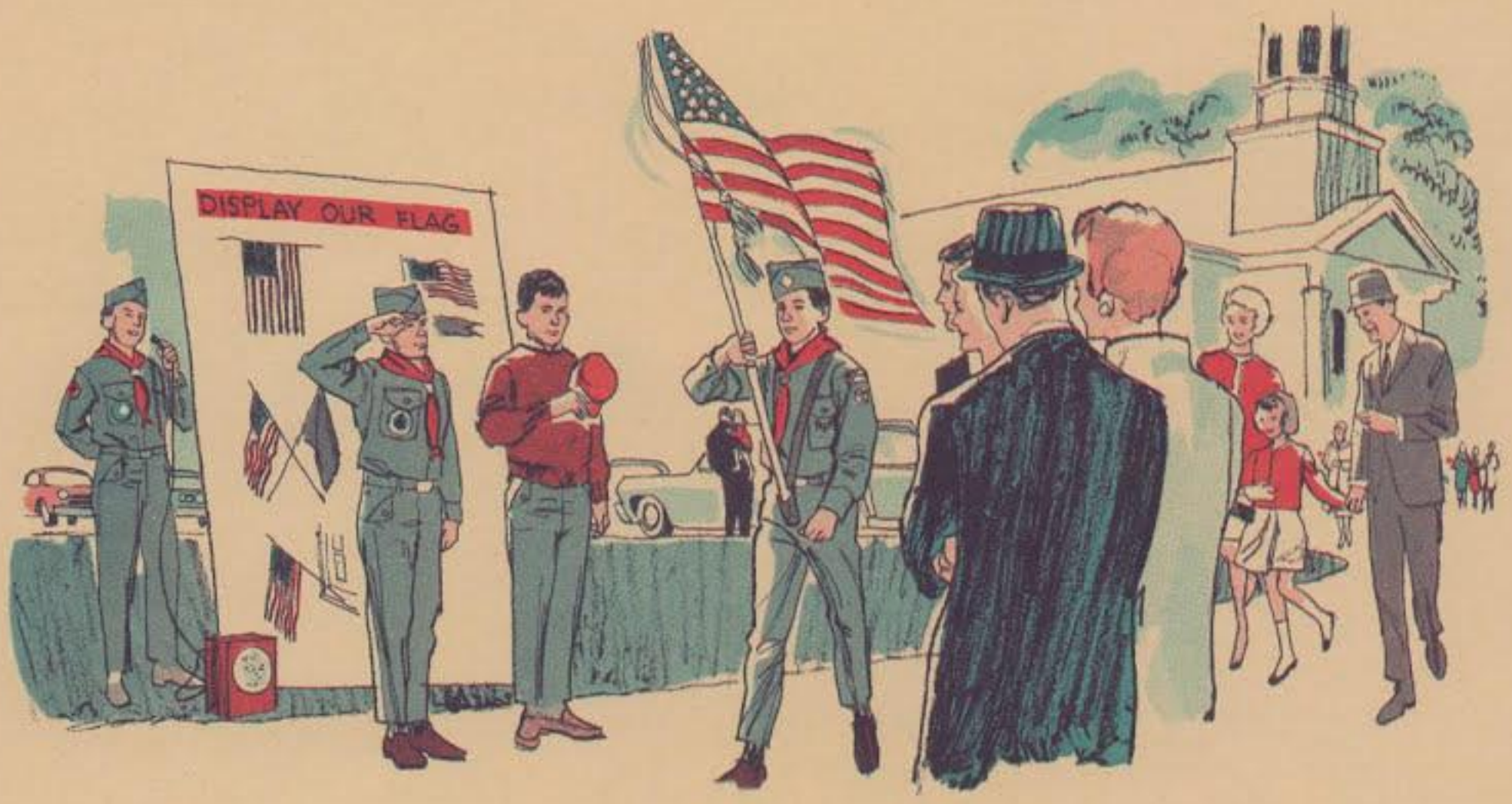
Cub Scouts can demonstrate an achievement or elective; show photos, slides or a movie of pack activities; or work on crafts.

Boy Scouts can demonstrate home repairs; family-camping equipment; signaling with flags and blinkers.

Explorers can demonstrate tent-making, emergency rescue and first-aid techniques; post special interests.



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## SHOW THE FLAG

Why not have your patrol, troop, post or pack put on a sparkling outdoor show on flag courtesy? After church services on Scout Sunday, February 11, would be a good time for a sidewalk show. If your scene is a shopping center, Saturday might be the best time.

You can put together an effective show on flag courtesy in a hurry because a Tenderfoot Scout usually knows more about how to honor the United States flag than most adults.

Script might read:

SAM, MARK and CARL march by the prop table, with SAM carrying the flag. HANK and JOE (in uniform) salute. BILL (in school clothes and cap) removes his cap with his right hand and holds the cap over his heart. GENE (in school clothes and bareheaded) puts his right hand over his heart.

SAM places the flag in a stand to the right of the prop table. PATROL LEADER TOM explains that in a meeting place the flag is always placed to the speaker's *right* if the stand is near him. If the stand is nearer the audience, the flag is put on the speaker's *left*.

PATROL LEADER TOM then says the Scouts will show how the flag should be displayed on a wall in a meeting place. MARK and CARL hold the flag horizontally before the spectators, with the union to the top left as spectators look at it. Then they show the other correct way, with stripes pointing down and union at left. (If there's a wall or big bulletin board, the flag can be pinned up.)

MARK and CARL then show how to fold the flag correctly.

When they have finished, PATROL LEADER TOM tells when and how the flag is flown at half-mast. (*When*—the nation mourns; *how*—by hoisting the flag to the top of the staff, then lowering it to the halfway point. In lowering, the flag is raised to the peak, then brought down.)

Total demonstration time—five to ten minutes. For a show like this, that's plenty because your audience will be coming and going. As for props: two United States flags (one with a stand) and a big bulletin board. You'll also need a table to hold the props and a poster lettered like this:

FLAG COURTESY
DEMONSTRATION
Put on by the
Beaver Patrol, Troop 71
We meet Wednesdays—7:30 p.m.—First Congregational Church. Join us next week!

One more thing. Don't forget to get permission to use your "stage" from the police, shop manager or other authorities. ■

HOLIDAYS WHEN THE FLAG SHOULD BE FLOWN:

New Year's Day, Jan. 1
Presidential Inauguration Day
Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12
Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22
Armed Forces Day
Easter Sunday
Mother's Day, Second Sun., May
Memorial Day (half-staff till noon, full staff to sunset), May 30
Flag Day, June 14
Independence Day, July 4
Labor Day, first Mon., Sept.
Citizenship Day, Sept. 17
Columbus Day, Oct. 12
Veterans Day, Nov. 11
Thanksgiving Day
Christmas Day, Dec. 25
Admission date of your state
State holidays



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# LET'S TALK TURKEY



By GEORGE LAYCOCK

When dawn came the wild turkey gobbler was perched far up in the top of an evergreen tree, a great black knot on the limb. He was watching and listening for any strange sound or movement. But the white-tail buck mincing along the woodland trail was known to him, and the loud calling of the bluejay was a sound he heard every day. He tipped forward on his perch and tilted his heavy body out into space. His day had begun.

Setting his broad wings, the gobbler glided to the ground. He ran a few paces as his feet touched, then stopped. With constant watchfulness he stood for a long moment, inspecting his surroundings. His neck stretched and drew back then, and his wings arched out until their tips touched the forest floor. His deep-throated call rattled through the forest, "*Gobble-oble-oble-oble.*"

In spring you may sometimes hear this wild gobbling call. And you may hear a hen's reply, but her call is not a gobble. She answers in softer tones —a series of plaintive, high-pitched "yelps."

If you see him in the woods, you will have no trouble recognizing an adult wild turkey. He is a heavy bird whose weight commonly goes to 20 pounds. Perched atop his big body is a small pointed head, colored red and blue and bare of feathers. His legs are of medium length and they possess the strength that makes him a good runner, which is a turkey's way of meeting danger.

The turkey gobbler wears a beard. Sometimes it is a foot long and almost drags on the ground. This decorative tassle of specialized feathers hangs from the big bird's neck, not his chin.

One way to tell a wild turkey from a domestic one is by the coloring on the tips of the tail feathers—white on the tame bird, brownish on the wild one. Standing in the shadows, he looks almost black. But in the sunlight the wild gobbler reflects rich metallic coloring. His mate, who may be half his size, wears drab brown colors that match closely the coloring of the forest floor where she makes her nest.

Some authorities believe Columbus was the first European to see these magnificent big birds of the New World. Even then, the turkey had been domesticated for many centuries by Central American Indians. Early explorers who saw turkeys wanted them. By 1511 they had taken them aboard their sailing vessels back to Europe.

Soon the turkey was taken to England. Then when the early English settlers arrived on the East Coast of North America, they brought with them to the colonies one of their favorite foods. The turkey had come home to the land of its ancestors.

Where did the wild turkeys live before the white man came? They roamed the woodlands from Maine to Mexico and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Dakotas. They lived in all but nine of what were to become the 48 states, and the big birds prospered through much of Mexico.

But turkeys are birds of the woodlands. Human populations moved into the wilderness. Men used fire, saws and axes to destroy their woodlands. They killed turkeys with guns, snares, traps and dogs until almost all the turkeys were gone. They were extinct in Connecticut by 1813 and vanished from Massachusetts by 1851. In state after state the story was similar. By 1900 the all-American wild turkey was at an all-time low. Remnants still hid out in the wilder parts of such places as West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Florida and Texas.

Then forestry practices began to improve and the woodlands came back. Once more there were places where wild turkeys could live. The wildlife biologists' idea of restocking turkeys in the forests ran into early troubles.

At first they used the birds that were the easiest to obtain, domestic turkeys. Instead of knowing how to live off the land, these turkeys knew only the security of cages and barnyards. Eagle Scouts with compasses couldn't have found their way out of the woods faster. The tame turkeys migrated to the nearest barnyards, or fell easy prey to hungry predators.

Then the biologists began live-trapping truly wild birds, the wilder the better. They obtained them in states that still had reservoirs of wild turkeys. And these birds staked out homesteads in the new woods, nested and, in many states, began to restore their kind to their ancestral territories.

Because turkeys have built-in parachutes, they are sometimes air-lifted into new territories. Recently in both California and Florida, flying biologists have taken crates of wild turkeys aloft. Once over suitable turkey habitat the airplane's door opens. The unsuspecting birds are dumped out 200 feet above the ground. While their altimeters relay alarming warnings, they tumble a few feet, then pull out of tailspins, set their flaps and throttle down for a long gentle glide and a soft landing. There is seldom a casualty.

Recently Ohio had its first legal turkey-hunting season in 60 years. Turkeys are hunted now in more than 20 states, but under strict laws that protect the breeding flocks. More and more states with suitable turkey terrain are trying to reestablish them.

In spring each hen lays about a dozen eggs. The nest is scarcely more than the depression made in the leaves and grass by the weight of her body. At intervals of about 36 hours she adds new eggs to the clutch. Then, for 28 days, she incubates them.

At first her long-legged, gray poults eat mostly insects. Grasshoppers are delicacies and beetles will do. Gradually their foods include grasses, fruits and seeds. In winter the adults eat fruits, acorns and nuts.

The young turkey poult leads a life of danger. Floods and fires take their toll. Hawks and owls, foxes and dogs, catch them. Bobcats, raccoons and opossum feed on them if they can. But the turkey that lives to be six weeks old has a better chance. By autumn he will be almost grown—and just in time for Thanksgiving.

Hunters sometimes say the wild turkey is smart, but this opinion is open to question.

Perhaps the smartest thing the turkey does is stay out of sight. Alert, wary, secretive and suspicious, the wild turkey is seldom seen. But move quietly in the forests where he lives. Listen carefully. You may glimpse the dark forms of the big birds slipping through the woods. Or during the spring breeding season, you may hear the wild turkey call. It is a woodland meeting you will long remember. ■


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## Derelict Spaceship

(Continued from page 39)

another spaceship."

"Why, he speaks English! Tell us, boy, did our Jupiter mission abort? Are we still orbiting Earth?"

Ed told them sadly, "Your ship got off course in a radio storm. You shot past Jupiter long ago. Now you're nearly to Alpha Centauri."

Doc chuckled. "Don't try to fool us, son. You already said you came aboard from another spaceship. There aren't any ships outside the solar system—at least, none with humans aboard."

"There are nowadays," Ed said. "My ship, the *Magellan*, has been on the way to a star for over a century. We launched 50 years after you did."

"Aw, come off it," growled the man called Tim, his bright blue eyes boring into Ed. "You think we'll believe you're over a hundred years old?"

"No, I was born on the ship, like my parents and grandparents. We're to colonize a planet of Alpha——"

"Damp down, Boy Scout!" the voice of Pete Aragon rasped in Ed's helmet phones. "We know you're alone in there. Quit play-acting and come back here before we get rough."

Ed thumbed off his intercom. "We're all in bad trouble. I came here looking for your radio. Can you show me where it is?"

The men looked at each other. "Poor kid," one said softly. "A stowaway, and crazy. Wonder how he sneaked aboard before launch?"

Doc said, "It's a miracle he survived without our xenon deep-sleep and nitrogen freeze. Hmm. We must be only a few hours past launch, or he couldn't be alive. But what turned on oxygen and revived us? If our pre-landing apparatus did it, we should feel gravity."

Ed quavered, "Maybe I started the machinery. I pulled a lot of switches in that big room. But please help me——"

"Blast!" Tim groaned. "A stowaway playing with levers ruins a billion-dollar space mission. So now we go back to Earth, Doc?"

"Probably. We can't get into suspended animation again, so we can't reach Jupiter. It's Skipper's problem. He should be awake now."

"You've gotta listen!" Ed cried. "You've been in suspended animation over 150 years. Now your ship's been boarded by a gang of Rebs—you might call them pirates. Maybe you can hear them if——" He switched on his intercom. Pete Aragon's voice still snarled and threatened, so Ed tore off the earphones and thrust one at Doc.

As Doc listened, his big face sagged. Finally he told the others, "There do seem to be strangers aboard—unpleasant strangers. Where from? I can't figure what's happening.

Talking fast, Ed tried to explain. "They wanted to escape from the *Magellan*. They kidnapped me when they crossed to your ship. I got away so now they're after me. Won't you let me radio the *Magellan* for help?"

Tim's blue eyes were blazing. "Doc, let's probe around the ship a bit. You stay with us, boy."

He turned back into the hall from which he had come. But as he stepped toward it he sailed into the air, bounced off a wall, and tumbled. The others went adrift too. Doc said, "We're not space walkers. You seem to be good at it, son. Give us a hand."

Ed swooped and took his arm. "It's really easier than walking. You'll get used to it." He put his foot on a wall and gently pushed Doc toward the open door. Then he started the other men and glided after them.

They opened another hatch at the end of the hall—into a roomful of jumbled bodies, wildly struggling. The glass bunks he had seen in his first dash through the ship were empty now. The blue-clad forms that had lain in them were thrashing the air, tangled with each other, some floating upside down, others at all angles.

"Here's Doc Turner!" a boy of about 16 shouted. "What happened, Doc? What's wrong with our gravity?" Other cries filled the bunkroom.

Tim bellowed for silence. When everyone was quiet, Doc said: "The ship is floating free outside the pull of gravity. Stop kicking around. Drift quietly and you'll get your bearings."

There was another uproar. "Are we going to land? Is this reentry? Didn't the nitrogen keep us frozen long enough?"

Doc cut through: "Skipper will answer questions soon. Right now we've got to look into a more urgent problem. This boy in the space suit says our ship has been boarded by a gang who lammed out from a friendly starship near us——"

"Jetwash! Comedy stuff! The kid's lying!"

"I'm not lying." Ed flared. He caught the eye of a boy near him. "I'll give Scout's honor."

"Are you a Boy Scout?" Doc demanded. "You claim your starship launched in your ancestors' time, but you're a Scout?"

The boy near Ed said, "If you're a Scout, give the Oath."

"OK, but we're wasting time," Ed said grimly, raising his hand in the Scout sign. "On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and the ship; to obey the——"

"Wrong already," the Scout broke in. "He said 'to God and the ship'! It should be God and my country. Who ever heard——"

"That's probably what makes it right," Doc said. "If his ship doesn't use suspended animation, as we did, and is really aimed at the star nearest Earth, then generations have lived and died aboard. The ship really is his country—his whole world."

Ed's voice shook. "While you argue, those guys are gonna start your ion engines as soon as they find 'em, and get away from the *Magellan*."

"What are we up against?" Tim asked. "How are these boarders armed?"

"Well, they're not really armed at all," Ed faltered. He felt foolish in face of Tim's calm. "They left in a big hurry, and didn't bring blasters or anything. They thought everyone on this ship was dead, see?"

"How many are there?"

"About 20—mostly big kids with one man, Pete Aragon."

There was laughter. "You think unarmed kids can take this ship?"

But Doc said, "Let's not laugh too


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soon. If they find the control room and lock themselves in, we can't do much. This boy's intercom seems to be in touch with them. Turn it up again, son. We need to know where they are."

Ed fumbled with his space-suit controls. Voices squawked in the earphones dangling at his neck. Everyone floating near him pulled closer to hear.

From the voices, Ed knew the boarders were scared and confused. "The kid isn't on this deck," came Buzz Snead's whine. "The corpses under glass are crawling out. Are they zombies? We better leave, Pete."

Another voice chattered, "These spooks are crazy—they're tumbling all over—where are ya, Pete? I wanna get back to our pod."

"Forget the pod," Aragon's harsh voice said. "Get to the main shaft and follow it to midship. I'm waiting here in a big cabin with control panels. Everyone zig in here fast."

Ed reported to the crowd: "I think Pete found the control room. He's telling all his gang to meet him there."

"Ha! There's our Boy Scout again," Aragon barked through the earphones. "Linden's blabbing to somebody."

Ed snapped off his mike and told Doc, "Pete heard me."

"If he's in the control room, will he know how to handle the engines?" Doc asked. "Where do they plan to go with the ship?"

Grinding his teeth, Ed said, "Nowhere special. Just anywhere the *Magellan* won't go. They've lived in space all their lives, and don't want to land. That's why they skipped out. The *Magellan* is due for planetfall in a few weeks."

"Why, they're idiots! They'll starve here. We'll all starve, now that we're awake. There's very little food aboard."

"They never thought of that," Ed said. "We grow food in hydroponic farms on the *Magellan*. Can't you grow it on your ship?"

"Not a chance," Tim said. "No soil of any kind. Tell them. Then maybe they'll leave without bloodshed."

Ed's fingers trembled as he pushed the button. "Pete Aragon, do you read me? Linden calling Aragon."

"Finally catching on?" the old man's voice crackled in Ed's ears. "Ready to give up?"

"Surprise, Pete. You'll starve unless you get back to the *Magellan*."

"Waddya mean, starve?"

"I mean there's no farm on this ship. The crew planned to sleep until planetfall, and grow food after landing."

Pete's followers could hear Ed's words in their own earphones. Now they all started talking, but Pete yelled, "Stow it! Don't let him psyche us. No crew would start into space without food. They have to eat while they wait for crops to grow."

His gang was not convinced. "Their food won't last long. They'll fight us for it—they're banging on the door now—we gotta go back!"

"We can't go back, you boneless blitherers!" Pete blazed. "You want the wardens of the *Magellan* to put clamps on you?"

"But you said we could," Buzz Snead blubbered. "We could say it was just a joke——they'd never know what we planned——"

"That was before this snoopy Scout pried in. He'd tell the whole story. Which of these levers starts the ions, Mike?"

"It must be on your side," a voice said. "These are for lights, heat, oxygen and all kinds of sensors."

"Well, come find it. I want propulsion. Say, wait! You got switches for oxygen?"

"Yup."

"Then we're set! We can go back, and nobody the wiser! All you guys, hear this: Be sure your helmets are sealed tight. I'm gonna cut off the ship's oxygen. That'll fix these deep-freeze jokers. They don't even have helmets."

"You can't do that!" Ed shouted. "They'll all die!"

"Shut your yap, whoever said that. They'll die anyway when their food is gone. But we'll live, back on the *Magellan*. Ready? Off goes the oxy."

Ed's heart was banging. He switched off the intercom. "Now will you let me radio for help?" he said.

Doc said slowly, "The radio is in the control room. We're locked out."

There were moans and mumbled prayers from the colonists. They flailed and fought to propel their weightless bodies out of the bunkroom into the corridors. Panic was spreading fast. Amidships a crowd battered uselessly at the metal door outside the control room. Other blue-clad figures surged here and there, seeking corners where air might be more plentiful.

Ed wondered how soon the oxygen would be used up and everyone would die. Everyone? Suddenly he remembered that he need only fasten his helmet, and the oxygen unit in his space suit would keep him breathing. He snapped it down. At least he'd stay alive.

Now he could just wait until Aragon and the Rebs left the derelict. Then he could get into the emptied control room, radio the *Magellan*, and a capsule would come to take him off.

After all his terrors and troubles of the past hour, Ed felt limp with relief. He had nothing more to fear. What a tale he could tell on the *Magellan!* He'd be Ed Linden, boy hero.

Hero? After leaving people to die?

He squirmed. *What can I do for them?* he asked himself. *There's no way to stop Pete. No way to call for help until all these colonists die and Pete leaves the radio room.*

A wild thought crossed his mind. It made his stomach turn over.

He still had the jetpack Pete had given him for crossing from the ferry pod to the derelict. By using it again, maybe—just maybe—he could shoot himself back through several miles of abyss to the *Magellan*.

No, he didn't dare. If he got a little off course he would tumble forever through space. The only smart thing was to play safe and wait.

He relaxed and floated in the doomed ship's corridor. But his mind played tricks. He found himself thinking of the old, old American history lessons he'd seen on schoolroom screens in the *Magellan*: lessons about patriots who kept trying with danger all around, because they knew what it would mean to others if they failed.

He stiffened. He'd have to try. He couldn't live out his life knowing that people died because Ed Linden turned coward. So he groaned out loud and shoved himself toward midship, looking




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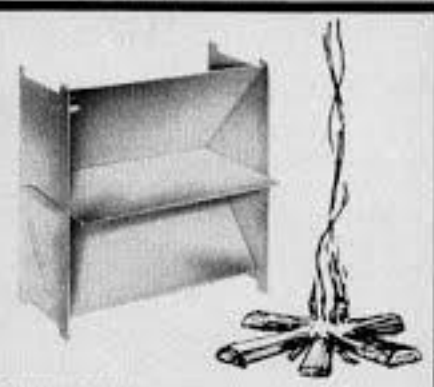
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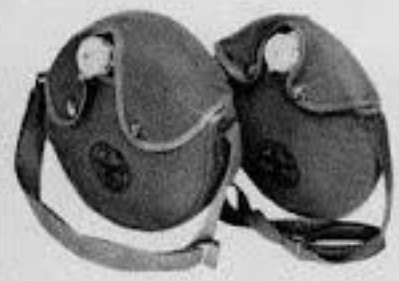
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around for someone he knew.

He found the dark man named Al studying a flicker of numbers on the readout panel of a tiny computer. "Please, sir, take me to an airlock," Ed said to him.

Al turned. "Why? Rather die in space than here?"

Ed tried to smile. "Nope. I want to win a medal. I think I can hop to the *Magellan* in my space suit and get help for you."

"Without a ferry pod? Or even a safety line?"

"I'll be OK." Ed fought to keep his voice steady. "Please, hurry."

"Lots of time. We'll live for 41 hours on the oxygen left. Let's figure a plan with the best chance of getting you across."

"No, no! The *Magellan* is farther off every minute. Besides, I'll lose my nerve if I don't go quick."

Al studied him. "Well, so be it. You'll get medals all right if you save us. Come." He took Ed's arm and they worked their way through the struggling, shouting people. Not until Al eased him into an airlock and left him alone facing the open port did Ed think about the task ahead.

The colossal metal globe that was the starship *Magellan* hung before him in space like a crescent moon, one edge lit by the remote sun Alpha Centauri. The rest of the ship was invisible in the inky blackness. Ed could not guess whether it was one mile away or 20.

He crouched awhile, one boy lonelier than he'd ever been. The terrible vast nothingness frightened him as it had before. Once he was out there he might never see another human being, never touch anything.

He couldn't make himself move. But finally he remembered something his father said long ago: "When you're scared, think about other people, not yourself."

He thought of the people in the derelict. He was their one chance. *So now! Jump!*

He did.

He was hung in space, feeling no motion, but seeing the old derelict ship drop away. He tilted up his chin and saw that his body seemed to be lined up with the great shining crescent of the *Magellan*. He must have aimed right.

How long should this dive take? He remembered Pete saying the *Magellan* was about six miles from the other ship. Fifteen minutes should get him there, at most.

But hours seemed to pass. There was no air friction to slow him in the vacuum of deep space, so he knew he must be moving, but he felt as if everything had stopped.

At last the huge ship crept nearer. Soon it was all he could see, blocking out the stars. And there was a dim speck of light in the black wall of the *Magellan*. It must be the lighted opening of the airlock from which the ferry pod had ejected.

The speck got bigger. But it seemed farther to his right. Was the ship passing him? He must be moving almost parallel to it, just as the derelict was. But it was moving faster! Ed almost screamed as he realized that the great curved wall of metal would creep out of reach before he got to it.

Fighting panic, he tried to think. If he flashed his helmet light, someone in the observation gallery might read Morse code. No good. They couldn't help by reading his signals. Well then, could he use his jetpack to make a U-turn and float back to the derelict? Or could he call Pete on the intercom and beg to be picked up as the ferry pod crossed over? That was the best bet. He groped for his radio switch.

A babble of voices filled his earphones. "I've lost him . . . look at the pip on the radar, you slub, he's still out there! . . . Let's man the pod and nail him! We can't let him get to the *Magellan* . . . How you gonna get to the pod? Those spooks are all around it. We can't leave the control room till they're all——"

"Damp it, everybody," Aragon's voice rasped through the clamor. The jabbering stopped, and he went on, "I know you can hear me, Linden. You don't fool me by keeping quiet. I've made my last offer. Take it or not."

"I wasn't tuned, Pete," Ed cried. "I didn't hear your offer. Please say again."

Then a new shrill voice was in his earphones. "Eddie! This is Marty! Can you hear me, buddy?"

Ed's heart thumped. "Marty! Help! I'm almost to the ship but you're slipping past. I don't think I can catch it. Please help!"

"I can't see you. Where are you? Flash a light!"

But now Aragon roared over the intercom. "Jam the wavelength, guys! Drown 'em out! Ya-ya-ya-ya!"

Ed waited for the hullabaloo to dwindle so he could talk to Marty again. But the minutes wore on and the din kept up. *This must be what war was like*, Ed thought. *You were alone and helpless with enemies blocking you, but if you were a patriot you never gave up. Never! Think fast, Linden!*

If Marty couldn't hear, he needed another way to communicate. Marty must be in a space suit, since he was talking on the same wavelength as Aragon's gang. So probably he was at the open airlock. He wouldn't wear a suit on the observation gallery. And Marty knew Morse.

Moving carefully so as not to send himself cartwheeling, Ed reached and flicked on his helmet light. As its tiny spot wavered along the hull of the *Magellan*, he saw he was closer than he thought. He turned his head and swung the light to the open airlock, now far to his right. Yes, a figure stood there!

Stiff with tension, Ed jabbed his finger on the light control and flashed alternate dits and dahs, the AAA signal for attention. Almost at once an answering light blinked from the airlock. Dah-di-dah, it flashed repeatedly: it was the KKK that he was ready. Ed began sending.

"G-e-t a-r-c-h-e-r-y s-e-t a-n-d h-e-a-v-y t-h-r-e-a-d." It wasn't very clear Morse because Ed's finger was slippery with sweat. But Marty flashed an RRR to show he had read it, and then his light went out.

*If you ever hurried, Marty, hurry now*, Ed thought. He could see he was sailing along beside the *Magellan*, but too far away to angle over to it, and slowly falling behind. If he used his jetpack to change course, the sideward swerve would be too slow to intercept the ship.

So his wild idea was his last chance. Marty held the ship championship in archery. But could even Marty shoot exactly to Ed's light at such a distance? Would there be enough thread on the arrow to reach him? Would Marty even get back in time to shoot?

Then the light at the airlock flashed again. Marty was back. Ed signaled, "S-h-o-o-t t-h-r-e-a-d t-o m-e." Marty waved and busied himself with the arrow. Ed stopped flashing and held the steady beam on the airlock. In its light he saw Marty lift his bow. Then the arrow sped at him, right up the beam of his light.

Marty's aim was almost too good. As the arrow flashed past it nearly nicked Ed's helmet. With his gloved hand he caught the following thread. There was a jerk. The arrow had pulled loose, but he had the thread.

Now what? Was the thread strong enough to pull him to the ship? No!

He signaled, "T-i-e r-o-p-e o-n a-n-d p-a-y o-u-t."

Again Marty waved and dashed off in search of rope. The ship was farther away now, but the slender thread kept Ed linked to it, and he prayed the spool wouldn't run out.

At last he saw a length of rope inching toward him. Weightless in space, it did not sag, but crawled straight. Gently and carefully, Ed pulled the thread guiding the rope until, with a sob of relief, he had it in his hand. He worked it around his waist into a bowline, then gave a joyous tug. He felt Marty begin to pull.

Ed was limp as a rag when he was hauled into the airlock. He looked up as he pushed off his helmet and saw his Scoutmaster, Mr. Walters.

"Eddie, you crazy ape, are you all right?" Mr. Walters asked.

"Guess so. But I never thought I would be."

"Your guardian angel must have worked overtime. Why didn't you tell me where you went?"

Marty explained. "He didn't have time. He dashed off to follow Buzz and Pete into the hold, and they caught him and took him along. I was hiding nearby. After they ejected, I put on a space suit so I could listen on their intercom. I had to hear what they did—and I couldn't stop to get help."

"Well, you both did fine. Now tell me the whole story."

"First we've got another rescue job in a hurry," Ed interrupted. He explained about the colonists.

"I'll notify the governor," Mr. Walters said at once. "I'm sure he'll have the *Magellan* lay to, and take aboard everyone from the other ship."

"What about the warden?" Ed called after him. "Will he let me run my Brute again?"

"Sure. You've proved your right to," Mr. Walters said. "Now go tell your mother you're a hero." ■







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## A Day on Lot 9

(Continued from page 37)

can watch yesterday's rushes along with the director. The rushes consist of all of the takes shot on the day before. Some leave the lot and go to little restaurants scattered near the studio, where they meet with their press agents and business managers and conduct their personal business, or have interviews with press and magazine reporters. Some seek the quiet and coolness of these intimate little restaurants just to be away from the sun, glare and dust of the studio.

Slowly the crew and cast come back to the set. They talk about sports, the war in Vietnam, other pictures they've made, jobs that are coming up. Soon the street is busy again. The camera is uncovered, the sound equipment tuned up and everyone back at his job.

Bells ring, cameras whir, and another scene is in the can. The California sun is now at its zenith, and between the dust, the heat and the brightness it's difficult to move without feeling uncomfortable.

The first scenes shot after lunch are of the Mexican extras dancing in the street, celebrating the overthrow of their cruel dictator. This scene will come almost at the end of the film, but they are filming it right after they filmed the firing-squad scene, which will come almost at the very beginning. It is being filmed today and now because, one, the camera is already set up in the plaza where they are supposed to be dancing and, two, they already have the Mexican extras assembled for another scene. Thus they save time and money by not filming the story in sequence.

The Mexicans dance and twirl happily in the street to no music. The music will be added later in the dubbing room. After a number of takes from various angles the director is satisfied, the bells ring, the set is broken and the Mexicans dismissed for the day.

Ted Markland and some other actors and stunt men are sitting on a porch and someone hands Ted a guitar. A stunt man brings out a harmonica, a box becomes a bongo, and the group starts softly singing some folk songs. (Before Ted got into pictures he had a night-club act in which he played the guitar, sang and told stories about his Indian friends. Ted's off-stage interests are mountain climbing and Indians. He spends many months at a time out in the reservation with the Indians. As a sign of respect they've given him the name "White Chief.")

The set is broken and everybody is moved to an inside sound stage for some scenes involving closeup dialogue. The most interesting parts of any Hollywood studio are its huge sound stages. Every studio in Hollywood has quite a few. These huge, cavernous buildings, with curved roofs, are each about the size of a football field and about three stories high. Inside they are dark and gloomy with hundreds of spotlights of all sizes and shapes nested in the ceiling. Sound stages are used for interior scenes, closeups and some troublesome exterior scenes. Entire cities, streets, war scenes, ships and even mountains have been constructed. The production department of a film company determines whether it would be expedient to build a set or to go on location.

Today our director is doing some intimate dialogue and closeups of faces that he feels could be better filmed inside. A huge backdrop has been erected. It's a roll of canvas about 15 feet high upon which has been painted a blue sky complete with clouds. In front of this backdrop are placed a few trees, some grass, some piles of sand and gravel. The director and his electrician arrange the banks of lights in the ceiling, using the stand-ins. Since these scenes are closeups that will be inserted in some footage shot outdoors several days ago, the director and his electrician must try to get the lights to simulate the same effect of sunlight that they had when they shot the rest of the film out of doors.

(Parts of "Chaparral" are filmed on location in Tucson, Ariz. One of the biggest drawbacks in filming on location is the lack of a sound stage large enough to compensate for inclement weather. When a production like *High Chaparral* has a bad day of weather on location, the payroll loss can run into thousands of dollars. In Hollywood the sound stages solve the problem.)

By five o'clock a few more feet of film have been exposed and the director dismisses the cast and crew for the day. They start shuffling out of the building to their dressing rooms, stopping at wardrobe to hand back their guns, holsters, *serapis* and other props. As soon as the cast and crew have left, carpenters, electricians and painters start coming in to build, paint and fix the set for the next day's sequence.

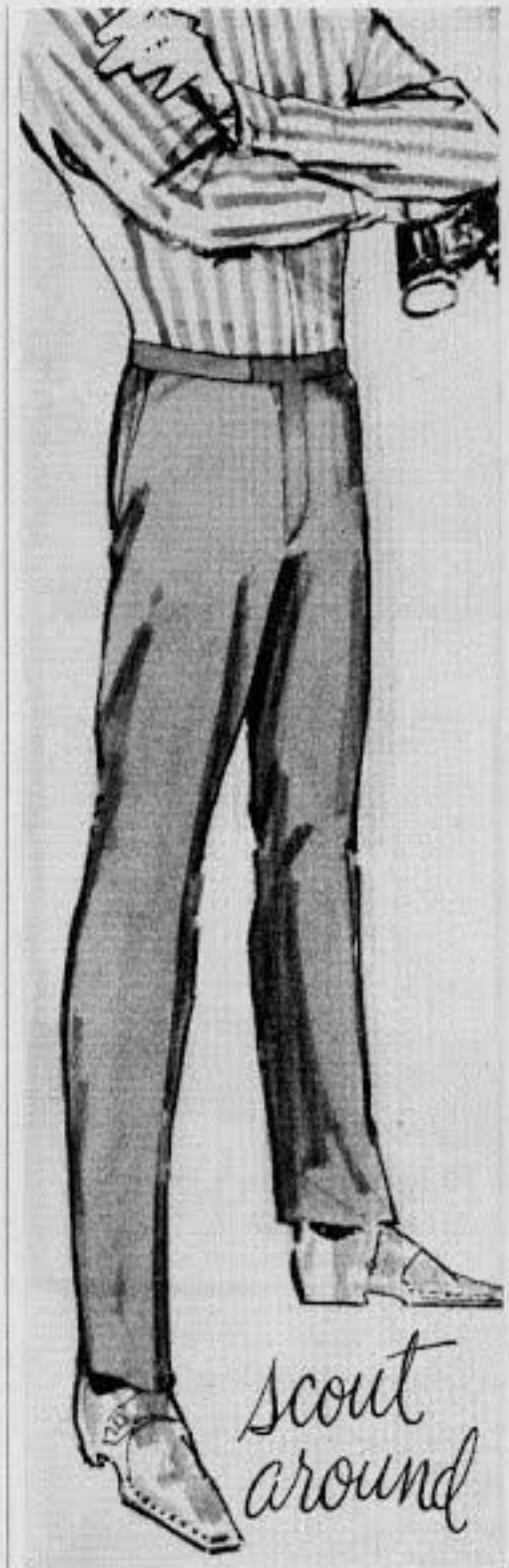
The exposed film has been deposited in large air-conditioned vaults located at strategic points on the lot. It is taken from there to the laboratory where it will be processed and developed and then, when all the filming is complete, it will be edited and cut into the hour-length film you see on television. After the first rough cut, it is sent to the dubbing room where technicians sit at a huge console covered with dials and add sound to the rough cut. They make sure the right words are coming out of the actors' mouths at the right time, they add music and sound effects, and see that the film is sent to the television studio. From the television studio it is sent out over the airways to you. And if each of you likes it, and watches week after week, work and dreams of success will be worthwhile for everyone involved. ■

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## George Washington: The Making of a Leader

(Continued from page 25)

conquers empires. He would never give in. The British could capture the cities, he knew, but as long as he had an army they could not beat him, for in the field he would be his own rallying cry. And even without an army, he might have yet fought on, for he had submitted to "Destiny which has the sovereign controul of our Actions."

But Washington had an army, rough, uncouth men who had marched hundreds of miles out of the New England hills. They wore cocked hats or caps of red worsted. Great heavy flintlock guns bore down upon young farm boys who had never seen a city, upon farmer-patriots in checked shirts who walked as if they were following a plow. The British had thought they would not fight, but at Bunker Hill Howe had lost 89 officers on his staff in a battle bloodier than any in the old French War.

Under a cold moon, Washington fortified the heights around Boston. The British withdrew to attack New York, which they were to hold for seven years. Washington had hoped to make a stand there, but his Yankees ran as fast as Braddock's Redcoats had done. Some ran home. Just keeping an army was a battle in itself, for many had had enough after their brief enlistments ended. Some left for spring plowing and planting; sometimes, whole regiments and companies just took off.

Yet at Trenton, a snow-covered village strung along the line of the icy Delaware, Washington attacked. It was Christmas, 1776. His move was bold and daring. He had given his men a password, "Victory or Death." He stood like a sentinel in the snow on the riverbank as rawboned fishermen from Marblehead rowed his men across. Then he divided his troops into two forces and caught the enemy in a pincers.

The enlistments of many of the men were up after Trenton. Tall on his horse, Washington rode along the lines, begging them to stay. The drums beat. Man after man stepped to Washington's side. They were beside him as he swooped down on Princeton, and one wrote home, "I shall never forget what I felt when I saw Washington brave all the dangers with a thousand deaths flying around him." When the British lines broke, Washington shouted: "It is a fine fox chase, my boys."

In triumph, the Continental Army marched through Philadelphia, spread out to hide its smallness, sprigs of green in the soldiers' hats. But they were not enough to hold the city and the British took over. The Americans went into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

This was the testing ground of American resolve, the hour when the people seemed to have abandoned Washington and his army. The men huddled in their tiny log huts or around the campfires. Many had no coats, no blankets, not even shoes. Their bloody feet stained the snow. Washington's battle now was with the Continental Congress for supplies; clothes were rotting in distant warehouses. The soldiers were hungry; they ate all the horsefood but the hay, and the horses ate their mangers.

But Washington was there. Men on guard watched for him in the night. Days they drilled, the officers' commands ringing out like gunfire. They pitched horseshoes. In the spring Martha joined George in the stone headquarters.

Then on a hot day in June in 1778 Washington's men attacked at the village of Monmouth and won. The big British Army retreated to New York. Triumphant, Washington slept that night with the men, out in the open.

He knew that his cause was being won. He could not go on the offensive; he did not have enough men. But the British were no closer to victory than they had been four years before. Far to the north, their great Gen. "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne had surrendered with his entire army. France had come in, having already sent a man who was an army in himself, the incandescent young Marquis de Lafayette.

For him and for the equally talented Alexander Hamilton, whom he called "my boy," Washington felt a father's love and pride. He took pride also in the exploits of other talented officers like John Sevier; the "swamp fox," Francis Marion; Daniel Morgan and young Nathanael Greene. In a brilliant stroke, Washington had selected Greene as commanding general for the South. Out of the backwater of the battle of Camden, the greatest single British defeat yet on American soil, Greene created a fighting force that whipped the British General Cornwallis out of South Carolina, back through North Carolina, and on into Virginia. There Washington awaited the wounded fox at Yorktown, closed in, and brought the great English fighting forces to a standstill. Years later, he would still remember the British band playing "The World Turned Upside Down."

The war was almost over, although it was two years before "our great and beloved General" embraced each of his officers in turn at their farewell in the Long Room of Fraunces Tavern. His hope now, as he said afterwards, was to "move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers." This was not to be. The "glorious cause" had been won. But the new nation had yet to be born.

And George Washington was the symbol, the standard, the rallying cry. As presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention, he brought to the summer heat in Philadelphia and the heat of Constitution Hall his great calm, his great prestige, and the eloquence of his silence. To the new nation, it was obvious that he should be the first President. Every elector wrote the name of Washington on his ballot. Washington himself had neither wanted nor sought the office, but accepted it like the good soldier he was. "The doom of greatness was upon him."

His ride from Virginia to New York was one triumphal procession, but the glory, the cheers, and the cries of "God bless our Washington" did nothing to shake his humility. In a "tremulous" voice, he read his inaugural address, the pages trembling in his hands.

No American President ever faced a more difficult task. For he had to make the theory of union a fact, pull a collection of sprawling "sovereign states" into a country. In a very real sense, he had to halt a revolution halfway. He had to hold off the armed forces and greedy ambitions of land-hungry Europe. Most of all, he had to decide what the Presidential office was to be.


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He was not a genius. There have been better soldiers, abler executives, more creative statesmen. But his combination of qualities was unique. He could make and had made the impossible become the possible. He was the citizen-soldier, the right man in the right place at the right time. The patience and valor with which he had fought the Revolution would carry him through the Presidency.

Most important, he saw the young country for what it was—an experiment, an experiment in free government and in diversity. He had recognized this diversity by including in his cabinet two who were pitted against each other like fighting cocks, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson, at first, did not even like the President. In fact, he and Washington differed on every fundamental idea. Yet Washington had a high regard, both for Jefferson's abilities, and for his understanding of the foreign mind, as a result of his years overseas. And Jefferson came more and more to admire his chief's impartiality and soundness of judgment.

Some critics wished that Washington would follow "his own good judgment" more, and listen less to others. But Washington always was aware of his limitations of education. His older brothers had been educated abroad; his education was neglected, his father having died when he was 11 years old.

He was a practical man always and much of his practical education he had gotten from a single book, *The Young Man's Companion*. Here he learned reading, figuring, geometry, writing—his handwriting was always beautiful—how to compose letters, draw up deeds, build houses, make ink and cider, to measure, navigate and survey, plant and graft, and to doctor the sick.

Much happened during George Washington's two terms as President. His proclamation of neutrality kept the United States out of war on the side of revolutionary France. John Jay's Treaty provided an unpopular settlement to keep the peace with England, and the Pinckney Treaty with Spain granted the young country free navigation of the Mississippi River. Alexander Hamilton grounded finances with his National Bank. All were remarkable achievements, but even more remarkable was what Washington made of the Presidential office, the luster and authority it gained from his own prestige.

The test came with the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794. The brawling farmers of western Pennsylvania had refused to pay the government tax on their whiskey and even threatened an armed attack against Pittsburgh. Once more, George Washington put on his old Continental Army uniform. With Hamilton at his side, and an army of 15,000 troops from the different states, Washington started to march upon the Alleghenies. The "rebellion" shattered. More important was the fact that men from one state had invaded another, and that the President had established the power of his office over rebellious dissenters—or a single rebellious state.

As a symbol, Washington had continually to submit himself to display, ceremonies, parades which he found "fatiguing and painful." But he would not withdraw himself from his fellow citizens. During his Presidency he went on a tour of the states, during which a typical ceremony honoring him took place in Newburyport, Mass.

Upon arrival, he had to leave his coach and mount a horse, then to be greeted by the militia and the distinguished citizens of the town. The artillery fired in salute. A group sang:

"He comes. He comes. The HERO comes!
Sound, sound ye trumpets, beat, beat ye Drums . . .
From pole to pole his praise resound,
For Virtue is with glory crown'd . . ."

the whole punctuated by drum riffles and cannon shot. Then came the parade, with almost everyone in town in it, including the young "Scholars," each carrying a pen. The address of welcome contained the usual tributes to Washington's "wisdom and valor" and called for a reward adequate to his virtue. The President responded in kind.

After a ceremonial dinner, he was called upon to hear still another tribute and hope that for him would be "the unfading laurels of an everlasting crown." Again, he replied. Then came military salutes and fireworks, with a ceremonial breakfast the next morning. A bystander in Newburyport noticed that the general was "visibly moved," which is remarkable considering that he would go through the whole performance again in the town of Salisbury within a few hours' time.

With his Presidency at last over, Washington once again dreamed of freedom "from the busy scenes of public life." At his final official dinner as President, he remarked that he hoped this would be the last time he would drink a toast "as a public man." But a private man he could never be again.

Mount Vernon was still there as he had dreamed of it. Nothing had changed the ripening fields, the horses, the dogs, the guns and fishing rods; Martha was there with her two grandchildren, George Washington and Eleanor Parke Custis. For "Nelly," who could always make him laugh, Washington bought a "Forte piano" and an expensive imported harpsichord, for he loved to hear her sing and play.

But there was no peace at Mount Vernon. The rule of Virginia society was: "Let no-one go hungry away," and everyone came and stayed and stared. Mount Vernon became "a well-resorted cabin." Once Washington wrote in his diary that he had dined alone with Martha for the first time in two years! All these strange faces, he wrote bitterly, "come as they say out of respect for me. Pray would not the word *curiosity* answer as well?"

He found peace at last in the winter of 1799. He had ridden out in the rain and snow and contracted a severe chill. In the night, he was very sick. At dawn, the doctors came and bled his last strength away from him.

He understood. "Doctor," he said, as he lay with his head in a friend's lap, "I die hard, but I am not afraid . . . Let me go off quietly." They did. "'Tis well," he murmured a little later. Calmly, he felt his own pulse; then his big hand slid to his side and quietly he breathed his last. The Father of Our Country had passed into history. And it was one of his old soldiers who said truly of him: "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen." ■


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## Mountain Jim

(Continued from page 27)

hear the night birds or the frogs, the horses or the river. It was as if all other life had ceased, and Tim and Boone and Paddy were the last breathing creatures on Earth. The boy sitting at the table, the dog lying on the floor, and the cat curled up in a cushioned rocking chair did not move. All six eyes were fixed on the front door, and all six ears were alert. Presently, the world about them broke its silence and the frogs croaked and the owls warned and the river murmured as it fell over the beavers' dam.

Tim's mouth was very dry and he went to the icebox on the back porch for another bottle of root beer. Boone and Paddy followed him. He poured some milk for the cat and found some scraps of meat for the dog, and then he stood looking out the screen door at the moonlit fields. Haystacks stood out darkly like an encampment of Indian wigwams, and nearer the house, the saddle horses were grazing calmly, or sleeping with their heads on one another's necks. Pocahontas was resting her head upon the mane of Jericho, a large and handsome palomino, Tim's father's favorite. The sweet smell of timothy came strongly from the hayfields, the stars were big and brilliant, and Tim, after his uneasiness of a few minutes ago, felt that all was well.

He was about to turn away from the door and go back to the living room when a dense cloud moved over the face of the moon, and in that short period of darkness, he heard three things: a dog yelped as if it had been kicked savagely, a horse neighed crazily as if it had been surprised by a rattlesnake, and a man's voice, soft but firm, said, "Hush up, Ring."

The sounds were so close they might have come from the bottom of the steps, and when the moon "owed forth again, Tim saw the horses running in wild confusion, rearing up on their hind legs, pawing the earth with their forefeet, snorting and nickering. Streaking across the pasture was a tall lean man and, at his heels, a black dog three times as big as Boone. The man was carrying a bundle under one arm, probably a bedroll or an extra large duffel bag. They did not make for the gate, but, dodging in and out among the wildly agitated horses, headed for the far side of the barbed-wire enclosure. How would they get through the wire? The strands were close together, the wire was new and stretched tight, and the fence was too high to vault. Tim kept his eyes on the man and the dog, but he could not tell what happened. He saw them run toward the fence and he saw them run beyond the fence, but he did not see them go over or through or under those cruel spiked wires. They went in the direction of the potato cellar built into the side of a hill and then they disappeared. He could not be sure —indeed, he could not be sure of anything now—but he thought that briefly there was a glow of light around the potato-cellar door.

Paddy finished his milk and began to wash his face, but Boone was quivering from nose to tail. As for Tim, he was rooted to the spot; he felt cold again and, to tell the truth, scared. If Boone had not so plainly shown, by his shivering and baring his teeth and yelping softly in alarm, that he, too, had heard and seen something that didn't belong here, and if the horses had not started that frantic stampede and set up such a racket, Tim would have thought that he was only imagining a tall lean man and a big black dog. Moonlight had a way of playing tricks on you—especially when you were alone—making you see things that weren't there at all. In moonlight, a harmless chokecherry bush could turn into an ogre, and a toad into a crocodile. It was likely, Tim reasoned, that the tall man and the big black dog were nothing but a hobo and his companion who had been found in a boxcar and dumped off the train at the Kavanagh gates—that would explain everything. By now they were probably harmlessly tucked away in the mow loft of somebody's barn, waiting for daylight, when they would sneak onto the morning freight going west.

It would explain everything—the train stopping, the man's bedroll—except how they had got through the fence. The more he thought about it, the surer Tim was that he would never be able to go to sleep again until he found out. He would have a look at that fence and see if it had been cut at any place; just in case the dog showed up again and proved to be mean, he'd take along his .22. Boone was not only expert at helping Tim bring in the milk cows at night, he was also a first-rate hunting dog. When he saw Tim loading his .22, he danced with excitement, his white curled tail flipping rapidly from side to side, his great intelligent yellow-brown eyes looking up at his master with joy as if they shared a wonderful secret. Paddy yawned with indifference and went back to the living room.

Boone did not make a sound and neither did Tim as they stole out from the back porch and over the side lawn to the lane and across the lane to the pasture. The horses had settled down again to their naps and their browsing. The only signs of their earlier disturbance were deep hoof marks in the sod.

Boone, acting the role of bloodhound, sniffed the ground as he and Tim made their way all around the fence. The wires were as tight as ever, there were no bits of clothing or hair clinging to the barbs, there were no footprints in the powdery red dust just beyond the grass of the pasture. Tim looked across the stretch of sage and up the hill to the potato cellar. Were the tramp and the dog in there instead of in a barn somewhere? Somehow he didn't like that idea. The potato cellar was only a small cave in the hillside, without a window, where the winter vegetables, the potatoes and cabbages and squash and turnips were stored. There was very little air in it, no more than enough for bugs to breathe. And there was a stout padlock on the door.

Nevertheless, Tim had the feeling that someone was inside that dark hole in the hill with its smell of dirt and tubers. The feeling was so strong that it made him shudder as if he were in his shirt-sleeves in a blizzard, and then made him go as hot as if he had been blistered by the sun. What should he do? The sensible thing, he knew, was to go back to the house, and he started to turn around. But Boone was not to be cheated out of an adventure, and he nuzzled Tim's hand and nudged him in the back of the knee as if to say, "Come on! What are we waiting for?"

To the north of the cellar there was a small shed where the traps and seldom-used tools were kept, and against it was a lean-to protected from the wind by the brow of the hill. This was where Mr. Talbot and the men hung their hides to dry. There were the skins of skunks and beavers and deer, the antlers of elk, rattles from rattlesnakes, the curled horns of a mountain goat. By day they looked ordinary enough, but in the moonlight—at least in the moonlight of this particular night—there was something spooky about them. The white stripes of the skunks appeared to glow as if they were lighted from behind; the goat horns looked as if they came from some supernatural animal. Nearby, a stand of yucca was in bloom, and its waxy white flowers, smelling of lemon, had an unreal, ghostly look.

In the house, the grandfather clock struck nine. As the last echo of the clear, sweet chimes died away, the door of the potato cellar swung back, and there, silhouetted against the silvery night, was a tall lean man and at his side a thickset black dog.

Tim's skin crawled and the hand that held his gun was wet, his mouth was dry and he was again beset by chills and fever. Boone growled but stayed stock-still, and the black dog stood beside the man, a motionless and silent sentinel. How long the four of them stood that way, like children playing Statues, Tim could not guess.

The man was dressed in the kind of clothes that had not been worn for 50 years or more. He wore a frontiersman's buckskin suit, much the worse for wear: some of the fringe on the jacket was gone and there was a jagged tear in one trouser leg; the whole suit was covered with dark stains. On his feet were bearskin moccasins and on his head, a wide-awake hat from which fell long black hair, down to the shoulders. From his belt, studded with silver conches, hung a sheathed knife with a carved hilt, and the butt end of a revolver stuck out of his coat pocket. He stood with his legs apart in an attitude that said, "Keep your distance, boy."

Tim's fear was great, but his curiosity was greater and he moved a little nearer. He did not stop until he was 15 feet from the potato cellar; from here he had a perfect view of the man's face, and what a face! Never in nightmares and never in horror movies had he seen a face so villainous. A deep scar ran from the right eye straight down to the chin; another scar zigzagged across the forehead, and a third ran from just beneath the left ear down the jaw and disappeared in the folds of a neckerchief. But as he gazed, Tim realized that the face was not really villainous. On the contrary, it bore an expression of kindness; a half smile was on the lips and a gentle sadness in the deep-set eyes.

"Who are you?" It was Tim who had spoken. He was so surprised at the sound of his own voice that he stumbled. The black dog's ears went up and it seemed to be gathering itself for a lunge, but the man looked down and said, "Quiet, Ring," and the dog resumed its patient stance.

"Who are you, sir?" Tim repeated his question, remembering to say "sir."

There was a long silence.

And then there was a sigh like the soughing of wind in the tops of lodge-



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pole pines and the branches of quaking aspen trees in the thick forests up yonder on the slopes of the peaks. Out of the sigh came a voice that said, "I'm Mountain Jim, lad. Jim Nugent, lad. They called me Mountain Jim."

"What do you want, Mr. Nugent?" asked Tim. "What can I do for you?"

"Nought, lad," said Mr. Nugent. "I came back looking for my dog. I've come back many a time looking for Ring and tonight I found him."

"Did you come on the train?" asked Tim. But he addressed only the door of the potato cellar and the hides of skunks and deer. Mountain Jim and Ring were gone.

Tim scrambled up the hillside and scanned the mesa just beyond. He saw nothing save Indian paintbrush and mariposa lilies.

"Mr. Nugent," he called.

An owl in the top of a cottonwood tree said, *"Who? Hoo. Hoo."*

WHEN TIM'S PARENTS CAME HOME from town that night, they found him asleep with his head amid the scattered pieces of the Grand Canyon. There was nothing odd in that, although Mrs. Talbot said she had told him to be sure to go to bed by half-past nine.

"Hold on," said Mr. Talbot, for he had seen the rifle on the floor beside the sleeping boy. "That's funny—something must have spooked him. I've never known Tim to be spooked before."

"He's never stayed alone before," said Mrs. Talbot. "Maybe we shouldn't have left him."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Talbot. "There's nothing in this valley that could harm a fly. Most likely he heard a pack rat. Or smelled a skunk." He shook Tim by the shoulder and said, "Wake up, son, so's you can go to sleep proper."

Tim sat up groggily and rubbed his eyes. Seeing the mess he had made of the puzzle, he said, "Oh, for Pete's sake, I've caved in the Grand Canyon."

"I reckon it can be shored up again," said his father with a laugh. "How come you had your gun in here? You hear a bear?"

Tim gulped, remembering what had happened. But had it happened? Or had he dreamed it all and walked in his sleep and fetched his gun in here? On the one hand, he didn't want it to be thought that he believed in ghosts, and on the other, he didn't want anyone to think he was afraid of staying alone, and so he said, "I thought maybe I'd clean it, but I guess I went to sleep."

"You weren't nervous here alone, were you, Tim?" asked his mother.

"Are you *kidding?*" said Tim and then, forgetting himself, he asked his father, "Did you ever know anybody around here named Jim Nugent?"

Mr. Talbot thought a minute and shook his head. "Nugent. No, I can't rightly say I ever heard of any Jim Nugent hereabouts."

"The name sounds familiar," said Tim's mother. "I've got a notion way back in my mind that I've heard the name. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know," said Tim. "I guess I dreamed it."

"You'd best go dream some more," said his father. "I want you up early in the morning so we can go get your mother a mess of trout for dinner."

As Tim left the room, he heard his father say, "Jim Nugent *does* ring a bell. Nugent. Jim Nugent."

OLD MR. SANDY MCKERROW, whose wheat farm was next to the Kavanagh property, went fishing the next day with Mr. Talbot and Tim. Mr. McKerrow had been born in Scotland, but when he was only a child of three or four, his family had emigrated to the New World and had come across the country in a covered wagon in the 1860s. They had settled here in Beulah Valley and now their descendants were all over the region; a few of them had gone away over the mountains to seek their fortune in the larger world, but for the most part the McKerrows and their sons and grandsons remained, raising cattle and sheep and wheat. Except for a trip to Mexico or British Columbia now and again, Old Mr. Sandy McKerrow had never left the valley. He knew everybody and everybody knew him. The people to whom he was not related by blood or by marriage were bound to him by friendship; he could nurse sick animals back to health, he could make algebra clear to high-school girls and boys, he saw to it that poor people did not go hungry. He knew the names of all the plants on the mesas, in the fields and beside lakes and streams; he knew the names of his neighbors' horses and dogs. And his memory of the legends and the facts to do with this part of the world stretched back 70 years.

As the fishing party rode back from Lonesome Lake, Mr. Talbot said to Old Mr. Sandy, "By the way, did you ever know a fella hereabouts by the name of Jim Nugent? The boy was asking me last night and it stuck in my mind."

"Why, yes," said Old Mr. Sandy. "I knew Jim Nugent when I was a chap about Tim's age. Mountain Jim we used to call him, because he stuck close to the hills and never came down to town but once in two blue moons. Where did you come by his name, Tim?"

"I dreamed it," said Tim. His heart was going like a threshing machine.

"A queer kind of dream I call it that tells you the name of somebody dead for 60 years." Old Mr. Sandy looked closely at Tim, and Tim could feel a blush beginning at the roots of his hair and going straight down to his feet.

"I reckon you heard the name somehow," said Old Mr. Sandy, "and then forgot it and one way or another it came sidling back into your dream. Well, I'll tell you about Mountain Jim. Nobody ever knew where he came from or what his business had been before. He could have been a preacher or a train robber, either one, but you'd never learn which from Jim Nugent because he was a closemouthed man. Yes, sir, a closemouthed man about his past life and his inmost thoughts, but he had a whale of a lot of learning. He could talk to us young 'uns for hours about the stars and ancient history and he could quote Shakespeare by the yard. He was a trapper and a hunter and he'd only come to town to trade his skins for supplies and he'd stay a few days at the hotel. He lived in a wee cabin at the foot of Garland Peak and he lived all alone except for a big dog that he had called Ring. Ring was a mongrel, but he was mostly Newfoundland and he must have been close on three foot at the withers. He had a bark that could raise the dead, but he wasn't mean. Neither was Mountain Jim mean, though when you first saw his face, you wanted to hightail it. He had terrible-looking scars all over his face. I don't know what they came from but it must have been something mighty ugly. One of them, I recollect, went from his ear down into his neck, missing the jugular vein by a hair. We used to speculate a lot on that one.

"Mountain Jim ended his days in a sorry way. He came too close to a grizzly's den and the she-bear was guarding new cubs at the time. She charged poor Jim before he could reach for his six-shooter. It was a battle royal to judge from the looks of Nugent's clothes and his arms and face. If he had lived, he would have been homelier than ever. That mother bear didn't know who she was fighting—Jim managed to get to his knife and he did her in with a thrust to the heart. Jim was a way more than half dead when he got to the nearest house. Come to think of it, I'm not so sure it wasn't the house where you all live now. I do believe it was. Anyhow, he lived a few days but he was off his head. He kept muttering that he hoped somebody would take Ring in and give him a home. The dog was beside him the whole time. Afterward, when Mr. Nugent was gathered to Abraham's bosom, Ring vanished. Probably went wild. They do that, you know, and cats too. I've known a barn tabby to take to the hills and turn as ornery as a bobcat."

Old Mr. Sandy went on talking about the strange ways of animals. Ordinarily, Tim would have listened because he liked these yarns, but he could not take his mind off what had happened last night. Now that the old man had described Mountain Jim's scars and the looks of Ring, he knew he had not been dreaming. Reason told him that there were no such things as ghosts, but what could account for the events of last night? Perhaps, as Old Mr. Sandy had suggested, he had heard the name before, had even heard a description of Mountain Jim and had forgotten and what he had seen last night had been like a mirage.

But Boone had seen it too.

In the late afternoon Tim and Boone made the same tour they had made the night before. They walked around the horse pasture and went slowly up to the potato cellar. The padlock on the door was locked as always, and there were no footprints in the red dust. Tim felt a mixture of relief and disappointment. He halfway wished Mountain Jim had left some sort of calling card. He turned around and started back to the house to restore the Grand Canyon, but Boone had run up to the lean-to where the hides were hung and was barking shrilly in the way he did when he had made an important discovery.

There, nailed to the wall just below the horns of the mountain goat, was an enormous bear paw. It was not 60 years old, it wasn't a year old; it couldn't have been cut off a bear's leg earlier than a few days ago. Tim could tell, because the hair was still shiny and although the blood was dried, it was not yet brown. The curved claws were sharp and strong. Tim worked the nail loose and took the paw back to the house and to his room, where he put it in a box in which he kept odd-shaped and odd-colored stones. Then he went downstairs and set his mind to fitting together the forequarters and hindquarters of the burros descending the Grand Canyon. He was very happy. Mountain Jim and Ring were together again after all these years, and *where* they were together didn't matter a hill of beans. ■


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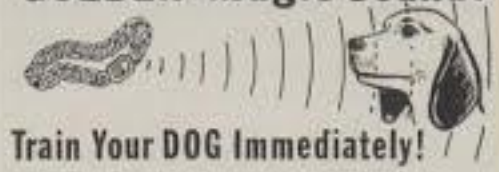
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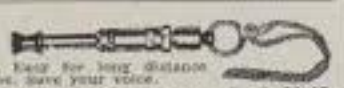
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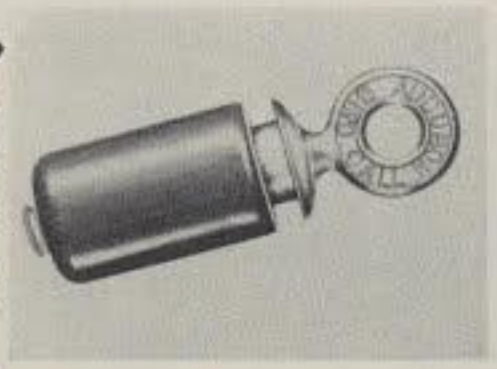
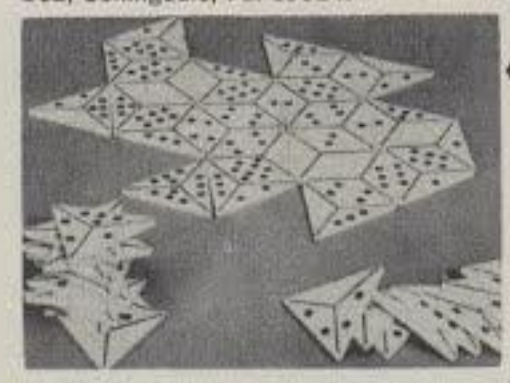




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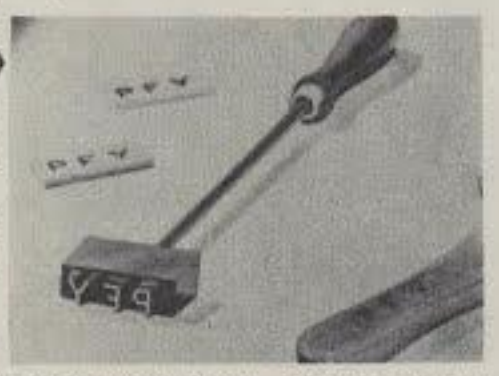
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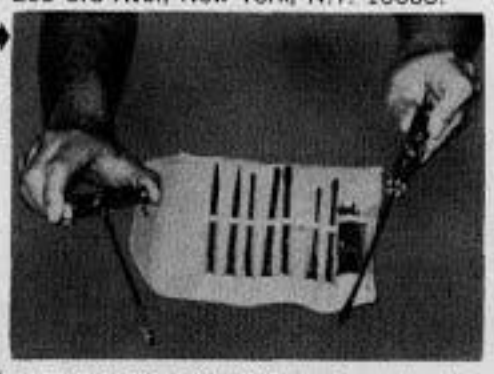

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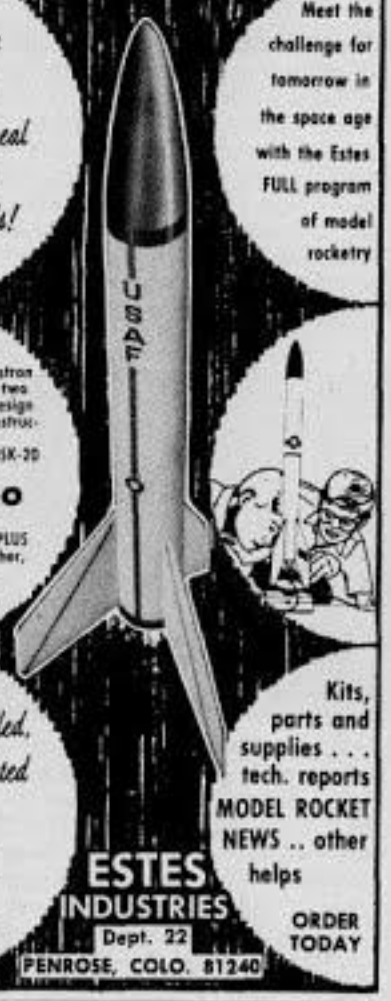
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# STAMPS & COINS

**BOTTLE MAIL.** On the first day of issue of the two Boy Scout stamps of the Bahamas, two bottles were launched in the River Thames in London as "bottle mail" addressed to the High Commissioner of Scouting in the Bahamas. The bottles carried messages of greeting and first day covers from London Boy Scouts who launched the bottles. The bottles are expected to cross the Atlantic by the Canary Current and the North Equatorial Current in about one year. Duplicate messages were sent by airmail.

**1968 COMMEMORATIVES.** A tentative list of 1968 commemorative stamps has been announced by the Post Office Department. Besides the Illinois stamp, the new issues include commemoratives for the HemisFair in Texas; the 50th Anniversary of airmail service; Walt Disney; and law enforcement. There will also be stamps in the famous American paintings and American Folklore series. A total of 15 commemoratives will probably appear this year.

**CHRISTMAS STAMP.** The Christmas stamp which was released by Norfolk Islands, a dependency of Australia, featured a prayer by John Adams. Adams was the last surviving mutineer from the ship *Bounty* on Pitcairn Island. He became a leader of his community, training his people largely from a Bible taken from the *Bounty*, and composed the prayer while still on Pitcairn. ■

—W. ARTHUR McKINNEY


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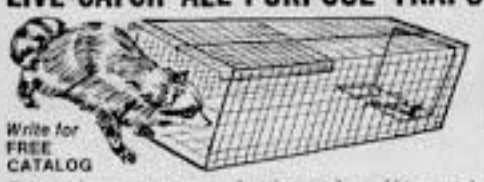
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# PROGRAM HELPS

# MARCH

Program Helps is designed to assist boys and leaders by listing features in this issue of *Boys' Life* that will help with activities, advancement, crafts and Cub Scout and Boy Scout themes. The Cub Scout theme for March is Rivers of the World; the Boy Scout theme is Signaling Methods. The meaning of the key letters to the left of the titles below: C—article pertains to the Cub Scout program; B—Boy Scout program; E—Explorer program.

**CBE** **Page 4 . . . MAKING THE SCENE . . . Wolf—Books; Bear—Writing; Webelos—Citizen, Outdoorsman, Scholar . . . All ranks—Boy Scout Good Turn; Camping merit badge . . . Explorer outdoor, service areas.**

**CBE** Page 8 . . . TIM'S TIPS . . . Wolf—Cooking; Webelos—Outdoorsman . . . First Class Cooking; Cooking merit badge . . . Explorer outdoor area.

**BE** **Page 12 . . . AUTOS . . . Automotive Safety merit badge . . . Explorer social area.**

**BE** Page 16 . . . SCIENCE . . . Space Exploration merit badge . . . Explorer social, vocational areas.

**BE** **Page 18 . . . GREEN BAR CORNER . . . March Boy Scout highlight . . . Second Class Lost requirement; all ranks—Good Turn, service . . . Explorer service area.**

**CBE** Page 20 . . . HOBBY HOWS . . . Wolf—Sports; Bear—Radio, Sports; Webelos—Sportsman . . . Archery, Electronics, Radio merit badges . . . Explorer vocational, personal fitness areas.

**CBE** **Page 23 . . . GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE MAKING OF A LEADER . . . Webelos—Citizen . . . Explorer citizenship area.**

**CBE** Page 28 . . . MARQUES HAYNES—King of the Court Clowns . . . Wolf—Sports; Bear—Sports; Webelos—Sportsman . . . Athletics, Personal Fitness merit badge . . . Explorer personal fitness.

**BE** **Page 30 . . . SCOUTING IN INDIA . . . World Brotherhood merit badge . . . Explorer citizenship.**

**BE** Page 46 . . . SCOUTS IN ACTION . . . March Boy Scout theme; Second Class, First Class First Aid; First Aid merit badge . . . Explorer service area.

**BE** **Page 50 . . . SCOUTCRAFT . . . March Boy Scout theme; Second Class, First Class First Aid; First Aid, Radio Safety merit badges . . . Explorer service area.**

**CBE** Page 55 . . . BOY SCOUT WEEK IDEA KIT . . . Wolf—Home Safety; Dramatics . . . Tenderfoot—Flag; First Class service project; Communications, Safety merit badges . . . Explorer social, service areas.

**C** **Page 75 . . . CUB SCOUT PAGES . . . March Cub Scout theme; Bear—American Folklore; Aircraft . . . Webelos—Artist.**


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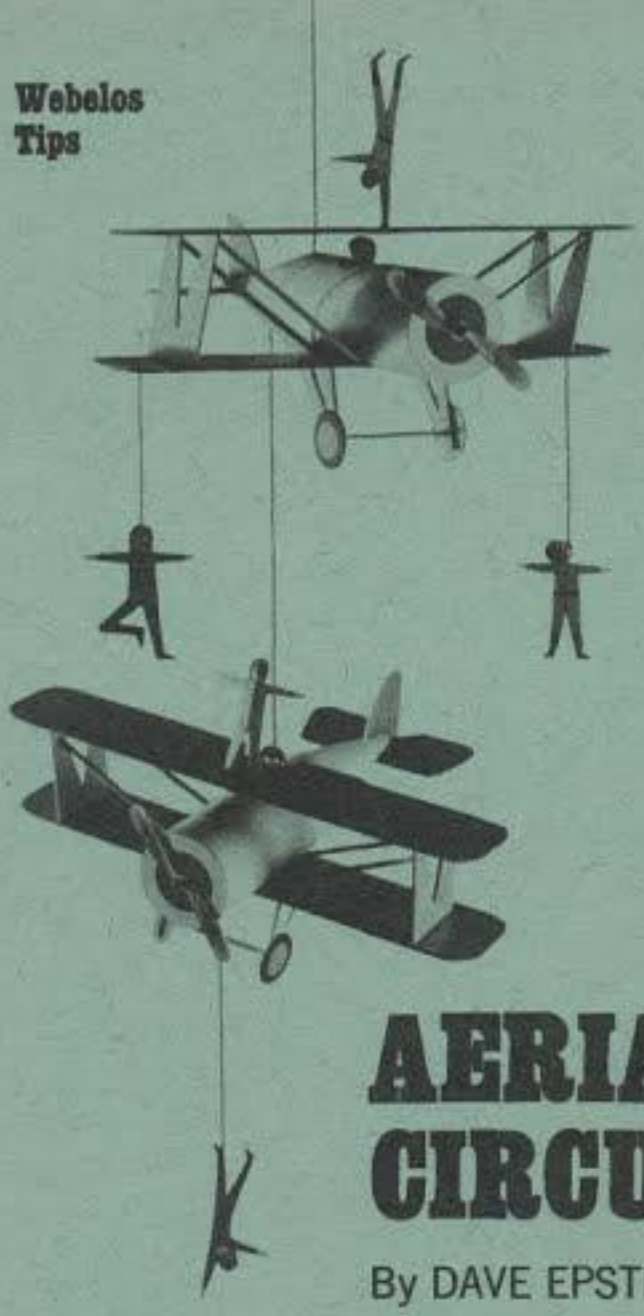
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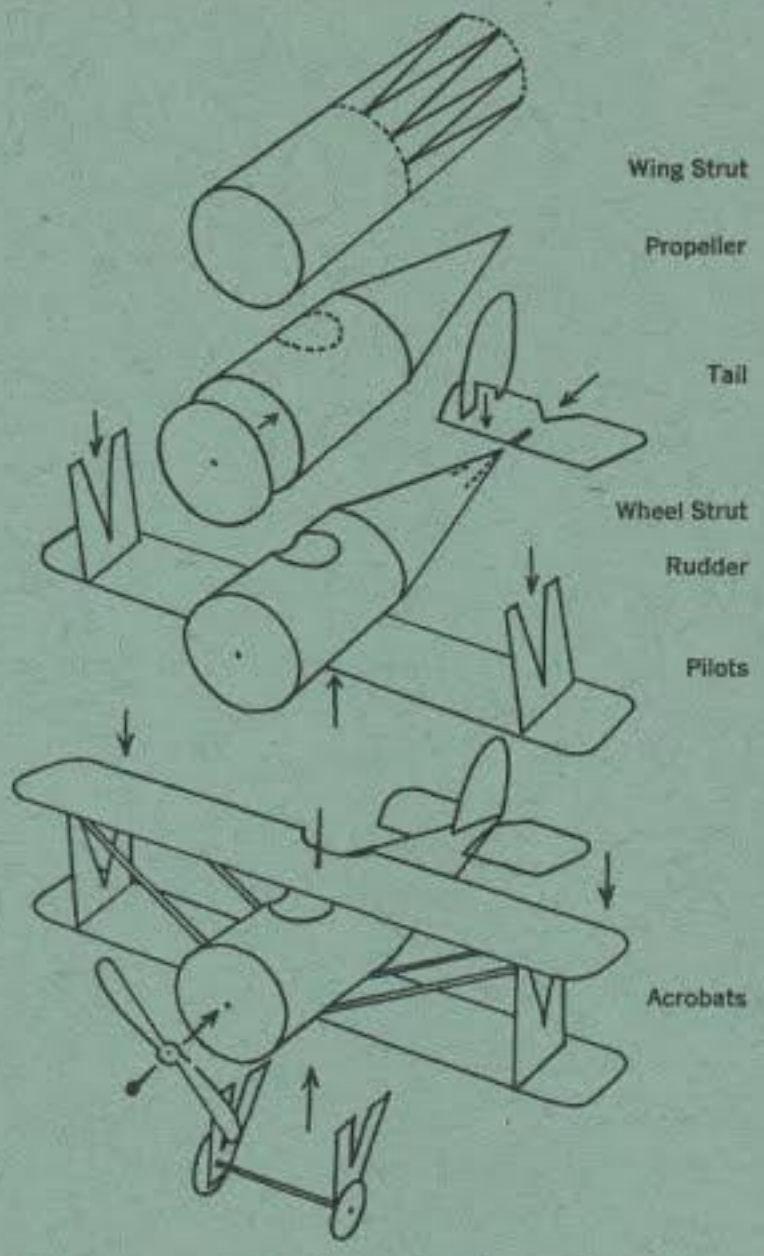
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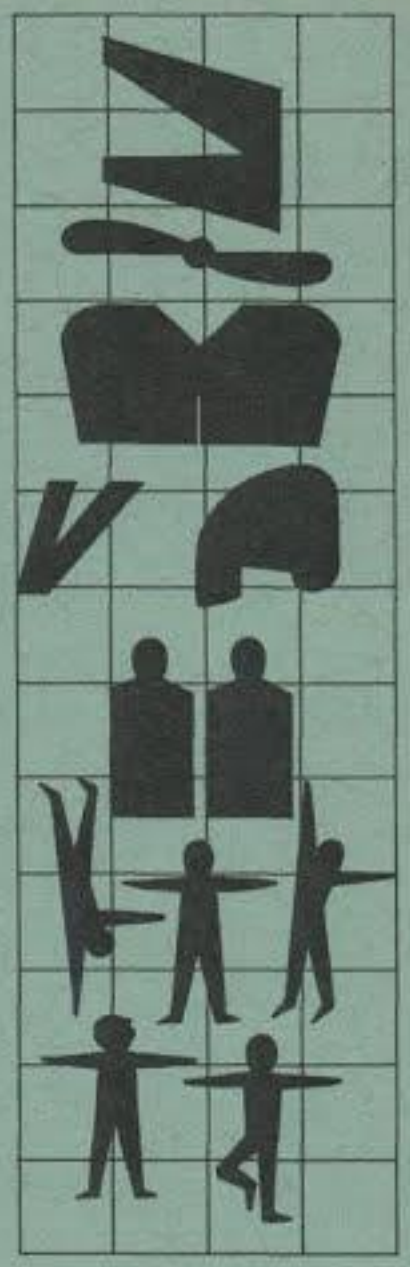
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# AERIAL CIRCUS

By DAVE EPSTEIN

In the 1920s the U.S. Army Signal Corps—the ancestor of today's modern Air Force—had many hundreds of surplus airplanes. Mainly these were training aircraft (the Curtiss Jenny and the Standard) left over from World War I. The stability and slow speeds of these planes made them perfect for acrobatics and wing-walking stunts. Many former pilots purchased planes and performed—usually in country fields—all over the United States.

Webelos who make their own aerial circus will have a start on the Artist activity badge.

## DIRECTIONS

*Materials:* Two paper-towel or mailing tubes about 1½ inches in diameter, a sheet of lightweight cardboard, several thin bamboo sticks or dowels ⅛ to 1/16 inches in diameter, paints or colored paper, paste or rubber cement, needle and thread, scissors, cutting blade, transparent adhesive tape, good glue, pencil, compass, toothpicks, pins.

*Fuselage:* Cut the tube to seven inches long, and mark off a circle around the tube at the four-inch point. Now, divide the circle into eight equal sections and draw straight lines from these points to the nearest edge of the tube. Make marks on the edge *in between* these parallel lines. Cut from the new marks back to the marks on the circle (with your scissors). You should end up with eight long, tapered points. Bend them all into a cone shape and firmly tape together.

The fuselage can be covered in any color paper you choose. Do it in two strips. First, paste down the paper over the cone section, allowing a little overlap on the round part of the body. Run the seam along the bottom and tape it down. Cut the overlapping paper into smaller flap sections which will paste down to the round section. Now cover the rest of the body so that you cover the little flaps from the cone section. Tape the seam for good measure along the bottom. Cut 1½-inch circles out of the thin cardboard and glue them over the open hole with glue. Use your cutting blade to cut a one-inch cockpit hole starting two inches back from the nose.

*Wings and tail:* Cut all four wings out of the heavy cardboard. They should measure 8½ inches long by 1¾ inches wide, with all the corners rounded off. The outer strut sections are cut from the same heavy board, following the diagram. The tail sections are cut from the lightweight board, also following the diagram pattern. All these parts can be either covered with color paper or painted with bright designs. The top wings receive a straight pin sticking up from the middle of the wing. (In a moment you will see why.)

*Assembly:* Cut a horizontal slice one-inch deep into the point of the cone and slip the tail fin into place. Cut a half-inch slit along the tip of the cone right over the corresponding notch in the tail fin which is now inside the cone. The rudder is then set into place. A dab of glue along some of the joints will help keep it stationary.

On plane's belly (opposite cockpit), slice out a section three-quarters by 1¾ inches. Set a wing into place here and dab with glue. Then glue cardboard struts an inch in from edges (slant toward front). When struts dry, set top wing on struts. For stability, measure the distance from the point where the lower wing touches the fuselage to where the upper wing touches the strut. Cut four stick struts for each plane and glue them into the diagonal position.

*Propeller:* Follow the diagram for the general shape, decorate it, cut it out, and fix it to the front of the plane with a pushpin or a regular straight pin.

*Wheels:* The wheel struts are cut from the heavy cardboard, following the diagram. The wheels are ⅞-inch circles (make the tires black) and glue to the wheel struts. Prick holes all the way through the wheels and struts, and place them on the opposite points of a wooden toothpick, which forms the axle. When the entire wheel section is ready, turn the plane over and glue the wheel struts to the bottom of the lower wing as far forward as possible.

*Men:* The pilots and stuntmen are painted on the lightweight cardboard and then cut out. Slip pilots into cockpits, glue acrobats on pins stuck through top wings. Use needle and thread to hang stuntmen from planes, each man on four inches of thread.

*To make it a mobile:* Tie a heavy knot in the sewing thread and then push the needle down through the top plane about three-fourths of an inch beyond the rudder. The needle should go down through the top and come out the bottom of the fuselage. Pull through the thread until the knot stops it. Push the needle through the floor of the cockpit of the lower plane a little to the side. Pull through the thread and come back up through the floor of the cockpit, again a little on the other side. Tie a slip-knot and tighten. There should be about eight to ten inches of thread separating the planes. Now the thread goes up through the belly and top of the fuselage of the top plane at the point where the cone starts to taper away from the tube section. Be sure to leave a lot of extra thread with which to hang the mobile. Dab all the knots with glue.

Now hang up your mobile and watch the action. ■



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**GIANT RIBBONS OF WATER ARE WOVEN INTO THE HISTORY OF MANKIND.**

# RIVERS OF THE WORLD

By CLYDE BAKER

Rivers talk in every language to every boy and man. There's the quiet talk of the wide-flowing stream while you relax with the clouds, waiting for a fish to grab your hook. Listen carefully; you hear *splat* when you skip a stone as far as you can. You talk back with a yell just as you hit the water in a racing dive.

Rain gathers and moves; melting ice and snow see the start of a river's talk. Listen for the chuckle of a tiny stream between its rocks, the moist roar of a tumbling waterfall.

River-talk? The engineer listens while planning giant dams that create lakes for irrigation and floating pleasure boats. By good farming and using plants to "tie down the earth," other men and boys work just as hard to stop water from washing precious ground downstream.

Factories and electric power plants interrupt the rush of a river to turn wheels, cool things as they're made. Big cities thirst or thrive while streams are silent and dry—or murmur bankful.

Historians listen to other sounds from rivers of today and ancient time. Valleys invited men with boats and canoes to explore; they echoed shouts of soldiers conquering new lands. Ancient cities have died under desert sands where life-bearing water once spoke of king and empire, then disappeared.

THE RIVER SEA: South America's great river has a romantic name—one given by adventurous Spaniards in 1541.

They were an exploring party headed by Francisco de Orellano, first European to travel the entire length of the river. With a handful of soldiers, he had set out to find food for the men of Pizarro's explorer-band—lost and ill in their vain search for cities of gold.

Promising to return with food and help within ten days, Orellano instead floated helpless and pell-mell down the flooded river. Although sickened from mysterious fevers he and his party for eight months fought Indians and insects, managed to steer away from deadly river dangers.

Records tell of a fierce battle with a race of warrior women who did "as much, fighting as ten Indian men." Their canoes looking like porcupines with well-aimed arrows that whistled from the shore, the explorers escaped farther downstream. But the Spaniards remembered their Greek myths, and called the warriors "Amazon."

Vine-tangled rain forest surrounds much of the Amazon River's 3,900 miles. Millions of acres, guarded by venomous snakes and vicious animals, are still marked on maps of Brazil as "unexplored."

Brazilians call the river giant *O Rio Mar*, "The River Sea" — and no wonder! The Amazon carries more water than a dozen Mississippis — building islands, then destroying them . . . sucking 200-foot trees into its floods. Where the mouth of the river feeds the ocean, it's more than 200 miles wide. Even far upstream, men boating up the river's center cannot see either bank.

BIG MUDDY AND THE FATHER OF WATERS: Huckleberry Finn's log raft bobbled over long-ago muddy waters that now echo the *bla-a-at* of air horns, the solemn rumble of diesel towboats. Do ghosts of oldtime transport roll over at new sounds along the rivers called Missouri and Mississippi? Put your imagination to work, now—hear the oldtime noises that rang between riverbanks when boats and mighty men moved their cargoes to busy Vicksburg, rugged St. Louis and Natchez.

Flags of three nations have flapped in river breezes over the two massive rivers that carry waters from nearly one-third of the entire United States (and part of Canada). French explorers thrust overland from the Great Lakes to explore the Mississippi from the north. Their name for the river is the one we know. Different Indians had tribal names; but most mean "Old Big Deep Strong River." In 1682 La Salle explored south to the Gulf of Mexico, planted the French flag.

During all these years, settlers from Eastern states poured into the land, started the flow of river traffic that hasn't stopped even now. Factory goods from towns filled flatboats, along with rich goods from valley farms, and hardy men grew tougher as they thrust long, stout poles into bottom mud to propel their craft.

All of the huge rivers that spill into the Missouri and Mississippi carried loads of goods for trading, for later shipment from New Orleans to all parts of the world. Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Red, Kansas—these rivers, and others, carried first clumsy flatboats, then keelboats, shanty-boats and thrilling steam.

Clanging bronze bells and screaming "quill" whistles told everyone that scalding steam would change the rivers and streams that fed them. Farmers and merchants no longer had a one-way trip downstream. Giant paddle wheels foamed muddy waters for 50 years after the *Washington* traveled upstream from New Orleans to Louisville in 1817. That trip took 25 days—a long time

*Deadly creatures still plague men who want to explore the Amazon's forests.*



*Explorers used the Mississippi River as a highway to the Western Wilderness.*



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Illustrated by JAMES ALEXANDER

*The Pharaohs are gone, but their temples and monuments watch over the Nile.*

compared with the record set by *Robert E. Lee* in its 1870 race with the rival *Natchez*, when flaming smokestacks lighted the way for a 90-hour, 14-minute trip to St. Louis from New Orleans.

Today, river traffic is heavy even without the romance and races of steam's heyday. Barges chained together, pushed by efficient power, carry millions of tons of grain, steel, oil and lumber over the river network.

BLACK TO BLACK, AND BLUE BETWEEN: Many rivers of the world are famed for their length. Each has a history of discovery, the different ways that man has traveled along their banks.

Europe's Danube River isn't the longest in the continent (the Volga rolls its course 590 miles longer), but it probably has more names than any other river in the world!

Germans call it *Donau*. To Hungarians it's *Duna*. Russia has it as *Dunai;* Bulgarians have *Dunav* on their maps.

Songs and poetry praise the Danube—from where it starts in Germany's Black Forest, to its mouth in the Black Sea off the coast of Rumania. We hear of the Danube most often in waltz time, for "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" by Johann Strauss the younger is one of the most famous waltzes in the world.

Along with its many names, the Danube has more than 300 other streams feeding its blue waters. The tributaries come from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Macedonia and Bulgaria.

Boat traffic is busy in the region. Large craft travel to Ulm in southern Germany. The "Iron Gate" is a deep gorge that forms part of the border between Yugoslavia and Rumania—and here the river narrows, flows so fast that commercial traffic is difficult.

CHINA'S LONG, CROWDED RIVER: Do city names along the Yangtze ring strangely in your ears? Listen, then, to the singing of the tributaries that flow into this, the world's fourth-longest river.

The long sing-song of feeder rivers includes Min, Ya-lung, Kia-ling, Yuan and Siang. The Han and Kan join, too.

China's major rivers all flow in a general west-to-east direction. The Yangtze does—and also provides the main channel of communication and irrigation for one of the most densely settled land areas in the world.

When Marco Polo, traveling merchant from Venice, visited the rich valley in the middle 1200s, he was impressed by the large number of boats that scuttled over the Yangtze's waters.

Before China discouraged so many foreign visitors a number of years ago, tourists filled their photo albums with shots of terraced farmlands rising from a river dotted with "junks," those Chinese boats of all work. Even today, we know that huge parts of the Yangtze valley's land support as many as 2,000 people per square mile.

One reason that richness stays along Yangtze-land is the way that farmers nourish it with every fallen leaf, each dead blade of grass—or animal waste and "night soil." Even crumbling clay bricks from old buildings are ground into powder and returned to nurse the soil and its plants.

Rice paddies sog under their load of water from the Yangtze, of course. Other valley crops include sugarcane, tobacco, corn and barley.

GIFT OF A RIVER: Across your map of Africa, the world's longest river spreads like a tree with many branches . . . limbs named Albert, Blue, Victoria and White.

People and priests of ancient Egypt thanked their gods for quiet Nile floods that spread rich silt on their farmlands each year. Even now, some of the world's richest crops grow in the low delta built by the river at the end of its 4,145-mile journey to the Mediterranean.

Wilderness and snow-capped mountains near the Earth's equator are the birthplace of the Nile's main branch, one which soon feeds vast Lake Victoria. As it leaps and churns through deep gorges and falls, the young river changes names from Victoria Nile to Albert Nile to the White Nile that loops across Sudan's high, dry country.

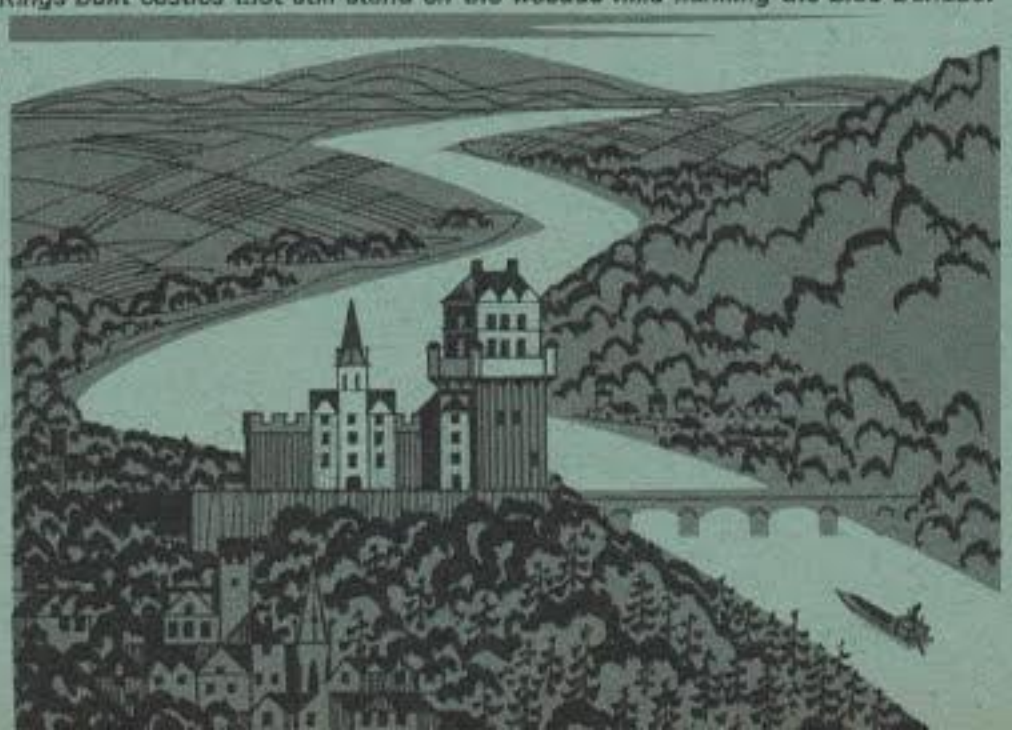
Still another branch of the river adds life and color at Khartoum, where the violent rush of the Blue Nile from Ethiopia's mountains brings more than half the river's total volume as it tumbles over six roaring cataracts toward the sea.

Those waters make plants green with rich silt. Irrigation canals flow from their banks so farmers can make the desert bloom.

The upper (southern) reaches of the Nile travel through gloomy jungles where strange plants grow three times as tall as a man. Elephants drink from the water; hippos slumber there shoulder-deep all day. Remote African tribes live near the giraffes, zebras, lions.

Near pyramids, sphinxes and statues that survive from ancient Egypt, thousands of years of history have shown men that even the dependable Nile sometimes forgets to flood in September. So, to make the "fat years feed the lean," men and machines built the Aswan High Dam, a structure big enough to earn approval of the pyramid builders themselves. ■

*Kings built castles that still stand on the wooded hills flanking the blue Danube.*



*Born among the clouds, the Yangtze meanders through densely populated China.*



# THINK AND GRIN



Dad: Everything is going up. The price of food is up, the price of clothing is up, taxes are going up. If there were only one thing that was going down!

Son: This ought to make you feel better. Look at my report card.—*Douglas Wahn, Swisher, Iowa.*

*The lady oyster had just returned from her first date with a lobster and was telling her friends about the date. "He was wonderful," she confided. "First he looked deep into my eyes, then he put his claws around me. . ." A look of horror crossed her face. "They're gone!" she shrieked. "My pearls!"*—George Evans, Whiteville, N.C.

Once upon a time a Sunday-school teacher was giving his lesson on the evils of alcohol. He began with a demonstration. He took two jars, one filled with alcohol and one filled with water. Next he took a worm and dipped it in the water and the worm swam about. Then he



dipped the worm in the alcohol and the worm died. The teacher then asked a small boy in the room what this lesson had proved. The lad explained, "If you drink enough alcohol, you won't have worms."—*B. Highsmith, Wilson, N.C.*

*A salesman parked his small foreign sports car outside the village store. When he came out of the store a farmer was looking over the car. "Well, what do you think of it?" asked the salesman. The farmer answered, "Picked it before it was ripe, didn't you?"*—Daniel Gute, Huehuetenango, Guatemala.

Daffynishion: Naval Academy—Belly Button University.—*Roger Guttentag, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

*Woman driver: I'm afraid this accident was largely my fault.*

*Gentleman: Nonsense! The blame was entirely mine. I saw you at least three blocks away and I had plenty of time to swerve down a side street.*—J. Roussos, Norfolk, Va.

Teacher lecturing on work habits: Now remember children, a job well done need never be done again.

A small, tired voice in the rear of the room: What about mowing grass?—Charles Barnhart, Jeromesville, Ohio.

*Son: I'd like a five-dollar bill, Dad.*

*Dad: Why?*

*Son: Let's just say I'm collecting presidents and I need a picture of Lincoln.*

*Dad: Good! Then you can have this four-cent stamp.*—Bob Mahnken, Bayonne, N.J.

Visitor: Is this a healthy place?

Native: It sure is. When I came here I couldn't utter a word. I had scarcely a hair on my head. I hadn't the strength to walk across the room. Why, I had to be lifted from my bed.

Visitor: Wow, that's wonderful! How long have you been here?

Native: I was born here.—*John Frank, Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Doctor: What seems to be your trouble?*

*Patient: I think I'm a dog.*

*Doc: How long has this been going on?*

*Patient: Oh, ever since I was a puppy.*—Curtis Lyons, Columbia Heights, Minn.

John: Of what vegetable do you throw away the outside, cook the inside, eat the outside, and throw away the inside?

Alan: I can't guess. What?

John: An ear of corn.—*John Binder, Los Angeles, Calif.*

*At a school dance a sad-looking student made an announcement, "I have just lost my wallet with 50 dollars inside. To the student who returns it to me, I'll give five dollars." A voice from the back of the hall piped up, "I'll make it 15!"*—Steven Mills, St. Louis, Mo.

Nel: What else is wet and wild besides Seven-Up?

Bill: I'll bite, what?

Nel: A soggy gorilla.—*Gary Keyt, Ada, Mich.*

*There should be no monotony*
*In studying your botany.*
*It helps to train*



*And spur your brain,*
*Unless you haven't gotany.*—David Hartner, St. Clair Shores, Mich.

Edith: I found 50 cents on the sidewalk in front of school.

Eddie: I think it's mine. I dropped a half-dollar there today and couldn't find it.

Edith: But what I found was two quarters.

Eddie: Then I'm sure it's mine. It probably broke when it hit the sidewalk.—*R. Rhea, W. Covina, Calif.*

*Harry: How do you turn a pumpkin into another vegetable?*

*Larry: I don't know.*

*Harry: Throw it up into the air and it comes down, squash.*—Terry Hipp, Warminster, Pa.

Batman: What does the Green Hornet eat with his hot dogs and hamburgers?

Robin: Kato chips.—*David Bainbridge, Decatur, Ill.*

*Once a nursery-school teacher was complaining about her work. "The hours, phew! I don't get to come home and rest until the big hand's on 12 and the little hand's on five."*—Bill Nash, Slatington, Pa.

At the theater a fat man and his wife were returning to their seats after intermission. "Did I step on your foot as I went out? he asked the man at the end of the row. "You certainly did," replied the other man grimly, expecting an apology. The fat one then turned to his wife and said, "OK, Ruth, this is our row!" —*Carl Larrabee, Liverpool, N.Y.*

*Richard: What did one husky say to the other husky when their master came out of the igloo to hitch them up?*

*Olaf: What?*

*Richard: Here comes old mush-mouth again.*—Gary Strong, Kirkwood, Ill.

Martian boy: Mom, may I have a sandwich?

Martian mother, angrily: My goodness, wait. I only have six hands. —*G. Blitstein, Oceanside, N.Y.*



## THE CARTOON BUG...



**Has he ever bitten you? This month he got John D. Woods Jr. ...** John took his first breath in the clear ozone of the Rockies in Boulder, Colo., but now lives in Dayton, Ohio. He's 13 years old and a seventh grader. John's the eldest of five children. His favorite subjects are science and math.




"A Beatle, please."

The Cartoon Bug made very few alterations in John's drawing. The only change was John's use of black areas. Black is best used conservatively and saved to add punch to that part of the gag to which one hopes to draw the reader's attention. An example in John's cartoon focuses on the Beatle's black haircut in contrast to the young man's crewcut. Remember, in a cartoon the humor should be clearly stated.

Maybe you have some cartoons you'd like us to see? If so, why not take a swat at the Cartoon Bug? *Boys' Life* will pay $25 for those printed. Send your original cartoons to The Cartoon Bug, *Boys' Life*, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.



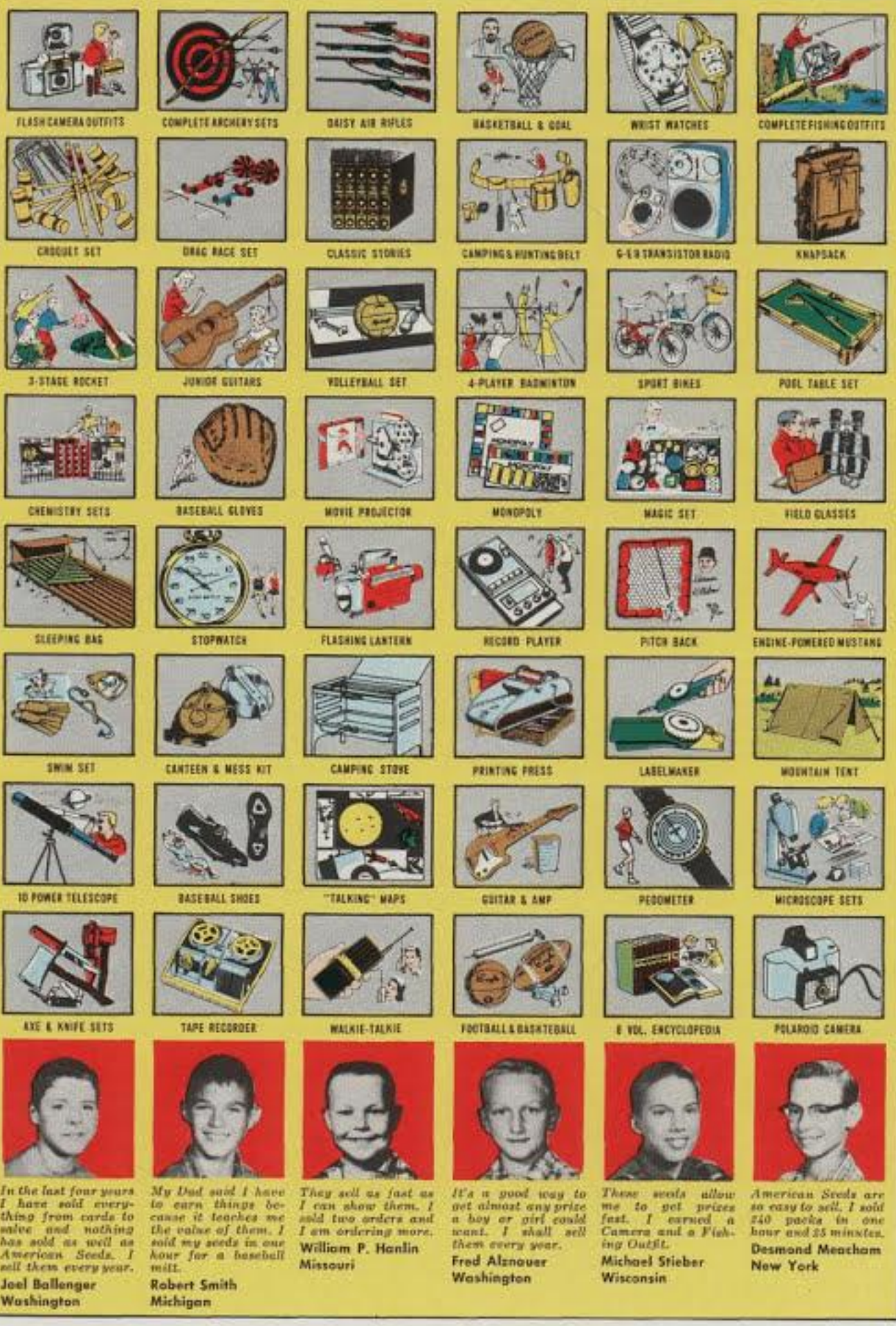



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# MAKE MONEY
# GET PRIZES
## with Fast Selling American Seeds




*In the last four years I have sold everything from cards to salve and nothing has sold as well as American Seeds. I sell them every year.*
**Joel Ballenger**
**Washington**

*My Dad said I have to earn things because it teaches me the value of them. I sold my seeds in one hour for a baseball mitt.*
**Robert Smith**
**Michigan**

*They sell as fast as I can show them. I sold two orders and I am ordering more.*
**William P. Hanlin**
**Missouri**

*It's a good way to get almost any prize a boy or girl could want. I shall sell them every year.*
**Fred Alznauer**
**Washington**

*These seeds allow me to get prizes fast. I earned a Camera and a Fishing Outfit.*
**Michael Stieber**
**Wisconsin**

*American Seeds are so easy to sell. I sold 240 packs in one hour and 25 minutes.*
**Desmond Meacham**
**New York**

### GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Take your choice of 100 wonderful prizes. You can earn as many as you want. Most prizes shown here and many more in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling just one 45-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 20¢ a pack. Some of the larger prizes require more sales or extra money as explained in the Big Prize Book.

### Send NO MONEY, We Trust You

Everybody wants American Seeds. They're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to family, friends and neighbors. Many boys and girls sell their packs in one day. You can too — and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep $3.00 for every 45-pack order you sell. There's no risk; any unsold packs may be returned.

### ORDER NOW — YOUR PRIZE IS READY

To order your seeds, fill out one of these coupons and mail in an envelope to:

**AMERICAN SEED CO.**
**Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa. 17604**
**OUR 50th YEAR**

## MAIL ONE COUPON TODAY
## Give the Other to a Friend

**AMERICAN SEED CO., Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa. 17604**

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 45 packs of American Seeds. I'll sell them at 20c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize. Send seeds checked.

☐ All Flower Seeds ☐ Mixed Vegetable and Flower Seeds

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

**AMERICAN SEED CO., Dept. 802, Lancaster, Pa. 17604**

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 45 packs of American Seeds. I'll sell them at 20c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize. Send seeds checked.

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Address_____

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## A MILLION FANS DISCOVER THE PRIVATE WORLD OF SANDY POSEY

Only two years ago, a shy, young receptionist made a demonstration record. It was called "Born A Woman." And she gained a million fans. But, Sandy Posey is a private person. She is a serious vocalist and songwriter. She needs time to think things out, to be alone. After all, her songs are of her quiet world. So Sandy insists, despite the interviews, meetings and rehearsals, that she have time, not to be a star. This is where Coke often comes in. Sandy finds her ideas and lyrics go better, Coke after Coke after Coke. Because Coca-Cola is the only soft drink with the taste she never gets tired of. We're glad Coke is part of her private world.

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